

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE EDITORS' LETTER BOX.

IN reply to W. N.—, we beg to state that the omission of which he complains, is entirely the fault of his Bookseller—the Monthly Magazine, having invariably been ready for delivery, *on the morning previous to the regular day of publication*, for the last half century.

We have received interesting remarks upon, and addenda to “Humbug of the Bar”—“Metropolitan Architecture,” “Ferocity of Foxhunting;” “Chess-Clubs and Chess Players,” &c. &c.—the greater part of which we purpose shall appear in the ensuing number.

The proprietor of a country newspaper complains of not having received his usual presentation copy;—we beg to assure him, as well as others in similar circumstances, that, after the present month, in consequence of arrangements we have made, no such disappointments will again occur.

To P. R.—W. N.—H. P. P., and a host of others, we will reply in private. A Cantab, requests that his paper may be *left out*; he will perceive, on glancing through the contents, that we have done ourself the pleasure of obeying him.

Notwithstanding the unusual space we have devoted to Reviews, our arrears are considerable. They include Vol. I. of “Scott’s Poetical Works;” “Taylor’s Useful Geometry;” “Fergus on Nature and Revelation;” “Blakey’s History of Moral Science;” “Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare, No. XXIV.;” “Botanical Miscellany, Part IX.;” “The Heliotrope;” “Sketches in the Tyrol;” “Life of the Apostle Paul;” “A Treatise on the Eye,” by H. Curtis, Esq.; “Practical Gardening,” by Martin Doyle, Esq. “Gallery of the Graces, Part IV.;” “Address to the Proprietors of the University of London;” “The Tailor’s Master-piece;” “Tea Trade of England;” “History of the Native Princes of India;” “Poor Law Commission;” “Mundell on Corn Laws;” “Berkeley the Banker,” &c. &c. notices of all which will appear in our next.

At the eleventh hour some new lights have broken in upon us as to the “Tenderden-street Humbug,” with which we shall irradiate our promised article on that subject, in the June Number.

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XVI.]

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PALMERSTON POLICY.

FUTURE generations will view with mingled wonder and contempt, the deplorable spectacle of our foreign policy—a policy that will ultimately entail on the country, a war as ruinous as the one we waged to roll back the tide of the French revolution.

There is scarcely a question that has been started of late, as to our foreign relations, that is not either pending, or has been decided against us. It is true, that we have sometimes raised our voice in favour of trampled freedom; but what has it availed us? The despots of the Continent have proceeded in their work of extermination, regardless of our feeble cry. Yet, when, in November last, a clamour was raised by the conservative party against our armed intervention in Belgium, the partisans of ministers confidently maintained, that the line of policy pursued by the government, in conjunction with our French allies, would level every difficulty, solve every question, and disperse every vestige of uncertainty. "The imposing attitude we have assumed," was their cry, "will be the surest guarantee of a lasting peace." In what way these brilliant promises have been realized, we shall just examine.

The Belgian flag floats, it is true, upon the battered walls of the citadel of Antwerp; the forced halt imposed upon Prussia, upon the very frontier of that kingdom, was, we allow, a masterly stroke of diplomacy;—but what other result has been obtained? The navigation of the Scheldt, the real European question, is as far from its solution as ever. The conference of London is dissolved, dead, and buried, beneath the ponderous heap of its own protocols. The cruise of the combined squadrons in the North Sea, and the second act of the comedy, "the blockade of Holland," are suspended until the season of the year shall admit of more effective operations. In the mean time, William of Nassau, more obstinate than ever, and with good reason too, since it has so admirably succeeded, pursues a system of calculated inertia and a war of Custom Houses, the most profitable by far that he could wage. However driven to his last entrenchments, the faithful ally of the crafty Nicholas has just thought of another subterfuge—that of an appeal from his own obstinacy, to that of the States General, and of removing to their shoulders the weight of a responsibility that begins to be severely felt by his people. The

delays of a deliberative assembly will wonderfully serve this new temporising strategy of King William, who, it is now evident, has been playing, and with triumphant success, the game of the Imperial autocrat.

In Spain, where, as in every other despotic government, Liberalism, emanating from the Sovereign, is but a fortuitous accident transient in operation, the young Queen has lost the ephemeral power of which she made so noble a use, and is now but nominally regent. That two days reign of liberal ideas, astonished at germinating, even for an instant, upon the absolute soil of Spain—is over. The *cadavre* of the absolute king, dead for liberty, lives yet for despotism, like those deceased sovereigns, whose deaths are carefully concealed, and whose coffins still reign for the profit of a few favorites. Even thus does the Camarilla of Aranjuez, turn to its own advantage the long agony of Ferdinand, and dictates to him a posthumous re-action. With the ministry that has just risen upon Spain, like a star of evil augury, all hopes of seeing revered the ancient franchises of the nation, and the convocation of the Cortes, have vanished. The re-action has commenced—the voice of our ambassador has been derided; and in such a Court, who can say where the re-action will end?

In Portugal, which Napoleon considered as a colony of England, we are now hated both by Liberals and Absolutists, and with just reason too; for in whatever way the struggle now pending may be decided, the result will be equally disastrous to that ill-fated country, and she may with justice lay her ruin at the door of Great Britain—that in turn has encouraged and deceived—supported and abandoned both parties at present struggling for mastery upon her soil.

In Germany, our ascendancy is completely eclipsed. As if the Germanic liberties were not sufficiently curtailed by the decrees of the Diet, they are now proceeding in detail, to the work of mutilation, not daring, by some remains of respect for human opinion, to annihilate them at a single blow. They are taking them one by one. Wirtemberg and Hesse* have been the first victims, the turn of Bavaria and others will come next.

There now remains the East, which, not without design, we have reserved for the last place,—that East, pregnant with events threatening the future independence of every state in Europe. If any thing were wanting to prove the decline of our European influence, it would certainly be the powerless effect of our intervention in the affairs of that section of the East, which our tardy policy has rendered a complete “embroglio.” The Russian fleet rides at anchor beneath the walls of the Seraglio, and the influence of that power triumphs in the Divan. Where is the fleet that should have given weight to the remonstrances of our minister—the display of energy that should have brought the Sultan to have thrown himself into the arms of the

* The position of the Electoral Colleges in these two States is precisely similar to that of the French Electors, after the famous proclamation of Charles X. But, notwithstanding all the fine things that were declaimed last year, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, upon the public spirit of the Germans, we are convinced that the only thing that will drive them to extremities is an ordonnance against *the pipe*.

ally who formerly saved him in his hour of need—instead of clinging to that one, who, after having dictated the peace of Adrianople, comes to dearly sell him his treacherous support?

Such are the results of our foreign policy—the *paix à tout prix* system. The despots of the Continent could scarcely have gained more by open war than they have done during the most profound peace. We are hated from one end of the Spanish Peninsula to the other,—derided in Holland—reproached in Belgium—invoked in vain in Germany—almost forgotten in Italy—despised in Turkey—treated with open contumely in Russia, and suspected even in France. Great Britain, once the lever of the world, has become the laughing-stock of Europe. If Lord Palmerston be a vain man, we envy him not his feelings—he is no match for the admixture of Greek ductility, and Scythian energy of the Russian diplomatists. The wily Pozzo di Borgo and the foxhunting Matucewitz, have played him as skilful anglers do a trout. In his person—the Foreign Minister of England, whose voice should have swayed all Europe, has dwindled into a mere automaton, moved at the will and pleasure of Nicholas Paulovitch, Czar of all the Russias.

Months ago we foretold that the struggle between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt would become an European question of the first magnitude. Months ago we foresaw the field it would open to Russia for the consummation of her ambitious projects upon Turkey. But our foreign minister has been dazzled by an “*ignis fatuus*,” amid the marshes of Holland. He has been pursuing a political phantom while Russia has been actively and successively undermining our influence in every quarter of the globe. She is at this moment carrying on an active diplomatic correspondence with the Sheic tribes on the north-western frontier of our Indian empire. She has stirred up Persia to make demands upon our Indian governments, that will, in all probability, end in a war. Her agents are every where. They may be found in the highest walks of English society, and amid the phrenzied peasantry of Ireland—sowing the seeds of disunion and discord, reconnoitring our vulnerable points, and unfolding the hidden sources of our greatness. While her influence reigns triumphant in the Divan, while her fleet rides at anchor in the Bosphorus, and while her battalions are advancing, by forced marches, towards the Balkan, *our* ships have been lying inactive in the Tagus, or cruising, in the dead of winter, in the North Sea. We have been protocolling in the West, while, in the East, Ibrahim Pacha has traversed the desert that separates Egypt from Syria, and advanced from the foot of Mount Taurus to the shores of the Egean, by one of the most extraordinary marches in modern times, the very inverse of that of Alexander the Great. The East, following his victorious steps, has paid back the visit she received from Ancient Greece, twenty centuries ago;—and *now as then*, civilization is on the side of the conqueror. Our foreign department has remained lamentably in the dark on every point connected with this extraordinary man,—the regenerator of Ancient Egypt, the renovator of the empire of the Caliphs, the modern Aroun al Raschid. It is evident that the Egyptian people are rapidly advancing. But who has opened this career to them? Who has the first planted in the barbarous

soil of the East the seeds of European civilization? Who has overcome fanaticism? Who has rendered, at last, these regions safe for Europeans? Who has created so many new productions? The Arab, who, a few years ago, scarcely possessed the art of constructing a frail bark, now launches on the ocean a stately first-rate. The Egyptian armies—have they not astonished all Europe by their courage and severe discipline? And yet all this is the work of one man!—of Mehemet Ali! Lord Palmerston appears to forget that he is at the head of 130,000 disciplined soldiers; master of a fleet of several ships of the line and heavy frigates, admirably manned and disciplined; that under his rule the commerce of Egypt has encreased a hundred fold. He has been only looked upon as a rebel Pacha, whose head—the price of his temerity—would probably soon adorn the gates of the Seraglio at Constantinople.

When Mehemet Ali raised the standard of revolt, he had no alternative left him. He was too wily a politician not to penetrate the designs of Russia, not to see that the men who surrounded the Sultan were in the pay of that power, and that the death firman issued by Mahmoud was the work of the crafty Nicholas, who marked, with a foreboding eye, the barrier which the civilization of Egypt would oppose to the consummation of his darling policy. The vice-king of Egypt was the firmest pillar of the Ottoman Porte. His gold, his soldiers, his ships, have been lavished on the defence of this tottering empire, but the return for so many sacrifices, has been the blackest ingratitude. The griefs of Mehemet Ali against the governor of St. Jean d'Acre, were notorious. The Porte might have made an example of this Pacha, who had formerly raised against her the standard of revolt; but, with her usual crooked policy, she declared in his favour, and Mehemet Ali was branded as a rebel. This policy rendered war inevitable, but neither anathemas nor prescriptions could terrify the Viceroy, whose course was founded on justice. The war once commenced, it was no longer in his power to arrest its devastating fury. The population along his whole line of march eagerly flocked to his standard, and Ibrahim Pacha, advanced to the very centre of Anatolia, hailed as a liberator! If the course of events had been allowed their free operation, we verily believe that, before the expiration of a month, the majority of the Osmanlis would have rallied round the Egyptian army—have carried in their arms its victorious general into Constantinople itself, and seated Ibrahim upon the throne of Mahomet, by the most sacred of all rights, the will of the people.

But it did not suit the policy of Russia to allow the Divan of Constantinople to be replaced by a young and regenerative government. What benefit, in fact, would this northern power have derived from the dispersion of the Janizaries, if those who remained of that order were to be formed into regular and disciplined corps? The constitutional bravery of the Osmanlis, their warlike habits, would have been the means of future salvation to the empire. Russia viewed with jealousy the birth of an European military system of organization in Turkey, that she felt conscious would prove a barrier to her invasions. Her projects are evident to the most superficial observer—for more than a century her policy has never varied. Ever since the treaty of Adria-

nople, she has looked upon Turkey as a prey that cannot escape the talons of her Eagle; and when the Imperial Autocrat ordered his fleet to sail from Sevastopol for the Bosphorus, *it was his own property that he felt he was going to protect, and not that of the Sultan.*

The other powers of Europe are alarmed, and justly so, at the appearance of the Muscovite flag before the walls of old Istambol, and have loudly demanded their departure. But while they have sought to repel the perfidious intervention of Russia, they have thought proper themselves to interfere between Ibrahim, who has the whole nation in his favour, and the Sultan Mahmoud, who has nothing left but his divan and his court. Mahmoud has arrived at that pitch when he can no longer reign but under the patronage of Russia. His navy exists but in name; his army is without chiefs, dispersed, demoralized, and without one principle of re-organization in its ranks. Surrounded by ignorant and corrupted counsellors—deprived of the advice of a single man of honesty or talent—exposed to the deadly hatred of his people—troubled by unceasing revolts—exhausted by the tributes to which he is subject, Mahmoud has not a chance in his favour. His remains of power, nay, even his life, are now at the mercy of a popular tumult—from which it would be difficult to guarantee either one or the other.

Whatever, therefore, may be the good-will of these powers, it is utterly beyond their means to save *both* the Sultan and the empire—that time has gone by. It was in 1829, before the passage of the Balkan by the Russian army, that their intervention might have preserved Turkey. The treaty of Adrianople marked the term of Mahmoud's power, for since that period it has been but nominal.

The fatal error of not intervening in 1829, we admit cannot be laid at the door of the present ministers, for they were not then in power; but what we accuse them of is, not redeeming this oversight of our diplomacy, when a favourable opportunity presented itself. In fact the true policy of the great powers of Europe, is now to support the Pacha of Egypt—a policy, we admit, not of choice but of necessity. Ought France to allow the Russians, those constant enemies of her glory and her liberty, to establish themselves at Constantinople? Ought she to suffer to be compromised, the future prospects of her Algerine colony, by allowing to be forcibly torn up those seeds of civilization in Egypt, and at a moment when the glorious career of re-civilizing the northern shores of Africa is before her? Again—Can Austria see without fear and apprehension, the Russian battalions upon her Eastern frontier? What compensation, and what guarantee can she hope from pursuing *a l'outrance*, her defensive policy? And lastly—Is it the interest of Great Britain, that Russia should seize a position so threatening to her Indian empire—two seas, locked like two basins, upon which, she might, in perfect security, form and exercise a navy that may one day wrest from her the trident of the seas? What, to pursue our questions still further, would then become of that European balance of power, which the British, French, and Austrian cabinets are so desirous of maintaining—and of that kingdom of Greece, which, with so much difficulty

has been engendered by their diplomacy, in spite of the autocrat's machinations? Is it not the interest of these three powers, that the culminating position of Constantinople should be really and effectually guarded, and prevented from becoming the capital of a Muscovite appanage?

These are questions that are solved as soon as they are clearly enounced. But in interfering in the affairs of Turkey, in arresting the career of Ibrahim, these three powers have arrested the march of that regeneration that alone could save the Ottoman empire, and erect upon the shores of the Bosphorus a barrier against Russian invasion. Whether they succeed or not in obliging the squadron of Nicholas to quit the harbour of Constantinople, they must make up their minds, if they persist in their policy towards the Viceroy of Egypt, to see him sooner or later fix himself upon the throne of the Sultan. A mere pretext will suffice, and when the favorable moment for acting shall have arrived, he will laugh to scorn the diplomacy—aye, and the armaments too of combined Europe. Once master of the Ottoman capital, who could drive him from it?

A prompt regeneration can alone save Turkey. But to the Sultan Mahmoud such a regeneration is impossible; and to maintain this Prince any longer upon the throne, would only be to hasten the dissolution of the empire. The future prospects of the Osmanlis are centered in the person of Ibrahim Pacha, and the cause of Egypt appears to us to be that of the whole nation.

In opposition to these views, it may be asserted that Mehemet Ali is a vassal of the Sultan's, and to support him would be consecrating a revolutionary principle. But is it in the 19th century that this obsolete feudal question is to be revived? Besides, it supposes protection on one side. But latterly it is Egypt that has protected the Porte, and it would be eminently absurd that national force should pay tribute to national weakness. It is utterly futile to talk about a revolted vassal, of political engagements, and so forth:—the force of things is equally imperative upon governments as upon individuals, and by obliging Mehemet Ali to recall his army and to evacuate Syria and Anatolia, these three powers would not by that means guarantee for six months longer the reign of Mahmoud. As to the armed intervention of Russia—France and England ought not to have allowed it under any pretext; and if a war with that power were inevitable, they ought not to have waited to decide upon it till she was mistress of Constantinople.

The policy pursued by the ministers of England and of France has been such, that had they been in the pay of Russia, they could not more effectually have served that power. On the one hand they propose to the Russian Admiral to return to Sevastopol, and guarantee the integrity of the Porte, while on the other, they imperiously order the Egyptian to evacuate Syria, and threaten him, in case of refusal, to enforce the mandate, bidding him content himself, as the only indemnity for so many victories, with the simple investiture of the Pachalic of Acre! Mehemet Ali must naturally have been furious at these conditions, since he had concluded, with the envoy of the Porte,

Halil Pacha, a treaty that offered him many other advantages and guarantees: the Divan consented, in fact, to cede the four Pachalics of Syria. The answer the Viceroy gave to this *sommation*, for such it was, twenty-four hours being allowed for a categorical answer, was noble and firm:—"I have hitherto lived with honour; if necessary, I will die as I have lived. What you propose to me I cannot accept."

Thus Mehemet Ali has, formerly refused to adhere to the conditions proposed to him—and from the tergiversations of policy that we have witnessed, we may conjecture that it is the intention of our government to wait until one of the two parties have seized the initiative, ere they decide on what course to pursue in this grave conjuncture.

The present posture of affairs may be given in a very few words:—

1st. The formal intention of Ibrahim Pacha, to push as far as possible the advantages he has gained.

2dly. The firm resolution of Russia, of maintaining her armed intervention, and of occupying Constantinople under the pretext of protecting the Sultan.

3dly. The absolute nullity of the Cabinets of France and England, in the affairs of the east.

What direction affairs may ultimately take, so complicated is the aspect they have assumed, we declare our inability to predict. At the eleventh hour our squadron has been ordered to the Bosphorus; but all may be over before it reaches the seat of action, otherwise the simple alternative, offered to the Russian Admiral, of sheering off, or of seeing the British Jack flying at his mizen peak, would solve at least that difficulty. But the probability is, that Ibrahim will make a dash at Constantinople before the Russian auxiliary force arrives. The moral effect of his presence on the population of the capital, who cordially detest the "dogs of Moscow," might produce a general rising, and the Russian squadron have some difficulty "*de se tirer d'affaire*."

On the other hand—supposing affairs take another direction—that Russia, awed by the hostile attitude of England and France, halts her advancing columns? What if the Egyptian should not prove equally tractable? Mehemet Ali, it is true, is too profound a politician to brave the vengeance of the great powers of Europe; but both father and son are flushed with conquest, have shewn themselves to be men of head and execution, and are surrounded by daring spirits of the old imperial French army, who can appreciate the advantages of his position. His power is in the very heart of Anatolia, amid a population devoted to his cause, and whose fanaticism still preserves a character of great energy. Should he prove obstinate, it is not an army of twenty, or even thirty thousand Christians that would drive him from his position. This contingency would moreover entail upon the two powers the protectorate of the Ottoman Porte—a measure, leaving the enormous expense it would entail on them out of the question, which we suspect would ultimately embroil the protecting powers themselves.

In this delicate conjuncture, the true policy of France and this country is to guarantee the possession of Syria to Mehemet Ali, otherwise, they will be only labouring to the profit of Russia; for the power of the Sultan is absolutely null there, and it is not by the conven-

tions of European diplomacy that it will be restored. In fact, no peace can be lasting, that is not based upon the independence of Egypt, with the territorial arrondissement we have alluded to:—without this *sine qua non*, hostilities would recommence ere the expiration of a twelvemonth, and instead of erecting an imposing barrier against the ambitious designs of Nicholas, the very few obstacles that remain to oppose their completion would most effectually be levelled.

"*Dans trente ans*," said Napoleon, on the ocean rock of his exile, "*dans trente ans, l'Europe sera ou republique ou Cosaque*." In 1830, only ten years after these prophetic words were uttered, the Russian standards floated on the walls of Warsaw, and before the close of 1833, if our present besotted and drivelling policy be persisted in, they will soar on the towers of the Seraglio at Constantinople—and then who will say that the completion of the prophecy, after such a course of events, is beyond the range of human probability? But however this may be, one thing at least is evident, that Napoleon was better acquainted with the grasping policy, and ambitious designs of the Russian cabinet, than our present foreign minister, Lord Viscount Palmerston.

OUR WOOD ENGRAVERS.*

IN the present "high and palmy state" of Wood Engraving, the ignorance of the press and the public, as to the art and its professors, is truly remarkable. The most wretched trash is not only purchased, but praised to the skies for its beauty, vigour, force, colour, breadth, and half a dozen other qualities—in every one of which it is most glaringly deficient. Among the fine art critics of the day, there are many who evince a profound judgment, and great taste, in pronouncing on the merits and demerits of paintings, and copper or steel engravings; but on the subject of wood-cuts, the best of them rarely hazards an opinion without committing an error. Happy men! they have no idea of the prodigious laughter which their complacent criticisms excite among the parties criticised! Their censure is contemned,—for, in most cases, it falls on the finest productions of the first masters; their praise is scoffed at—rejected with loathing—because it is frequently lavished on the worst cuts, the occasional failures of the great veterans, and the sheer abortions of the veriest sticks in the profession. The tooling of raw lads, destitute alike of experience or talent, often obtains a higher degree of praise than the most skilful execution of men gifted with extraordinary natural powers, cultivated to perfection by intense study and most elaborate practice. In fact, the critic is precisely in the condition of that celebrated trunk-maker, who had the misfortune of always applauding in the wrong place.

The number of wood-engravers, at least of those who have any

* *Fables, Original and Selected.* By the late James Northcote, R. A. Second Series. Illustrated by two hundred and eighty engravings on wood. London. John Murray.

claim to be considered as artists, is very limited ; but even of these, four-fifths, including the most eminent, are unknown even by name to gentlemen of the press. If one of them happen to be mentioned, he is invariably praised for that quality in which he knows himself most wanting, or abused on those especial points in which he is generally admitted to excel the most talented of his competitors. As to the comparative merits of such few of the wood-engravers as have been lugged before the public for exposure by name, the most laughable ignorance prevails. In an essay on the subject, published some months since, Sam Slader was placed at the head of the list! Bewick's cart-load of laurels were transferred most ruthlessly to the young Quaker's brow ; and poor Sam, conscious of the absurdity, had nearly sunk under the good-natured infliction : Sears, Walker, and Dorrington, were elevated above Thompson : of Nesbit, the writer made no mention : Sam Williams, he said, might, perhaps, emerge from the back ground, and William Harvey was "really rather a promising young man."

We do not expect that our readers, misled and kept in the dark as they have been by the ignorance of the critics, will see any *primâ facie* absurdity in this ; and yet, we assure them, the statements are quite as ridiculous as the following parody on the passage, in which the names of authors are substituted for those of the artists who are mentioned :—"The laurels of Byron now grace the brows of Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson ; Campbell is far beneath S. S. Edgar, and A Constant Reader : Banim may perhaps emerge from the back-ground ; and Thomas Moore is really a promising young man."

Within the past month, the most respectable portion of the press have perpetrated errors, in reviewing Northcote's fables, equally gross. A paper of high pretensions, and displaying an admirable degree of talent, not only on general topics, but even on art, has very recently, in noticing the work which gave rise to the present article, attributed the whole of the designs to Northcote and the whole of the engravings to Harvey ! What claim Northcote has to any of the designs—and the foolish old man himself would never have thought of laying claim to more than a third of them—we shall presently shew ; but, just now, we will merely observe that *Harvey did not engrave one of them !* (as the critic might have ascertained, had he used his eyes, from the book itself)—nay more, that Harvey has neither engraved or professed to have engraved a single block for many years past ; he has had more lofty occupation, more profitable employment.

A slight glance at the nature, rise, and progress of the art in our own times, and the ability of its more eminent professors, will not perhaps, after what we have said, prove unacceptable. An engraving on wood differs very materially from one on copper or steel ; in the latter, all the lines which appear in the impression are sunk ; in the former they are raised, or rather the original surface is cut away, so as to leave them standing above the bulk of the block. To print from a copper or steel plate, the entire face of the metal is covered with ink ; this is carefully wiped from the surface but left in the lines, from which it is transferred to damp soft paper, so as to produce a perfect impression, by passing the plate and paper together,

under a roller, clothed with blankets. A wood cut is printed on directly the reverse principle, and in this consists its intrinsic value, because it can be worked with type. All the lines instead of being sunk, constitute the surface of the block; those parts which are intended to be white, are cut away, so that when the lines are armed with ink, the impression is taken without wiping; thus the double and difficult operation is saved. In a metal plate the lines are channels, in a wood cut ridges. The copper or steel plate engraver has to transfer his original, frequently on a decreased scale, to the material on which he works: from a wood engraver this is not expected, the drawing being made *on the wood* for him by the artist employed to design the subject. So that in an impression from wood, we have the original touches of the draughtsman, while those on copper or steel, are translated into the language of his own art, by the engraver.

Bewick may, without question, be pronounced the father of modern wood-engraving. He was decidedly a genius. After having practised for some years, in a provincial town, as a cutter of common metal ornaments, doors-plates, &c. &c.—without education, without, apparently, either hint, assistance, or encouragement from any one—by his own individual energy, perseverance, and extraordinary talent, he revived, or rather created an art, which he carried so far towards all the perfection of which it is capable, that with numerous pupils and competitors, he died the other day with few if any equals, and certainly no superior, in force, truth, and effect, as a delineator of nature. In brilliancy and elaborate execution, the men of the present day have excelled him; but for this superiority they are as much indebted to the skill of their principal designer, and the recent astonishing improvements in printing, as to their own professional dexterity and taste. Unlike our present artists, Bewick made his own drawings; and to these the highest possible degree of praise must in justice be attributed. His birds possess a truth of texture, form, and expression,—an individuality of character, which has never been surpassed. His tail-pieces, occasionally, display scenes of the most disgusting grossness; but such of them—and these constitute the majority—as are unpoluted by his prevailing vice, are among the finest homely pictorial morals, that have ever been conferred on human nature by the powers of art. In grace and imagination he was particularly deficient—his forte consisted in appreciating, and depicting with miraculous truth the poetry of matter-of-fact. When we consider the difficulties he had to encounter in acquiring his new art, and the tremendous obstacles which he must have overcome in the printing of his cuts, we cannot but look upon his works with feelings of wonder and admiration.

While Bewick was rapidly advancing in the formation of a little school of wood cutters at Newcastle, a kindred spirit arose in the metropolis. This was the elder Branston. Brought up to nearly the same occupation as Bewick, without any instruction in the art, he began by copying some of the latter's most simple cuts, and long before the close of his comparatively brief but brilliant career, became one of the northern prodigy's most formidable rivals—excelling him in some points, though falling short of him in others. John Thompson,

the elder Branston's apprentice, who we believe began wood-engraving, shortly after, or perhaps about the same time as his highly gifted master, is now, and has for some time past, been at the very summit of his art.

The elder Branston and Thompson gradually established a school of wood-engraving in the metropolis; and, assisted by the taste and talent of Thurston the designer, advanced their art far towards its present state of excellence. Clennell, and Nisbett, a northern man, a pupil of Bewick, the present patriarch of the profession, contributed largely by their skill to its elevation and popularity; wood-cuts, on account of their vigour and economy, but especially from their capacity of being worked in juxtaposition with type, became in considerable request, and wood-engravers increased. Thurston drew his thousands, and Craig, an inferior but most prolific artist, his tens of thousands of designs—Stothard produced a set of most beautiful illustrations (capitally cut by Clennell) to Rogers' *Pleasures of Memory*; and wood-engraving not only proudly lifted its head among the existing arts, but gave birth to a new one—that of wood-cut printing. This soon proved of the most vital assistance to its parent, and they now go hand-in-hand together. The skill of the artist is in vain exercised without equal talent and finished execution be displayed by the printer—indeed, to such a point does this principle extend, that a beautiful wood-cut, unless worked by an accomplished printer, will give worse impressions than had it been engraved coarsely and clumsily. Bensley, Maurice, and Whittingham, were among the earliest artists in wood-cut printing, and to the latter gentleman in particular our present engravers are very materially indebted, having, by his great improvements in the mode of taking off impressions, largely extended the range and application of their art.

To William Harvey, however, the present school is, if possible, under still deeper obligations. A pupil of Bewick, a wood-engraver of the most consummate skill, after having astonished the town by his colossal print of *Dentatus*, he devoted himself with the most indomitable zeal to the study and practice of painting. In spite of difficulties that would have disheartened, and vanquishing obstacles that would have defied almost any other man—by intense and persevering study—an absorbing devotion to one great object—aided by a brilliant imagination—exquisite taste—facility of execution—and that undefineable feeling and perception of the beautiful—without which no man can become a great artist, he attained the enviable privilege of being justified in saying—"And I, too, am a painter!" Profoundly versed in the principles and practice of his art—with a vividness of conception that has never been surpassed—and with a perfect knowledge of wood-engraving, of which his predecessor had not the advantage, Harvey succeeded to the throne that had become vacant by the death of Thurston. This event constituted a new era in wood-engraving; meagre vignettes were followed by rich pictures, displaying magnificent composition—vigour in the detail of character—powerful simplicity in depicting the subject—truth of expression—breadth—colour—air—all that could be desired. His designs are heaped with graceful forms—his figures are moving illus-

trations of the line of beauty, which flows perpetually in all his groupings: his compositions are full of life—sometimes crowded—apparently from the prodigality of his fancy. But amid the wildest revelry of imagination, the same sound principles which have been the objects of study to the greatest painters of ancient or modern times are constantly displayed. His *learning* not only accompanies but ministers to his fancy. His wit and invention seem to be boundless. Is an illustration required? His mind soars with eagle velocity over all the regions of fiction and fact, and invariably seems to pounce upon the most apt and appropriate subject.

With such a designer, the engravers on wood in a mass, though individually unknown and unappreciated, rose with astonishing rapidity. Printing kept pace with them;—partly through the exertions of Harvey himself, who personally superintended the working of his “Henderson on Wines,” and partly too by the practical skill and experiments at press of the elder Branston and his talented eldest son Robert, now of the firm of Vizetelly, Branston, and Co. Meanwhile Whittingham was making gigantic strides as a fine printer, and the wood engravers received, from time to time, valuable additions to their little corps. Samuel Williams, a self-taught artist, who had commenced wood-engraving, by copying some paltry cock-robin cuts, while a printer’s apprentice at Colchester, pushed forward into the foremost ranks, and displayed considerable talent as a designer: his brother Thomas followed close in his rear; the pupils of Branston soared up to individual distinction; Jackson, an élève of Bewick, came to town; and the veteran Nesbitt, after a long retirement, returned to the practise of his profession. George and Robert Cruikshank, especially the former, added by their designs to the popularity of the art; then came Seymour; and after him Meadows—fruitful in fancy, and most felicitous in the delineation of graceful cupids and graceless blackguards, pre-eminent in portrait, and pretty considerable in all things—besides a few designers of minor powers, and a multitude of mere copyists and fac-simile transcribers. Other engravers now started up—Bonner, John Wright, and Frederick Branston, pupils of the father of the latter; Smith, an emanation from Jackson; Landells, a pupil of Bewick, and others of inferior fame.

With two or three splendid exceptions, the second series of Northcote’s fables affords specimens of the works of all the living engravers who have attained to eminence in their art. It is truly a most extraordinary work, and merits a very extensive sale. Its production casts a lustre even on the name of the great John Murray. It is a portable gallery of beautiful pictures—pictures of the highest merit—redolent of imagination, grace, the most profound wit, and the most delicate humour—a monument of the genius of Harvey. We say of the genius of Harvey, for Northcote merely played the bellows-blower in concocting it. Our indignation is boundless, at the impudence of withholding Harvey’s name from the title-page, and at the shallow impertinence of our sage reviewers in attributing the designs to Northcote—an incompetent twaddler, who, had he reached to the age of Methusalem, and enjoyed full possession of

his faculties to the last, could never have achieved them. He had not the most remote claim to any beyond the head-pieces. And what claim had he to these? Of course the reader will conclude, that, at least he furnished Harvey with the pencil sketches of them. No such thing: it was not in his power to do so. What he did was this. Supposing he had to manufacture a head-piece to a fable entitled "The Cock, The Eagle, and The Pig:" he would first cut out a cock, an eagle, and a pig, from any engravings in his possession; he would then puzzle his shallow brains in shifting them about on a bit of printed landscape, until he had got them into passable positions: his next feat was to paste them down; and if the group wanted an additional rock, or a tree in foreground, or a river, cloud, castle, or wood in the distance, he would rob another print of the desired object, and plaster it upon his contemptible patch-work composition. To this may be attributed the stiffness and formality of the designs, their occasional outrages on comparative size, their frigidity—their want of flow—their contemptible meagreness of composition—a fault of which Harvey never is guilty. He would have done them immeasurably better, had Northcote not exerted his pastepot and scissars at all in the business. The ornamental letters and tail-pieces, with which Northcote had nothing to do, are full of life, fancy, feeling, taste, and all that can render a pictorial composition valuable; while most of the head-pieces are comparatively cold, formal, dull, and inanimate. The first series was got up precisely in the same manner; and knowing this to be the fact, it pains us considerably, to find Allan Cunningham, in his last volume of *British Painters*, just published, after having properly exposed the literary demerits of the Fables, making the following observation—"The accompanying designs are much more creditable to *Northcote*. Some of them are elegant alike in conception and execution." Northcote had nothing at all to do with them beyond the scissars and paste exploit of putting something similar to the head-pieces together. All that is "elegant alike in conception and execution" is to be found in the ornamental letters and tail-pieces, and these are entirely the work of William Harvey. Northcote was incapable of conceiving or executing them; as an artist, he was a downright quack; all his compositions were patchwork on the broadest scale; and Harvey has done well in the tail-piece to the present volume, to place conspicuously beneath the old gentleman's bust, that instrument to which he was so largely indebted—namely, a huge pair of scissars.

No man was ever more egregiously over-rated. He was supposed to excel as an animal painter; but this prevalent idea was ludicrously unfounded. At one time, as he admitted to a friend of ours, having a picture on hand, in which it was necessary to introduce a tiger, he went to the School of Painting for the purpose of stealing one from a picture by Rubens. But the students were all copying the desired animal, and their copies were all so superior, as he saw, to any attempt that he could make, that, not wishing to expose himself, he withdrew. "This was on a Wednesday," said he, "and Thursday being a holiday, when none of the pupils would be there, I went down

to the academy, and privately *traced* the tiger upon some sheets of tissue paper, which I took with me for the purpose."

Nothing can be imagined more opposed in style to his great preceptor's works, than those of Northcote; they are deficient in the charms of colour, feeble in drawing, and, though free from any glaring defects of character or composition, they fail to arouse the imagination, or to create any lasting effect on the mind. At a period when West's pictures excited enthusiastic admiration, it was quite natural for such a man as Northcote to obtain a considerable share of patronage; but at the present day, the best of his pictures would fail to gain a painter admission to the academy. He left nothing behind him of value but money, and a large portion of this could scarcely be called his own, for he never deserved a twentieth part of the price he obtained. In the whole range of his works, it would be difficult to place one's finger upon any thing good and say, "This is Northcote's." No, no! Scissars was the man. It is clear that, pictorially, he would not only covet, but steal his neighbour's ox, or his ass, or any thing that was his. He was made up of envy, hatred, malice, and self-conceit; he was feared, but neither admired nor beloved. People who had been betrayed into praising him, or purchasing his pictures, kept him up for their own sakes; those whom he had taken in, helped him to take in others, and thus the humbug went on. Meanwhile, his sister contributed not a little to his self-complacency; in every position, right or wrong, she supported and corroborated him by the simple agency of echo. If he cried "Trash!" on looking at a work of art, she, *without* looking at it, would also cry "Trash!" but in a more shrill and decided tone. On hearing that Haydon, whom he hated, was painting "The triumphal entry into Jerusalem," Northcote, with bitter vehemence exclaimed, "*He* paint our Saviour! Oh Christ!" The sister came in with the tea-kettle at this crisis, and mechanically taking her cue, screamed out a tributary "Oh, Christ!" with peculiar emphasis.

The fables in his second series would be of no value, did they not serve as pegs for the support of Harvey's pictures. The morality inculcated, is either trite or exceptionable: it is Northcote's morality, of which he gave us so admirable a specimen in the 88th fable in the first series. In this laudable production, a philosopher buys a gown made of the skins of lynxes, and lined with those of lambs; but turns the former, which are of great value, next his body, so that the innocent lambs' wool alone is visible. In his application of the fable, our wily old hypocrite applauds the stratagem, and winds up with declaring that "it will do us most service, *if we shew the lamb outside, and keep the lynx hid from sight,* AND FOR OUR OWN ADVANTAGE ALONE. J. N."

In the getting up of the present volume, no expense appears to have been spared; it blushes beneath the weight of its honours. The designs are by Harvey; the engravings by the élite of the engravers (with some exceptions); the paper-maker is Dickinson; the printer Whittingham; and the publisher Murray! Such a superabundance of felicity could only have been obtained at a vast outlay. Northcote it appears—when *close* men err, they err egregiously—left

3000l. for the purpose of achieving this darling object of his declining days. Its publication affords us a legitimate opportunity of exposing the fallacy of his pretensions—of stripping the daw of his borrowed plumes—of cudgelling the ass in the lion's hide. He has voluntarily erected a posthumous pillory for himself, out of the fund accumulated by his own mortifications while in the flesh. This is retributive justice; this affords a finer moral than all his fables put together.

With regard to the head-pieces, we have merely to observe, that they are pictorial curiosities: we recognize the original pieces of patchery by Northcote, in spite of the flattering charms by which they are endowed by Harvey. The ornamental letters are, with some few exceptions, beautifully designed—by Harvey be it observed—and capitally executed by Landells. They are pigmy wonders of art, both as regards conception, effect, and high finish: landscapes, pieces of profound pictorial wit, and even historical compositions, are condensed but not crowded into the square of a nail's breadth. They constitute the perfection of epigram, for they tell their meaning in the most terse and polished language, so to speak, at a single glance; their point flashes upon us like lightning: they are quite as effective, and at the same time infinitely more intellectual, more exalted, more imaginative, than Bewick's best bits. Harvey is a wit, Bewick was a humourist. Bewick trusted, in telling his story, to a true transcript from nature; Harvey takes a more exalted position, and adopts all the accessories of the most refined and imaginative art.

The tail-pieces possess an equal degree of excellence, and for the most part, they are cut with great taste and feeling. The names of Jackson, T. Williams, Branston and Wright, Smith, Bonner, White, Thompson, Slader, Gorway, Nesbitt, Landells, and C. Thompson of Paris, all figure in the list of engravers, in which however we miss those of the talented Samuel Williams and Robert Branston; the latter of whom executed some of the finest cuts in the first series; while of the former we deem it but justice to say, that in our opinion, with two splendid exceptions—Nesbitt and John Thompson—although frequently meretricious, he is without a superior, and almost without a rival in his art. It behoves him, however, to push on, or he will soon have three or four younger competitors neck and neck with him.

We have already occupied so much of our allotted limits, that we can only afford room for a hasty notice of *some few* of our favourite cuts. The head-piece to Fable I. (Nesbitt) is a sweet, simple, picturesque bit of woodland scenery; the foliage is most tastefully varied; it is just such a retreat as "The Redbreast and the Sparrow" would select for a colloquy. In that to Fable IV. Landells has overcome immense difficulties, and come out of the scrape with flying colours. The Two Swine, Fable VIII., by J. Thompson, is a splendid pictorial engraving, which no man but himself could have wrought: precisely the same observation may be applied to The Hare and the Bramble, Fable LV. (Nesbitt)—a most extraordinary and admirable work of art, which, as regards masterly and felicitous execution, with the tail-pieces to Fables XXVI. and LXXXI., both by J. Thompson, constitute the gems of the book. The tail-piece to XXVIII. (Jackson) is capital in every

respect ; that to XLIV. (J. Thomson) comes out like one of Edwin Landseer's best bits ; so does that to XLVI. by the same accomplished artist. Among the head-pieces, LX. (Landells) XVI. (Branston and Wright) LXXI. (Smith) and XCI. (Smith) merit most honorable mention ; LXXVI. (Nesbitt) is particularly bright, but rather deficient in repose ; LXXXVIII. (T. Williams) exhibits all that breadth and taste for effect in which the artist excels ; xcix. (by the same hand) is sharp and spirited—it reminds us of a painter's sketch—the light looks like colour laid on, the dark touches are exceedingly rich. Bonner, Slader, Gorway, White, and Martin, have each added to his reputation, by the cuts contained in this book ; which, in addition to its profusion of sweets by standard artists, affords us a few comforts of comfort and sugar plums of promise by Eliza Thompson and Miss Williams, but not, we lament to perceive, by their fair rival in art, the nymph of the silver medal, Elizabeth Branston.

The work, as a set-off to its multitude of beauties, contains a number of absurdities, besides numerous offences, as regards drawing and engraving. It is a wonderful peculiarity of Harvey, that he makes his pictures without any other models than the impressions of nature engraven on his own brain : and these bear him out most gloriously in ninety-nine cases, but leave him most lamentably in the lurch in the hundredth. His astonishing rapidity occasionally betrays him into glaring faults. Excellency from his pencil is so much expected as a matter of course, that error glares out upon us with prodigious effect. But we must admit that the offences in this volume are almost entirely restricted to the head-pieces, in which the artist was in some measure fettered by the scissors and paste patches of poor Northcote. The old gentleman kept his cats in one cupboard and his mice in another ; and he was prone to the fortuitous accident of occasionally selecting a colossal mouse from one cupboard, and a diminutive cat from the other, simply on account of their postures being suitable to his purpose. It was in vain that he pasted an Orinoco or a Rhone between them ;—the former, from the size of the more distant animal, dwindled into a brook,—the latter into a rivulet : hence the discrepancies in the present volume, which, with all his pictorial licentiousness, would scarcely have occurred, had not Harvey been compelled, during the old man's lifetime, to follow, in some measure, his manufactured sketches. In *The Elephant and the Wolf*, for instance, although the trunk of the former almost rests on the head of the latter, his body is reduced to such comparative dimensions, as would befit him, were he distant some league and a half. Again, in tail piece to *Fable XXI.*, *The Fox and the Stork*, although supposed to be in close conversation, are separated by a river broad as the mouth of the Medway.

The book is not well printed. This will astonish Mr. Murray—amaze Mr. Whittingham—and turn half the inhabitants of the Row into star-gazers. The fact, however, will remain as it was—the book is not well printed.

The ignorance of our cotemporary critics as to wood engraving is not to be compared with their ignorance as to wood-cut printing : of the former they know but little—of the latter nothing. It is a new

art—a mystery in which a small number of persons only are initiated. The Whittinghams of this world are few indeed. In fact the metropolis does not contain above half a dozen master printers capable of properly working a fine wood-cut. The critics judge only of the impression before them—they cannot see what might have been done with the block in better hands. They are completely led by the nose by imprints—if a book come from “the Chiswick press,” they conclude that it must, ipso facto, be exquisite, and pronounce judgment accordingly. The fulsome praise bestowed upon the working of this volume has sickened us:—some of the cuts, we rejoice to say, come out capitally,—but the majority are muddled—a few are most woefully “translated”—and, on the whole, the book is far from what it is supposed to be—a chef d’œuvre of the typographical art. Half a dozen years ago it would have been a startling wonder, and even now, comparatively bad as it is, there are not above four or five men in the world who could have done it better. But of these Mr. Whittingham is supposed to be the autocrat—his pretensions are paramount—he is therefore pre-eminently amenable to criticism.

Although we are willing to accord him all the praise he deserves for his typographical improvements, yet on one vital point we *do* differ, and always have differed from him in toto. He is invariably too grey—too rotten—too broken; he does not go sufficiently into the midnight depth of colour; he begins with twilight, and is thus driven into hainess for his middle tints, and the broad dazzling glare of sunshine for his softest lights. He has done much for wood-cut printing we admit, but all his works are ruined by one capital error—that of not forming the base of his superstructure on pure perfect black. In wood engravings, every colour in nature must be represented by the intermediate tints between pure black and pure white. Mr. Whittingham commences at some degrees above black, and is thus precipitated into blank paper, long before he ought to soar out of grey. The consequence is, that the finest lines of the wood-cuts which he prints are broken, or entirely and ruthlessly by means of his overlays, left untouched. This is inflicting a most gross injustice on engravers. Our maxim is, that every line which an artist has cut ought to be printed perfectly and clearly; if it is to be broken let him break it, and not the printer. We were inclined to quarrel with Harvey, for having left so many white splotches in his designs for this work; but on looking at the engravers’ proofs we find that these offences are wholly attributable to the press—that the revolting patches of blank paper, are in the blocks covered with colour—and that, Mr. Whittingham, apparently emulating Alexander the Great in his discussion of the Gordian Knot, has cut that which he could not otherwise achieve. Hence the bald abominations at pages 161, 214, 230, 228, 224, &c. As regards the cut last alluded to, the whole of that glaring lump of white on the lamb’s body, is beautifully tinted in the block with fine, woolly lines, most elaborately and skillfully executed, every one of which Mr. Whittingham ought in justice to the designer, engraver, and himself, to have brought up:—to suppress them was decidedly unwarrantable. Many of the sheets appear to have been worked in moist, *muggy* weather, when the balls were

consequently in the worst possible state; but this ought not to have been the case in the bringing out of so important a work of art. We could have waited—there was no hurry. He might have laid by until the atmosphere suited his purpose; until he could have printed the work in such a style as to increase, rather than diminish, his reputation. The sheets are so unevenly worked, that although Nesbitt's lovely cut of *The Hare and the Bramble*, in our copy is beautifully brought up, yet in several others that we have seen, it comes worse than any other in the book. The back grounds of that clever young artist, Smith—who, by-the-bye, has established himself in the foremost rank of his profession with unparalleled celerity—are cruelly smudged and begrimed; while some of Tom Williams' cuts, than whom no man offers greater facilities to the printer, present the appearance of a grouty and chaotic *batter*—dim, dreary, dismal, and be-devilled!

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.*

THE humane, noble, and intelligent people of England have more diversions tending to animal torture or destruction than any other race within the bounds of civilization. They are beaten only in brutality by the most barbarous of savage tribes. He who can hunt a hare, as hares are hunted in this country, and subsequently have the victim of his loathsome propensity served up to his table, is but one remove from the New Zealander, who dines off an enemy that he has killed by the slowest tortures savage ingenuity can devise. The cannibal sometimes is known to put an end to the sufferings of his human game by a benevolent blow on the head; but our country squire would as soon think of taking the Curtian leap as getting a-head of his hounds, and, by an effective shot, terminating the agonies of the poor hare, that, after what is termed a gallant run, with blood-shot eyes, nearly blind, bedabbled with grime and the death-sweat, totters, shrieking, towards the form from she was started. The gallant British sportsman would deem this an offence akin to sacrilege; it would spoil sport, and be quite unsquishish. How ridiculous must we appear in the eyes of foreigners! We have a Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, the officers appurtenant to which, get a clatter kicked up at the police-offices, if a Smithfield drover hit a bullock some half dozen times over the hocks, or a hackney coachman tool his team a little too tragically. The delinquents on these occasions are very properly mulcted; because, as the magistrates with much energy maintain, there is no occasion for such barbarity. But why does the Society content itself

* *The Field Book*; or, *Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom*. London. Effingham Wilson.

The Young Cricketer's Tutor. By John Nyren. London. Effingham Wilson.

Sunday in London. Illustrated in Fourteen Cuts by George Cruikshank. With a Few Words by Friend of his. London. Effingham Wilson.

with such poor pitiable prey? Why not fly at higher game? Why not send their officers into the hunting provinces and on the race-grounds? Why not keep an eye on Sir Francis Burdett, the Duke of Beaufort, and the Master of the King's stag hounds? Leaving the game out of the question, we will venture boldly to affirm, that there is ten-fold more cruelty committed by the hunting-whip than the goad; and that the heart of a hackney coachman is as butter in the dog-days, compared with that of a racing jockey. The latter, if he receives instructions to win, and finds it difficult to do so, scruples not—adopting his own phrase—to cut his horse into ribbons; to stab him violently with the spur in those parts which, above all others, are most acutely sensible! A winning race-horse, after a neck-and-neck run, is often one of the most pitiable spectacles that can be conceived. The goad of the drover, and the clumsy tool of the jarvey, employed on the bullock or the callous hackney-coach horse, are but play-things compared with the whip and spur of a severe jockey, inflicted on the young, high-spirited, thin-skinned, delicate racing filly. And what occasion, to quote the metropolitan magistrates, is there for such barbarities? None in the world, except that one blackguard black-leg may beat another.

We have certainly some British sports which may be termed manly. Among these are wrestling and single-stick. But what noble and gallant fox-hunter was ever known to engage in either of them? It is true that they afford as fine exercise as fox-hunting; but then they consist of a series of fair contests—trials of skill, in which man is opposed to man. This would not suit the noble and gallant fox-hunter, who cannot enjoy himself unless the odds are so immeasurably in his favour, as to reduce his personal risk to nullo, unless he rides like a tailor, or has not given money enough for his horse. Wrestling and single-stick are, it must be confessed, the pastimes of yeomen; but is there not a hard-riding miller, or butcher, or farmer, or farrier, or chimney-sweep, in almost every hunt in the kingdom? Are not the exploits of a whole field frequently eclipsed by those of a low-lived ignorant menial, the dog-boy's first cousin, Jack Nasty-face, the whipper-in?

In a steeple-chase, the squire has often for his antagonist a friend's servant; and it is known that a sporting nobleman and his body-groom frequently bet by commission, through the same agent, on races to come. Indeed the whole community of gallant British sportsmen are one united gang of miscreants, gamblers, and black-legs, comprising every intermediate grade, from the "live-cat-skinner," who backs his terrier in the dog-pit, to the nobleman who enters his horse for the Derby; from the pick-pocket who plays at pitch-and-toss on Primrose-hill every Sunday morning, to the peer who gambles at the club-house every Sunday evening. They are a band of brothers; and yet, strange to say, there is no fraternal affection among them. Fox-hunters exclaim against dog-fighters; and peers wish to put down the Primrose-hill sports of pick-pockets, without, however, abolishing their own—evidently anxious to

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning others they've no mind to."

The higher classes would much more easily improve the habits of the lower, by precepts than acts of parliament. Were they to abandon their barbarous sports, brutality would soon become unfashionable as a sovereign ingredient of pastime, even among the most dissolute and depraved. The desuetude of the stag-hunt would, in a few years, be followed by the annihilation of badger-baiting. The Sabbath dog-fights in the fields about London are kept up by the flipping and figging of the Sunday morning lounge at Tattersall's, and the Sunday evening sprees in St. Giles's by the Sunday evening parties in St. James's.

The subject of our paper demands a much more careful and elaborate treatment than we can at present afford it. Our foregoing loose remarks have arisen out of the perusal of three sporting books, all by the same publisher, which reached us late in the month. Of these, "The Field Book" possesses the greatest magnitude and the least merit. It is disfigured by a sprinkling of wood-cuts, principally copied from bad copies of Bewick, and disguised by some of the small fry of Mr. Sears. In drawing and engraving they are pitiable—too deplorable to excite contempt. There is not one cut in the book for which any man living, would give the one-hundreth fraction of a farthing. Nothing is *depicted*, and nothing even is caricatured that every body has not seen caricatured a thousand times before, in Cock Robin chronicles, stories of Jenny Wren, or little books about Bow-wow and his Brothers. The artist (!) has taken any thing that came to hand and badly copied it, adding a few scars in the scenery to make it pass for his own. There is not a cut in the book that was wanted; there is not one that tells us any thing new—that reveals an object with which we were not previously much better acquainted than the poor forlorn ignorant devil of a draughtsman. No research has been employed; nature has never been consulted, although game, during the past season, might be had almost at any price offered. In fact the cuts, from beginning to end, form so gross and glaring a humbug, as only to be equalled by the accompanying letter-press. This, however for the consolation of Mr. Sears' apprentices, we beg to state, not only equals, but beats them hollow, in "bitter badness." It is, without exception, the most ignorant, impudent, presumptuous affair that ever fell beneath our notice. The fellow who has fudged it up, is no more fit to achieve a work of such pretensions than one of Barclay's draymen. The book, to our practised eye, looks as though it had been done, by some forlorn hack, at fifteen shillings per sheet! And *done* it is, as we shall speedily shew, to all intents and purposes.

It pretends to be a compendium, in an alphabetical form, of the Sports and Pastimes of Great Britain. Among these sports and pastimes we find,

"GRUNT, *v.* to murmur like a hog."

Of the substantives which our compiler has thought proper to define, for the benefit of modern British sportsmen—the Burdetts and Beauforts of the age—these are selections:—Cow, *s.* the female of the bull.—CATAPLASM, *s.* a poultice.—CLERGY, *s.* a man in holy

orders.—COCK, *s.* the male to a hen.—CRAB, *s.* a shell-fish.—CRACK, *s.* the sound of anybody bursting or falling.—EWE, *s.* the she sheep.—FEMALE, *s.* a she.—FISH, *s.* an animal that inhabits the water.—FISH-HOOK, *s.* a hook for catching fish.—FROG, *s.* a small animal with four feet, of the amphibious kind!—the HOLLOW PART of a horse's hoof."

What a pretty fellow is this to get up a book of "Sports and Pastimes of Great Britain!" He must be some cockney ass—some penny-a-line prodigy of the press, who has never even been to the Epping hunt. Ignorant and brutal as they are, our fox-hunters are certainly not so lamentably unenlightened as not to know what is the meaning of a cow, a cock, or a fish-hook. They surely wanted no ghost to tell them that crabs were shell-fish, and certainly not a fat thick ghost, who estimates himself at five and twenty shillings a copy! But to sink the wind on this point; what will sporting people think of a wretch who, in a large work especially produced for their edification, presumes to tell them that the frog is the *hollow* part of a horse's hoof? He might just as well have said, the steeple is the most striking feature of a church. So far from the frog being the *hollow* part of a horse's hoof, every fool who has ever looked into one knows that, with the exception of the outward horny wall, *it is the only part that projects.*

A man who undertakes to get up a book of grave pretensions on the sports of this country, ought at least to possess some trifling knowledge of natural history; but our clever compiler is singularly—ludicrously ignorant of its most common terms. Every tolerably well-informed man knows, that animated nature is artificially arranged, by scientific men, into *classes*; that (sinking groups, tribes, sections, families, &c.) each class consists of a number of *orders*; that these are respectively divided into *genera*—each genus comprehending certain *species*. But at p. 217 of the present work, we are told by the impudent blockhead who has manufactured it, that "*genus*, in science, means A CLASS of beings, comprehending under it many species; as *quadruped* is a *genus* comprehending almost all terrestrial beasts." The fool might just as well have said, that "*county*, in geography, means an *empire*, comprising a great number of *villages*, as EUROPE IS A COUNTY comprehending almost all parts of the habitable globe." This, we solemnly assure such few, if there be any, of our readers, as are unacquainted with the accidence of natural history, is not, in the most trifling degree, more egregiously absurd than the extracted definition of genus. Quadruped, it is proper to add, is no more a genus than Europe a county. Indeed the term is found in no system of arrangement whatever; applicable as it is to a vast number of animals, offering such broad differences as to induce and warrant their separation, not only into an immense multitude of genera, but also into classes. Were quadruped a genus, the lion must of necessity be ranged with the lizard—the chameleon with the camel-leopard—the toad with the tiger! But our erudite compiler goes still further; for at p. 501, he states that a *species* is a CLASS!! Now, this is precisely tantamount to saying that No. 88, Royal Exchange, is Great Britain.

The fellow is not so egregiously ignorant on some points. At p. 206, for instance, he favours the country gentlemen with the following capital definition:—"FOX-HUNTER, *s.* a man whose *chief ambition* is to shew his *bravery* in *hunting foxes*." This is candid—a concession for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful, for it makes out at least one half of the position we have assumed against our gallant British sportsmen. What a poor pitiful thing must he be whose chief ambition is to shew his bravery in riding at the tail of twenty couple of hounds, after one fox! And yet here we have the fact broadly stated in a big bouncing book, "compiled from the best authorities," expressly for the country gentlemen. Truly this great sporting lexicographer beats Mrs. Candour hollow. He is the finest specimen we have ever met with of that maledicted class of "good-natured friends" from whom every man cries, "the Lord preserve me."

But let us collect a few more of his beauties—of the words which he deems it necessary, in a Book of Sports and Pastimes, to explain:—"CURRICLE, *s.* an open two-wheeled chaise, made to be drawn by two horses abreast." This is truly a most benevolent and correct piece of information. Of course, no British sportsman could conceive what "curricule" meant, before the publication of this patriotic work. "DIG, *s.* to work with a spade." In our last Number, we earnestly recommended fox-hunters, who followed the hounds for the sake of exercise, to achieve their object by digging in some poor cottager's garden; and this definition is doubtless given in order that gentlemen may know what digging is. "DOCK, *s.* to cut off a tail; to cut any thing short." Would that the compiler had cut this thing short! But is this all? Nothing about the operation—the docking knife—the *modus operandi*—the cure? Not a syllable. "DRENCH, *s.* physic for a brute." We beg to suggest an addendum,—"*The Field Book*." "EMMET, *s.* an ant, a pismire." How kind this is! "FIVES, *s.* a kind of play with a ball." As a matter of course, it will be supposed that the rules of the game, the mode of playing it, &c. &c. follow. Oh, dear no! The book is not got up on any such low, paltry, pains-taking principle. Racket is thus dismissed:—"a fine manly game, in which a small ball and cat-gut instrument are used." At p. 230, the compiler seems to have sat for his own picture; and this is the result: "GOSLING, *s.* a young goose, a goose not yet full grown." "GREENFINCH, *s.* a small bird." How particularly copious and satisfactory! Here is a splendid sample of research—of elaborate compilation compressed! What could the most inquiring mind wish to know about the greenfinch, that is not contained in these three comprehensive words—"a small bird?" About a hundred pages back, we are benevolently informed that the chaffinch is a bird so called, *because it delights in chaff*! "GREEDY, *s.* ravenous, voracious, hungry, eager." This, and a multitude of similar definitions, are gratuitously thrown in among the sports and pastimes—not as a make-weight to the book—by no means—but because it may reasonably be presumed, that no country gentleman possesses a copy of Johnson's Dictionary, or knows any thing about the commonest terms of the language in which he speaks. "GRIMALKIN, *s.* a cat." For

less magnificent additions to the stock of human knowledge than this, some persons have had pieces of plate presented to them, and pillars erected to their memory. Grimalkin, a cat! The intellect of man totters beneath so mighty a donation! "GRUB, *s.* a small worm *that eats holes in bodies*: a short thick man." Now really, with the utmost deference, we are induced to doubt this definition, for among all the highly respectable short thick men—the *grubs*—with whom we are acquainted, not one of them, to our knowledge, is addicted to *eating holes in bodies*. "GUINEA-PIG, *s.* a small animal with a pig's snout." It grieves us to observe, that Mr. Gosling, for so will venture to christen our sage compiler, is here out at elbows—the snout of the Guinea-pig bearing no resemblance whatever to the snout of the hog. We are very sorry—but really our duty to the public compels us to be particular in noticing so *great* a work. "GULLET, *s.* the throat; the *meat-pipe*." What exquisite elegance! What admirable propriety! Gullet, the meat-pipe! We were wrong in giving the gentleman the name of Gosling, it shall be Gullet the Meat-Pipe. "Gurgitting, *s.* in falconry, act of suffocation in hawks." In what brutal ignorance have we been plunged! We always thought that gurgitting was a technical vulgarism of "regurgitation," and that it meant the act of throwing up the feathers, bones and hair which a bird of prey had not the power of digesting—we never had an idea until now that the hawk, the eagle, or the owl, during its daily regurgitations, or gurgittings, was *suffocated*, poor thing! "HASLET, *s.* the heart, liver and lights of a hog, with the wind-pipe and part of the throat to it." This is a new and most interesting light for gallant British sportsmen. "HEDGEHOG, *s.* an animal set with prickles, *like thorns in a hedge*."—This is equal to "CHAFFINCH, *s.* (already quoted,) a bird so called because it delights in *chaff*!" "HORSE-HAIR, *s.* the hair of horses." Good heaven! is this possible? Is "horse-hair" then, after all, "the hair of horses?" "HORSEPOND, *s.* a pond for watering horses."—Prodigious discovery! "LEVERET, *s.* a young hare." Indeed! "MARE, *s.* the female of a horse." God bless us! "MINUTE, *s.* the sixtieth part of an hour!" "MOLE-CATHER, *s.* one whose employment is to catch moles." Moss. *s.* a plant!" MOP, *s.* pieces of cloth, or locks of wool, fixed to a long handle, to clean floors, carriages, &c. &c." "MUSTARD, *s.* a plant!" "NEEDLE, *s.* a small instrument, pointed at one end to pierce cloth, and perforated at the other to receive the thread." "WOODLARK, *s.* a sort of *wild* lark." "OSTLER, *s.* The man who takes care of horses at an inn." "POACH, *s.* To steal game; to carry off game, privately, *in a bag*." It is impossible to live under such a load of learning!—the pen almost drops from our hand. Ostler, the substantive who takes care of horses at an inn! Poach, to carry off game privately *in a bag*! This, Dr. Johnson redivivus will be the death of us—we cannot endure him!

To speak seriously, the Field Book is atrociously bad. Mr. Gullet the Meat-Pipe, knows nothing about the subject on which he treats; we cannot conceive on what plan he has acted, for he lugs in words that have not the most remote reference to sporting, and omits others of paramount importance.* At p. 513, we find the word "star"—but we beg pardon—stars are certainly sporting subjects; for, now

and then they *shoot*. Of his total incapacity to get up such a book as this professes to be, we have already given numerous instances; but, we will take the trouble of adding a few others. At p. 474, he tells us that farriers call the operation of making a seton, *rowelling*. Now the commonest farrier is perfectly aware of the difference; so might Mr. Gullet have been, had he condescended to read what he has cut out for his own abortion, from the volumes published by White, of Exeter. We quote them as they appear in "The Field Book", under the respective heads of "Seton" and "Rowel."

"Rowels are seldom so convenient or so useful as setons. They are formed by making an incision in the skin, where it is rather loose, as in the chest, about an inch in length. This being done, the finger is to be introduced, or an instrument called a cornet, that is, the crooked end of a small horn made for the purpose, and the skin separated from the parts underneath all around for the space of about an inch. Into the cavity thus made a round piece of leather, with a hole in the middle, wrapped in tow and smeared with digestive ointment, is to be introduced. The orifice in the skin is then to be plugged up with tow, and kept there until suppuration takes place, that is, four or five days. The tow is then to be taken out, when a great deal of matter will flow from the orifice. The rowel is afterwards to be moved daily and kept clean."—*White*.

"Setons consist of tape, threads, or lamp cotton passed under the skin, and smeared with digestive ointment. The instrument employed for conveying these under the skin is named a seton needle, and may be purchased at the instrument makers. When lamp-cotton is used, it can be withdrawn gradually, thread by thread, which on some occasions is desirable. Setons are preferable to rowels, being more convenient and equally efficacious."—*White*.

The reader will see, that even according to Mr. Gullet's own quotations, although their object is nearly the same, no two operations can be much more dissimilar.

In doing this book, Mr. Gullet has gone to a few obvious, and popular sources of reformation: of many of the best writers on the subject of British sports and pastimes, he is evidently ignorant. To Mowbray, Jesse, White, Blaine, and Hawker, he expresses his obligations; but steals wholesale from Lawrence's work on "The Horse" without even once mentioning the name of that talented veteran. In his introduction, he complains of such writers as have adopted every thing, good and bad, from certain originals, without a single addition of their own, and dosed the public, *ad nauseam*—revending the same wares again and again. This is precisely what Mr. Gullet himself has done: except, as may be seen in the extracted specimens, that he sometimes gives us additions of his own, which are not only worthless, but incorrect, and eminently ridiculous. A more contemptible compilation has never been presented to the public. It is offensively tumid, and yet singularly meagre. Ignorance and poverty of research are apparent in every page. "Carniverous" is thus explained:—"flesh-eating; a term applied to birds and animals (as though birds were not animals!)" Then follows an extract from Bewick about carniverous birds, but no information whatever is afforded as to carniverous beasts, or fishes, or reptiles, or insects. The extracts, as they appear, are totally destitute of authority—for Mr. Gullet lumps them

in a mass, and places the names of the authors he has pillaged, not each after his own passage, but all together at the end of the subject which he attempts to elucidate. Thus it is impossible to ascertain whether any assertion which attracts our notice be the dictum of Buffon or Blaine—Griffith or Mr. Gullet—for he very complacently quotes from his own "Wild Sports of the West."

The book is put forth as being "compiled from the best authorities, ancient and modern." This is not the fact. It is said to be "unique in arrangement." It is arranged as a dictionary. Its embellishments are asserted to be "splendid." They are outrageously bad. It professes to embrace "every subject connected with the flood or field." It does nothing of the kind. Its "utility as a book of reference" is proudly proclaimed. It is of no use whatever as a book of reference or otherwise. It is proffered as "a valuable and elegant addendum to the sportsman's library." It is a worthless piece of trashy humbug, that would disgrace the library of a rat-catcher.

"The Young Cricketer's Tutor" is quite a different affair. This little work is replete with practical information on one of the finest and most unexceptionable of our pastimes—full of life, spirit, anecdote, and novelty—a perfect gem—deeply interesting even to those who have never pitched a wicket, and to every batsman and bowler in the kingdom, decidedly a *sine qua non*. We are happy in being able conscientiously to accord it our most unqualified praise.

"Sunday in London" is a work devoted to an exhibition of the Sabbath sports and pastimes of the metropolis. It is written in rather a lively, amusing style, and contains some capital illustrations by Cruikshank. The author seems to be well acquainted with the dog-fightings and dram-drinkings of the lower orders, but he is evidently not *au fait* to the Sabbath exploits of our "miserable sinners" in high life. Hence the latter appear to be venial compared with the former—whereas, in fact, they are directly the reverse. The moral offences, committed on a Sunday morning in St. Giles's, are as dust in the balance compared with those perpetrated during the latter part of the day in St. James's. The timely appearance of this volume, and its intrinsic merits, especially as regards the embellishments, will doubtless ensure an extensive circulation. The cuts are vigorously drawn, full of humour, character, and moral satire—well engraved, and printed in such a style as to confer great credit on the Widow Maurice's establishment.

THE EAST INDIA EXCRESCENCE.

THE exposition of the ministerial plan for the future government of our dominions in the eastern world, has been received with a satisfaction, which only can arise from the still very imperfect knowledge in this country of the political, moral, commercial, and domestic condition of the millions subjected to the Company's power. Believing, as we do, that the government of our Leadenhall-street legislators has been one of pure despotism towards the people of India, and that a renewal of irresponsible arbitrary power over half the world ought no longer to be entrusted to them, we purpose, in the following remarks, to show our readers that such a system of tyranny, rapacity, cruelty, extortion, extravagance, and waste, ought in these enlightened days of reform, to be swept at once from the earth.

We propose first to offer a few observations upon the revenues of the East India Company. Our readers are doubtless aware that the grand source of this revenue consists of the land tribute, which is levied by virtue of the right of sovereignty, derived from the ancient princes of India. It amounts to about sixty-two per cent. upon the entire productions of the soil, and forms an annual income of sixteen millions sterling. This immense land-tax is farmed out to certain contractors, called Zemindars, who, in consideration of a stipulated sum to be annually paid to the East India Company, are allowed to assess at discretion, the ryots, or small cultivators, and peasantry of the country. The presidency of Bengal alone possesses a system of fixed and permanent taxation—a blessing which originated with the government of Lord Cornwallis, who, perceiving the destructive consequences to all industry and prosperity of a tax, which, limited by no law, left no security for property, prevented the accumulation of agricultural capital, and laid waste whole districts of the most fertile country in the world, procured, in 1793, under the sanction of an act of parliament, the settlement of a permanent land revenue in Bengal. In Madras, Bombay, and the Ceded Provinces, the arbitrary system of assessment still prevails; and we consequently find that these portions of the territory, containing a population of forty-five millions of subjects, present but one vast scene of misery, poverty, hunger, neglected fields, gang robbery, insurrection, and all the crimes and sufferings engendered by the hydra of despotic power. So degraded, pauperized and wretched is the population in the districts subjected to the fluctuating land-tax, and of so little value is property in a country where the utmost exertions of human labour are devoured by the government, that a well-informed writer (Colonel Galloway) informs us that the land bears no tangible price, agricultural capital there is none, the dwelling of a ryot or peasant is not of the value in money of a single rupee, or less than two shillings and sixpence sterling, and the wages of the labourers, in the rice-fields and cotton-grounds, are not quite equal to threepence per day. The collection of the fluctuating land-tax we also find to amount to an enormous per centage upon the gross revenue, and, in the presidency of Madras alone the

collectors are 640,000 strong, being in the proportion of one tax-man to every twenty inhabitants.

On the other hand, in the government of Bengal, since the settlement of the permanent land-tax in 1793, the expense of collecting the revenue has not exceeded three per cent; and though the amount be full sixty-two per cent upon the produce of the soil, or three times the amount of taxation paid by the tax-laden people of England, yet from the slight remnant still left as a stimulus to the toils of an ingenious and industrious people, we have seen the value of land raised to about sixteen years' purchase, and the revenue increased from 4,500,000*l.* in 1794, to 9,000,000*l.*, or double the amount, in 1828. Under the influence of the fluctuating tax in Madras and the other dependencies of the company, the revenue is universally declining, with an increasing expense in the inverse ratio for armies for the suppression of the ceaseless insurrections of a plundered and despairing people. The Directors of the East India Company have ever resented the diminution of their unlimited power of taxation, by the enlightened experiment of Lord Cornwallis, and their utmost efforts have been directed in recent years, to frustrate and annul in Bengal, the only humane act of legislation ever received from his Christian conquerors by the miserable Hindoo.

Seeing the devastating consequences of an unlimited power of taxation, we trust in the forthcoming Parliamentary measure for the future government of India, that a permanent assessment of the land tribute will become the first portion of constitutional liberty to be awarded to our fellow-men in that enslaved and benighted region.

A power of unlimited and plundering taxation, founded only upon the ancient rights of the Mogul tyrants of our Indian empire, ought not to weigh a feather in the consideration of the natural rights of the natives of the soil. To mitigate the severity of the fate of the impoverished and abject population of our eastern dominions is required, not by motives of humanity and justice alone, but by an enlightened policy, and the self-interest of the merchants and manufacturers of England; for our export trade must be regulated by the ability of foreign nations to purchase and enjoy, and assuredly no extension of the market for our manufactures can be expected whilst a devastating system of taxation lays waste the fields, drains away the capital, and leaves without remuneration the labour of the mass of our Indian population. When labour is not of the value of threepence per day, and dwellings are sold for a rupee, the people cannot become the purchasers of the luxurious productions of our looms, or even of the cheapest utensils of domestic life. But, with the introduction of a just and defined system of taxation, so fertile is the soil, so favourable the climate, and so ingenious, industrious and temperate, the population of our Asiatic dominions, that in a few years an improved and extended cultivation would double the productions of the soil, increase the amount of the land-tribute, decrease the expense of its collection, enlarge the market for the manufactured exports of Great Britain, and confer the blessings of liberty, comfort, prosperity, and

content upon the countless millions of the East. Since then the principles of benevolent and equal government, which mark the present age, concur with the commercial interests of our merchants and manufacturers, to link the welfare of the Hindoo population with the welfare of the operatives of Birmingham and Leeds, we trust that the people of England will now, by the power of public opinion, demolish for ever the system that for a century has supported the corrupt patronage of a few Directors, by the slavery of half the world.

In addition to the land-tax of sixty-two per cent upon the produce of the soil, as in the settled provinces, and an unlimited power of taxation, as in the Presidency of Madras, in addition to numberless vexatious restraints upon peculiar modes of agriculture, we find that a monopoly of the trade in salt, opium, and other extensive branches of commerce, is retained by the East India Company. The salt monopoly is more cruel and oppressive than the land-tax; for the price of salt, throughout India, is thus raised to a value, which converts into a precious luxury this commonest of the gifts of nature, so indispensable to the healthful operations of the animal system of man in all countries and climates. To establish a monopoly of the sale of water would be little more cruel than the monopoly of the trade in salt, by which a profit of 2,000,000*l.* per annum is cleared from the forced prices of this commodity, sold to the impoverished and naked population of the East. The peasant, whose wages do not amount to threepence per day, or about three pounds per annum, is compelled to expend an average sum of six shillings yearly, or a tenth part of his scanty income, in the purchase of salt alone. And yet does the ministerial proposition for the future government of India contain no notice whatever of these outrages upon all justice, charity, and natural liberty; and the Directors of a Company, supported in splendour by means so diabolical, can avow their sole motive for continuing the sovereigns of India to be the benefit of the people who are subject to their sway!

The entire revenue of India from the land-tribute, the monopolies of salt and opium, the post-office, transit dues, and other miscellaneous sources, we find to be about twenty-two millions; and yet this magnificent sum, derived as we have seen from the very marrow of the bones of the Indian population, is asserted by the Directors of the East India Company, to be inadequate to the expense of the government of the country, without the additional profits of the trade to China. We hope, however to satisfy our readers, that, by the introduction of a just system of government, and the downfall of the system of plundering patronage established by the Company, not only might this amount of revenue be rendered sufficient for the expenses of the government, but even be reduced one half, to the end that more salt may be consumed, more British manufactures worn, and a habitation and a rice-field become the lot of every peasant in Hindostan. The cost of the army is the first great source of expenditure. Allowing, however, that for a brief season longer, two hundred thousand troops are required for the suppression of the outbreking spirit

of a population delivered over to hunger and despair,—a population which is naturally the most peaceful, simple, and contented in the world, still we cannot doubt that an enormous diminution might be made in the expenditure. The sale of cadetships, and other commissions, alone, would produce an immense addition to the revenue, and in the pressure for employment of the crowds of well-educated persons in the present day, there is no reason why the pay and allowances of the officers of the Indian army, should be double the amount of the pay of the officers of king's regiments stationed in still more unwholesome climates and more expensive countries, or why an officer shall purchase, at an expense of a thousand pounds, a commission in a regiment in the West Indies, whilst the cadet, in the service of the East India Company, without the expenditure of a shilling, by the influence of a bilious Director, shall be placed in possession of double pecuniary advantages. The entire expence of the Indian army may be unquestionably reduced by several millions.

The cost of the civil service of India amounts to two millions sterling; the number of persons employed being two thousand, and their salaries and emoluments amounting to the monstrous average of two thousand per annum for each individual!

The judicial department is another vast scene of corruption, extravagance, and waste. Upwards of 2,000,000*l.* per annum are expended for the nominal administration of justice, the principal judges being English lawyers, who possess little knowledge of the laws, customs, or language of the Indian population. The office of an Indian judge is in reality little other than an enormous sinecure, the business being chiefly transacted by the inferior native judges; and our readers may form a proper idea of the state of the administration of justice in India, from the circumstance that the arrear of causes amounted in 1828 to upwards of 140,000 in Bengal alone!

To the families of the native princes the enormous sum of 1,218,648*l.* is allotted. These are the princes whose dominions have fallen, by the chances of war, into the power of the East India Company, and who, in deference to the principle of legitimacy, are maintained in royal splendour, though, for the purposes of government, no longer any other than empty pageants of departed power. Upon the principle of the cheapest government, were a reduction of one million effected in this branch of the expenditure, still the remainder of the sum of 1,218,648*l.* would surely be a most generous allowance to these thirteen families. The home establishment incurs an expenditure of 580,000*l.* per annum; the cost of coals, repairs, and taxes, is 60,000*l.* per annum; and the estimated value of the rent of the premises is about 80,000*l.* per annum. Thus we see that, at home and abroad, the grand evil of this company is in wasteful expenditure, the salaries being in general full two hundred per cent. above the fair remuneration for the services rendered, and to pay these, millions of money are annually extorted from the poorest population in the world.

At the expiration of their charter, the Company is in a condition of utter insolvency. In the annual balance sheet submitted to Parliament in the recent session, we find the amount of their debits and assets, commercial and military, to be as follows:—

Total amount of Debits £60,479,802
 Total amount of Assets 50,376,996

10,102,812

Add amount of Stock 6,000,000

Total deficiency 16,102,812

Here then is a deficiency of more than sixteen millions, according to the accounts of the Company themselves; but when it is remembered that of the sum of 50,376,996*l.* the amount of the pretended assets, the sum of 10,000,000*l.* is inserted for fortifications and other military property, which to a commercial company is not of the value of ten millions of shillings, and that the four ships, the East India House, and other property of the Company, are estimated at more than double their true value, we find that the deficiency will in reality amount to about thirty millions sterling.

The East India Company is subject to the same rules of legislation which govern all other joint stock companies, the profit or loss at the expiration of the act of incorporation being the profit or loss of the proprietors of the stock of the company, and not of the nation. Our ministers, therefore, upon general principles, do not possess the right to make up the losses of the proprietors of the stock of this company of dealers in tea, silk, and saltpetre, out of the general revenue of the country. If the proprietors of East India Stock, by reason of ignorance of the true state of their affairs, or by want of power to control a self-elected Court of Directors, are unprepared to render up their farm of the East Indies in circumstances of solvency, then ought their creditors, and not the overlaiden people of England, or of India, to sustain the deficiency. The landlord in common life does not discharge the debts of his tenant, and as the East Indies are the property of the Crown at the expiration of the charter of the Company, it is folly to say that the nation is bound to the payment of the territorial debt incurred by the waste of annual millions in the patronage of Directors, who, upon such a principle, might have increased that debt to an amount of one or two hundred millions. Beyond the amount of the sum due from Parliament to the Company, of which notice of repayment has been served in accordance with the conditions of the charter, we most vigorously contend, that the ministers of the Crown have no right whatever to intermeddle with their pecuniary affairs, and, if no longer solvent, then ought the East India Company to be at once swept away, and the East Indies become subject to the regular government of this country.

The cessation of the monopoly of the trade to China will form a most splendid event in the history of modern commerce. For, notwithstanding the assertions of the venal writers in the pay of the East India Company, most certain we are that very great results will arise to the manufacturing and shipping interests of this country by the extension of the market for our exports, and the diminution to our labouring population of the price of the luxurious imports from the celestial empire. That the profits to the East India Company

from this branch of their commercial transactions have amounted to an annual sum of 1,500,000*l.* even under the wasteful management of a great incorporated body, in the fair field of competition, the advantages to our merchants would be vastly greater. The argument that the Company possesses any advantage whatever above individual merchants in the market of China, is unquestionably false and hollow. Even the Hong merchants of Canton are in reality a mere cabal, whose pretended exclusive right to the foreign trade has no foundation in authority. The pretended prudential management by the factory at Canton has certainly little foundation in truth, for the meanest and most trivial personal causes, as the building of a wall, or the clearing of a plot of ground for a needless promenade, have very recently proved sufficient with the undignified and puffed up agents of the Company, to hazard the suspension of our trade with the entire Celestial Empire.

Our relative political position with the government of the Celestial Empire is too little understood by the statesmen of this country. The continuation of our commerce is now so indispensable to the existence of the peace and internal tranquillity of China that very important privileges might at the present period be readily obtained. A cessation of the trade with Great Britain, by throwing out of employment the twenty-five millions of persons engaged in the cultivation and sale of tea, would inevitably tend to revolutionize the empire. An apprehension of this result is known to be perpetually present to the Emperor and principal officers of the government; and though most desirous to prevent the introduction and contact of foreign liberal opinions and manners, yet in no event would the authorities proceed to the extremity of closing a trade now indispensable to the stability of the throne itself. The history of China presents, indeed, a remarkable scene of revolution following after revolution, in very rapid succession, and twenty-two dynasties have been numbered in the annals of this great hive of the human race, each founded by the chief of a successful insurrection in the provinces, the result of hunger and oppression upon an exasperated people. So rapid has been the increase of population in this singular community, that, since the accession of the Tartar dynasty, it has risen from seventy millions—the remnant of ferocious wars—to the present extraordinary number of 361,000,000. The superabundance of population, and scarcity of food, give warning of a vast and furious convulsion; and a few years or months will, perhaps, produce extraordinary changes in the political condition of the Chinese people. The proclamations of the Emperor discover his anxiety for the future, and the annual exhortations to the people to economise the supplies of food, with the laws against the existence of all useless quadrupeds, give evidence of a most precarious and dangerous condition of affairs. The present rebellion in the mountain districts, though partially suppressed, will be inevitably followed by insurrectionary movements in the adjoining provinces; and it is not improbable that at an early day a simultaneous and general rising will be the result of the deficiency of food, and an overflowing population.

We would here remind our Ministers of the advantages of a final determination upon the long projected passage by the Mediterranean,

and a canal or rail-way across the Isthmus of Suez to the Red Sea, and the various countries of the eastern world. The result of this work would be not only a saving of millions per annum, in the diminished cost of the transport of merchandize, troops, and colonists to India, China, and New Holland, but, by the increased rapidity of communication, the improvements of civilization would be carried with redoubled speed to those benighted regions. The expenditure of a million, or of several millions, for the construction of the land passage through the territories of the now independent Pacha of Egypt, would be compensated in a single year by the commercial advantages to result to the whole world, from the completion of this great work.

Finally, we urge the people of England to awake to the true importance of this great question. The renewal of the charter of the East India Company, is the renewal of another term of arbitrary power over a hundred millions of our fellow-men; for the thirty Directors of Leadenhall Street, are the thirty tyrants of the eastern world. Policy, humanity, and every just legislative principle, require the abolition of a heterogeneous government of merchants and jobbing colonels; and we trust that a reformed parliament will never, from the tyrannically exhausted resources of India, continue the payment of a usurious dividend of 10 per cent. to a company, the expiration of whose term of oppression ought to be hailed with acclamations of joy by the friends of liberty all over the world.

MR. PHILIPPS'S LECTURES ON VOCAL MUSIC.

We attended the third and fourth lectures of Mr. Philipps, and were considerably gratified by the ability with which they were conducted. This worthy veteran is a zealous advocate for the adoption of a fixed set of principles, founded on the peculiar genius and construction of our language, as the basis of a legitimate school or style of English vocal music; applying to its composition and delivery a series of oratorical rules, having for their object, that rational union of sound and sense which ought to be the highest aim of the musician. He ably maintained his theory, and supported it by a multitude of facts, and by judicious illustrations, executed in a very correct and respectable manner. Some of his digressions might, with advantage to professional dignity, have been omitted. It was, surely, a poor compliment to the intellect of his audience, to attempt "to pick their pockets of a laugh," by grinning at them, through a painted sheet of pasteboard. On the whole, however, these lectures were highly creditable to the professor and his assistants, and, we hope, may have the effect of drawing the attention of the musical world to a much neglected but highly important subject.

THE WALHAM WAG.

FROM THE DIARY OF A JOKE-HUNTER.

* * * SAM answered my knock. "Master's out, sir," said he; "found himself very queer and quisbyish this morning, so he's took the Fulham stage, and gone down to Mr. Hook's." Felt exceedingly queer and quisbyish myself, and determined on following the example of so good a judge. Made the best of my way to the White Horse Cellar. Mat Webster was there—clean as usual, but evidently down upon his luck. Inquired the reason. "Why it's a blue look out, master," said he. "Here now arter trying for more nor a month, and spending within a trifle, one and ten pence to bring the thing to a final commencement, they turns their beggarly backs and laughs in my face. Only I couldn't afford it, mind me, I'd ha' set to and kicked 'em!" Begged him to afford me further particulars. "Why, to tell you the truth, master," said Mat, "I thought I'd made my fortin—but my invention's all smoke, it seems—other people inwented the same thought years ago. I found the way to make a shilling bottle o' blacking for two pence—winegar included: but the blacking-makers calls that extrawagant, and says a shilling's worth, bottle and all, only costs 'em five farthings—or helse how should I think they could live?"

Condoled with Mat on his misfortune, and inquired for the queerest coachman. Mat said that Walham Jem was the rummest kiddy on the road, barring Duck-nosed Dick. "But the latter warment," added Mat, "arn't so conversible: that's Jem a coming up—he with the blue muzzle and white hat, what looks so wicked—him there what's all clothes and hands—barring his face. I had occasion to tip him a dig in the ogle t'other day, and you see, master, he han't struck my colours yet."

Jem now approached—"Fulham, sir," said he; "a box wacant." Agreed to ride by his side, and in rather more than ten minutes we started. Over the stones conversation was out of the question, but the moment we got on the road we had "a talk" to the following effect.

"Bad black eye that of yours, Jem—how did you get it?"

"I was trying to wink, sir."

"Your near horse is lame in the off fore-foot, Jem?"

"High grand-actioned horse that! Lamed himself last night by striking his toe against his upper teeth. Been a charger!"

"The other's lame too—"

"Yes: he trod upon a *frog*—poor thing!"

"How he whistles!"

"Ah! he's unvaluuable, sir. Got a *thrush* in each foot."

"What time will you reach Fulham?"

"I shall draw the *boot* of my wehecle on the *foot* of the bridge precisely at eleven."

"Why, you're a punster, I perceive!"

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"No ; I'm a Chelseaman—birth, parentage, and education."

"Write a good hand?"

"Not at all—I was born a *pen-shunner*—close by the college: but for all that I can make my mark to a receipt for any amount. 'Twig this here old gentleman—' Fulham, sir?'—I only says that to plague him. He's a rear-admiral. *Rear* indeed, and can't ride a rocking-horse! He won't travel with me?"

"How have you offended him?"

"Why one night when we got to his door, being a mighty uppish sort of a cove, he wouldn't lean on my arm; which the step was broken, and down he fell flat under the porch. 'Why, admiral,' says I, 'you've *struck your flag!*'"

"So you lost your passenger by your joke?"

"Joke—I can't see no joke in it."

"Then you don't know what a joke is."

"Don't I? Only look at this lady with the little boy in her arms what's a coming—now this is what I calls a joke. 'Beg your pardon, ma'am, there's the child's shoe—on its foot!' Did you twig how frustrated she was—and how she looked about her; and how, when I said 'on its foot,' she half-laughed, half-frowned, and went off blushing, giggling, and biting her lip. I had a joke with Buckle what keeps the Goat and Boots this morning. I made a little hole in a horrindge, sucked all the juice out, and then blowed it up with my breath so as to make it look quite nat'ral. Along comes Buckle in a gig with his wife; and just as we was a passing one another, I tosses him this here make-believe horrindge. 'Thankye, Jem,' says he, while it was a falling—but when he cotched it in his whip-hand and found it crumple up to nothing in his grasp—Oh, crikey!—Here he comes—solus and sulky—left his wife at Walham Green I reckon—won't speak I can see. 'Buckle—Buckle—(and Jem pointed to the vacant seat in the gig as he spoke)—why Buckle you've dropped your *tongue!*'"

"Now that's a very fair joke. Buckle himself turned round and shook his first and grinned at you for it."

"Well, I can't see nothing of a joke in it for my part. I wish I knowed exactly what a joke was. Then I shouldn't lose no passengers—nor yet get laughed at so often. Now there was t'other day, Mr. Coggan says to Blanch—no, Mr. Blanch says to Mr. Coggan, 'Coggan,' says he, 'that there breed o' bantams I bought of you don't answer—they're all cocks.' 'Well, sir,' says I, 'there's one comfort—if you don't get no chickens you gets lots of *crows*.' With that both of 'em set to and laughed at me—quite disagreeable. Well, presently Coggan says to Blanch, says he, 'It's all the same cocks or hens—for no fowls could thrive in such a hole of a hen-house as that—the water comes in from all quarters—it's a regulur fishpond.' 'That's true enough,' says I, 'for one day I saw a *perch* or two in it myself.' Upon this they laughed at me worse than before; but when they began to talk about Mr. Coggan's own poultry—fine black Spanish birds as ever was seen, with combs as big as beef steaks and white ear-bags just like pillow cases, I made an obseruation which they took up in such a way as put my pipe out completely.

‘Tellee what it is,’ said Mr. Coggan, ‘do all in the power of man, and sometimes birds will fail as well as coachmasters. Now there’s my stock—they don’t half get on—not as I could wish; can’t tell how it is—but they’re overrun with vermin.’ ‘That’s odd too, sir,’ says I, ‘for no fowls’ heads can be better *combed*.’ This innocent obseruation o’ mine got me a dig in the ribs on one side from Mr. Coggan, and a ditto ditto on t’other from Mr. Blanch, and away they went, quite ungentlemanly, laughing at me like Winkin.”

“Who was Winkin, Jem?”

“A printer’s apprentice, what run away with little ‘Gin and Bitters,’ Mother Waterton’s barmaid at the Red Cow, and hung himself two days arter, because her breath always smelt of pump water. There goes Miss Evelina Develina Thingumbob—the female swell—she’s cut me for a downright good honest hagshun. In course, sir, you can’t be so hignorunt as not to know that *bustle* is *tin*, which means money. Very well. One day I sets her down at the bottom of Bond-street, and arter she’d paid me—while I was putting up the the steps—I sees a farthing on the flags; so thinking in course it was her property, I runs arter her, calling out, ‘Hollo ma’am—you’ve dropped your *bustle*!’ Wi’ that she puts down one hand just under her waist in front, and t’other like lightning just under her waist behind, where in some out-and-out swell ladies, there’s an opening to the pocket,—which, what with nutmegs, nutmeg graters, the cupboard keys, and so forth, makes them stick out so in that department. ‘Good God’ says she, ‘my *bustle*!’ and she’d have fainted if I hadn’t shewed her the farthing. You’d hardly believe it, may be, but as sure as I’m here sitting, she slapped my face and won’t never ride wi’ me since. Now there’s a gentleman at that bow-window—he in the green coat, with the smutty mug—what looks as though he’d rubbed his face again a nigger—we calls him Dr. Tarpaulin—”

“Why?”

“I suppose, because he’s the biggest liar going: he’ll make you believe the most unbelievable thing whatsoever—and then laugh at you for believing it. *He* always rides with me. Tellee why—though I don’t see no reason in it. There was a bit of a heifer—a poor stinted thing—a downright calf to all appearance, met with a misfortune on Barnes’ Common—she fell down a quarry and died. Nobody owned her: so Dr. Tarpaulin had her lugged up to his shop—he’s wetinary surgeon—to make into a skeleton. While he was a opening her, I popped in with a horse what had got the grease—my fellow servant had basted him so, and by jingo, the poor little hannimal proved to be in calf. ‘Why she’s nothing but a calf herself,’ says Dr. Tarpaulin. ‘Well,’ says I, putting in my spoke, ‘I’ve often heard of such a thing before, but this is the very first time ever I saw a *weal* within a *weal*.’ ‘Jem,’ says he, ‘that’s a good un!’ and he’s rid with me regular ever since because o’ that common obseruation, which he must have heard ten thousand times afore.”

“Allow me to tell you it was a joke, Jem.”

“No such thing, sir, axing your pardon: this is a joke as you shall see. There’s Mr. Burchell’s man, and Colonel MacLeod’s man—both blackeymoors—standing at their masters’ garden gates, and

looking down the road as if they was a waiting for the milkman or summat, while all the time the lazy wagabones is doing nothing but dawdling to see my coach pass. Now you'll please to notice how I'll make 'em front about. The nearest—this here chap to the left, is Mr. Burchell's Pompey—"I say Inky-face"—did ee see how he turned? Now for t'other; 'Hollo! Alabaster—what's lignum whitey?' There—he knows his name, because for why? Alabaster and Inkey-face is all one—black and white being the same thing. Some people calls me 'Gipsey,' because I'm brownish—and others knows me by the name of 'Lilly white,' for the same reason.—But dash my rags, if here an't some o' the Royal family—notice the coachman." This gentleman was *worthy* of notice; his livery coat was intensely scarlet; his complexion crimson, his eye lurid and blood-shot. My companion hallooed to him in stentorian tones as the two vehicles passed each other, "Why coachee! you looks if you'd been put in a smith's forge, and *blowed red-hot*."

"Jem, I must ride with you again: set me down at the top of Fulham town."

"Thankye, sir, but afore we reaches the corner, talking of jokes, I'll make bold to tell you the best joke I knows. One night, 'twas my last journey, I'd just stepped into Jermyn-street to get a go of Kennet ale, to wash down my wittles, while my vehicle was at the cellar; when, as I was coming back, I puts up my foot on a stone what propped a post in St. James's-street, to tie my shoe. Well, it so happened, that just then, some nobleman, who'd lost all he had, as I should think, at one of the club-houses, comes along,—chock full of fury, without having nobody to abuse—when he sees me bent double with my back towards him. So—mind me, we'd no acquaintance, it was the first time we met—he takes a bit of a run and gives me a kick behind what sends me bang into the middle of the road, saying, says he, 'D—n you! you're *always* tying that shoe!'"

"Well! and what did you do?"

"I laughed fit to split my sides; for thinks I, he's lost his *tiu*; and supposing I'd been regularly *cleaned out* at a club-house, and set eyes on a coachman, what I'd never seen afore, a-tying his shoe under a lamp-post, I should have made so free as to kick him into the middle of the road, saying, says I, 'D—n you! you're *always* tying that shoe of your's!'—Now, that to my fancy, is a joke."

SCENES

FROM CALDERON'S NINA DE GOMEZ ARIAS.

A WOODY LANDSCAPE.

Enter DOROTHEA and GOMEZ ARIAS an officer in the army of QUEEN ISABELLA of CASTILE, in travelling dresses.

GOMEZ. Here in these green labyrinths,
Mountains and romantic forests,
Shrouded from the sun himself,
Gines, bind our weary steeds ;
Whilst, within the lovely bosom,
Of this blooming solitude
My beloved mistress rests.

DOROTHEA. Little feels she weariness
Who for peace a wanderer flies ;
Many are the weary miles
Rendered happy by her hopes.
And 'tis thus the more she wanders
More unwearied she becomes,
For the body's worst fatigue
Then becomes the mind's repose.

Enter GINES.

GINES. Sir, the animals are bound,
Moaning all with one accord,
Not a slight lament thereat,
Asking, sir, in brutish speech
Wherefore, as the fools are ours
Thus we take and bind them fast ?

GOMEZ. Perhaps you do already sore repent
You did display so rare a resolution !

DOROTHEA. O fear it not ! you wrong my truest love !
Not father only and my father's home,
Would I have left to follow after thee
But, were it all the riches of this world,
The bribe to stay would yet seem poor and vain :—
I might be forced, were I now weak, to feel
What to my fame and honour bright I owe,
Yet since you pledged to me your word and hand
As spouse, and in that trust I place my hope,
Of what should I repent ;—or why repine ?
When that exculpates which my motive was !
First, that my parent threatened to bestow
Me on a hateful spouse, against my will ;
Next, the confusion of that dreadful night,
When in our house your foe discovered you ;
And then my fear the blow which for that once
Gines had ward off, again would fall ;
And that at Cadiz time at length had shown
How false were all Granada's jealousies ;
When from the maze of all these gathered ills
My flight would free me for the time, and free
Me, from the mention of that odious spouse,

Thee, from the gnawing tooth of jealous fears,
 And both from doubt, how would one foolish fear
 E'er bring me to repent of what I've done!
 Is't not enough too, O my love! my spouse!
 That I am all thine own in fullest faith,
 And peace, and confidence, and free, and happy?—
 Nay, fear not thou, that I into Castile,
 As thou dost seek to go, will fear to follow
 Where'er the sun his cheering beams denies;
 But with inhospitable hand revolves,
 Alternate cold, and fierce and scorching heat,
 Even there would I, with free will, follow too!

GOMEZ. You pay me more now than you ever owed.—
 Upon this bed of flower-bespangled grass,
 Covered with countless hues—rest—till the sun
 Tempers his noon-day heat. Far from the road,
 Fear of pursuit has led us, and we must
 Wander a few days longer through the woods.

GINES. Cold creeps athwart me when I hear you speak!

GOMEZ. How sir?

GINES. From fear—

GOMEZ. What fear you?

GINES. For that here,

These tall Sierras at whose feet we stand,
 Are Alpujarra's mountains, from whose tops
 The outlaw Moors are wont each day to come
 For gold and murder.

GOMEZ. Idle fantasies!

When forth from Cadiz we, some two days hence,
 Departed, chose we not the road opposed
 To the Sierra Morena?

GINES. Truly, yes!

But was't not in the night?—and who can vouch
 We have not missed the path we knew so badly?—

GOMEZ. Speak low: Dorothea, I fear me sleeps:
 My dearest maiden!

GINES. Hush! why seek to wake her!

Leave her—

GOMEZ. I will awake her not.

GINES. Then hush!

GOMEZ. Only to see if she still sleeps—

GINES. You hear her—

GOMEZ. Then let us go, and with such silent steps
 That even the moss shall suffer not the prints.

GINES. If you depart that she may undisturbed
 In silence take repose, then you do well.

GOMEZ. No I do ill; that she may sleep I fly not,
 'Tis from herself I fly.—Untie our horses!—
 We must begone!

GINES. O, sir, what do you say?

GOMEZ. What shall I say but that this mortal beauty,
 That seems a heavenly type of Flora's self,
 Within these woods of morning's purple glow,
 And skilful pencil with the rose's hue,
 And jessamine's, with snow and carmine tinged,
 To me a serpent is, which, under flowers,
 With traitorous art her deadly sting conceals.—

See'st thou yon woman clad in all her charms?
 To me she is a treacherous basilisk,
 I shun her, for her gaze doth bring me death.
 O had I never with the blinded eyes
 Of admiration gazed, till sight grew love!
 Desire so strong in fond anticipation,
 Denies me love when in the full possession.
 Love is a man who deals in precious jewels,
 Whose value lies but in their estimation,
 Whose worth is nought the day they lose esteem.

GINES. I wonder not at your perversity;—
 Yet must I wonder how you find the heart,
 Alone and sleeping in this wild to leave her.

GOMEZ. Why not? when since the day that she was mine
 So hateful was she ever in my eyes,
 A poisonous viper I not more abhorred.
 Where shall I fly encumbered with a wife!
 And should I all mine oaths and prayers deny,
 Her sight alone would bring convincing proof.
 My bread's my sword, and all my gold and wealth,
 My valiant mind—the ranks, my fatherland.
 And more than all, I know, that undeceived,
 Beatrice waits me, rich, and young, and fair,
 Whose love had first possession of my soul.—
 Untie the horses then and let us fly!

GINES. Ah! woe betide her who will trust a man
 That loves another!

GOMEZ. Come, another time
 For your formalities—away! why linger?

GINES. O, sir, bethink you that your cruelty
 Is greater than—

GOMEZ. How! do you raise your voice?

GINES. No, no, I only say 'tis most unworthy
 Of you to act towards a woman thus:—
 Think of some other way to part from her:
 Leave her not in the mountains here alone!
 Has not Granada cloisters?—Yet bethink!
 Take not her life whose honour you have wronged.

GOMEZ. Hum! see you this dagger? it shall be the key
 To open up a thousand bloody mouths
 Within your breast, and lock my secrets fast.
 Come forth with me, or you are near your doom!

GINES. If I must choose, I choose then—

GOMEZ. Not so loud!

GINES. To go! Yet turn once more, I beg of you,
 And see the sweetest beauty where she lies!

GOMEZ. I've seen her oft enough—she is misfortune.
 Yet had I loved, had she not loved in turn.

[GOMEZ and GINES retire.]

(CANJERI and MOORS appear on the top of the mountain.)

CANJERI. Softly tread with thievish footsteps!
 For from yonder steep afar
 Saw I men and saw I horses
 Through the bushes glide away.

A MOOR. 'Tis perchance the travellers' horses,

Whom we slew upon the mountains,
Which have caught your sight at last.

CANJERI. Creep with silence! lest they hear us.
Hush now! for you know the troops,
Mad with rage at our oppressions,
Through the mountains hunt with purpose
Isabella's path to clear,
When the Alpujarras' strongholds

All her army comes to storm. [*They descend.*]

ANOTHER MOOR. This way seemed the noise to sound.

CANJERI. Don't deceive thyself! The beasts
Saw I on this side—but hold,
I have seen—yes! if mine eyes
No illusive phantom blinds,
Yonder a divinity!

Whose appearance, as she lies,
Shows for life too little action,
And for death too much of soul.
Resting on the blooming carpet
With the emerald flowers inwoven,
And by all the winds of heaven
With the forest leaves bestrewn,
Lies she there! In all my life
Saw I ne'er such sovereign beauty!
Were I not a Moor, but Pagan,
I would say it was the Venus,
Or Diana, of these woods.
Shall I venture nearer to her?
The fond drunken soul declares
All the danger, and 'tis right!
What would not those charms do nearer
Which afar such fires inflame?

DOROTHEA (*in her sleep*). Did my love deserve this wrong?

CANJERI. Hark! she speaks! to tread behind
Will I venture, since that tone
Undeceives me that she sleeps,
And declares her mortal mould. [*Draws nearer.*]

DOROTHEA (*awaking*). O stay! O fly not, tarry yet!
But woe's me! what see I? [*Looks up.*]

What horrid change is this?
Within my husband's arms
I slept but now—(O Heavens!)
And find—(O Destiny!)
Awaking—(Sure 'tis false!)
Myself (great God!) within
A hideous monster's power!

O tell me, thou dark lowering thunder cloud,
What hast thou done with the fair light of day?
Where hid'st thou, black shadow, the bright sun?
Where, Night, concealest thou the morning Star?
My love, my lord, my husband, where art thou? [*Tries to fly.*]

CANJERI. Hope thou not from me to vanish.
Thou couldst not, though Love himself,
For thy purpose, lent his wings;
And perhaps 'twill prove thy lover,
Whom thou soughtest but now to call,

Was a young Castilian knight,
And with him you hither came.
Know then, if 'tis so, thy lover
Comes no more, for him this day
My companions have surrounded,
And upon this mountain slain.

DOROTHEA. Then vanish from mine eyes the light of day!
Since I to such calamity was born!
Yet is it real? say!
He dead, and living I!
Impossible! O no!
Without my leave to die
He could not, who, within my heart is living!
Whose life, and love, and being only grow
And in my love are found.
But if (ah me!) thou hast been more forgiving,
And hold him captive bound,
Him from your wild will save!
Give him his freedom, and, for ransom, cherish
Me in his place as slave.
Fear not his word! for he would sooner perish,
Than would return no more
For her whom to adore
Alone he lives; whose heart
Would feel more pangs from me than life to part.
And should my gold not prove sufficient dower
To free us from thy power,
Let him depart for one,
I shall remain alone!—
But is't as you declared?
Have you (O God!) to murder him then dared?
And I myself die not!
But I already spoke mine inmost thought—
No, there shall not upon love's tenderness
Such base indignities be cast,
As that in life I staid behind the last;
Nor that he loved the more and I the less;
But from my fate all shall example see,
That death in love will follow constancy.

CANJERI. Hapless one! thy spouse no other
Seems than he who on these mountains
Found his death.—I tell thee then,
Though thy plaint might move this mountain—
Though thy tears could melt these rocks—
Yet my hard determined breast
Never, never will they move.
From my power and adoration
Could not all Arabia's treasures
Nor the Orient's diamond store,
Ransom of thy beauty be!
Mine thou art, and crowned shall be
Queen of all the Alpujarras
Not alone, but of the world.
Follow now to yonder heights.

DOROTHEA. No! a thousand deaths thy dagger
Sooner shall on me bestow!
Cease thy hold, thou Moor!

CANJERI. 'Tis vain !
 Thus to strive and wildly fence,
 Bind her fast and bear her hence !
 DOROTHEA. Wilt thou, Heaven, behold my pains ?
 Tear us not (ah me !) asunder.
 Hast thou, Heaven, no bolt, no thunder,
 On these monsters' heads to fall ? [*A trumpet sounds in the distance.*
 VOICES (*behind the scenes*). To the mountains ! mountains ! all !
 CANJERI. Ha ! we're lost ! a Christian band
 Round about the mountain stand ;
 Let us then our force uniting,
 To the peak fly without fighting,
 And with us bear off this beauty :
 She to-day will serve for booty,
 And for glorious booty.—I
 Would not wish to see her free.
 DOROTHEA. Heaven, alas, look down on me !
 CANJERI. Heaven in vain you pray to—fly !
 [*As they are departing DON DIEGO appears in the distance.*
 D. DIEGO. Voices sounded near me now.
 Ha ! thou grizly Moor there ! halt !
 Loose thy hold, or mine assault
 Soon thy turbaned head shall bow.
 CANJERI. First my life— [*Trumpet behind the scenes.*
 A MOOR. We dare not stay !
 We must leave her—we must fly !
 [*A troop of Spanish warriors appears.*
 CANJERI. Few we are ! then no delay !—
 Warriors ! Ha ! I must, must I ?
 For this bright-eyed Christian dame
 Lose my booty and my fame !
 [*CANJERI and MOORS fly to the mountains,*
 D. DIEGO. Follow me, Senora, now :
 You I give my knightly word
 That I feel your piteous case :
 In my mansion you must tarry,
 Till your sorrow time shall soothe.
 These gray hairs shall be your safety,
 And my daughter your companion,
 Until heaven shall send relief.
 DOROTHEA. O forgive me, if your goodness
 I dare not refuse just now.
 D. DIEGO. Come then !
 DOROTHEA. Void of life I go !
 Hapless, hapless Gomez, yes !
 'Twas my love that gave thee death,
 Dying now the debt I pay. [*Exeunt.*

AT THE GATES OF GRANADA.

Flourish of drums and trumpets. Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, with a brilliant train of Courtiers, Knights, and Ladies.

QUEEN. Granada, glorious Queen !
 Fair shines thy brow on yonder throne serene !
 Where to the heavenly vault,
 Thy gorgeous towers their glittering heads exalt,
 Each like a blazing star,

A gem of glory in their Queen's tiar.
 Thy snowy-mountain zone,
 With cloud-capp'd heads surrounds thy royal throne.
 Queen of all realms! how empty seem our words
 To paint the conquest of our warriors' swords!
 Now thy Sierras rude
 Alone remain unconquered, unsubdued.
 Far off, remote, and inaccessible,
 The swart Moor holds his rocky citadel;
 And scorns, with impious word,
 Fernando's laws, my royal king and lord:
 Therefore thy Vega's plain
 Once more beholds me with this warlike train:
 Thy plain where bright streams flow,
 And limpid Darro, o'er his sands of gold,
 Rolls his pure streams of waters uncontrolled.

D. DIEGO. Now let the trumpets blow!
 And with their silver sound
 Waken dull Echo in her cave profound!
 Let each harmonious voice
 Proclaim our jubilee. Rejoice! rejoice!
 Till the sweet songs of birds with envy fail:
 Live, live our royal Queen! all hail!

ALL. All hail!

Flourish of trumpets, Shout.—Enter DON LUIS, and throws himself at the QUEEN'S feet.

D. LUIS. Long live the Queen, and may her countless years
 Outstrip all memory, I say! For ever
 Sacred must be her valour and compassion
 To one who needs them both! O, pardon then,
 Great Queen! a wretched, miserable man,
 Who at thy feet now throws himself for mercy.

QUEEN. Stand up! stand up! From wretched woe indeed,
 Such bitter tears—such sorrows must proceed;
 Speak—what demand you?

DON LUIS. Justice, mighty Queen!

QUEEN. Cheer up then, for no step I onward go
 Ere I have heard the grievance of your case.

DON LUIS. O, royal Queen, a daughter had I once—
 Well may I say I had, for if alive
 Or dead is now alike: to me she's lost!
 I reared her youth! But this is to begin
 Far from the source—from noble blood I spring,
 Albeit unworthy 'tis to name that now!—
 Pious, and fair, and good, I trained her youth,
 Till virtue, faith, obedience, modesty,
 Whate'er I garnered to my heart, were all
 By the black arts of a magician lost;
 Lost and seduced from her poor father's arms.
 And yet, O madam, wherefore tell in words,
 What truer, better, can my tears relate!
 Then let me pass, how I beheld her shame—
 Heard her false name within a neighbour's house—
 And let me come unto the vilest wrong,
 That e'er the blackest heart of man conceived.
 A Moor, who to the Alpujarra's mountains

Our path directs, this letter brought to me :
Heavy he left me, tho' he found me light.
O, would'st thou deign my royal Queen to read it,
And thus shalt thou instruct thy generous heart,
And spare to me the bitter pang to name,
My cruel wrong before the assembled world.

QUEEN. Give me ! (*she reads*) " My dearest, ever-honoured father !
Past crimes can never better be excused
Than by confession. By a man deceived
I erred : but first his hand and oath he gave
As spouse, and afterwards with countless wiles,
And perjured treasons to the fierce Canjeri
He sold me for a slave. Treat for my ransom !
Chastise me afterwards as I deserve :—
I do not fear to die upon thy sword :—
Yet much I fear to risk my holy faith."

QUEEN (*raising her voice.*)

The warlike bands who from Castile have come
Hither with me unto Granada's heights,
And every man who has besieged the city,
Shall forward now to Alpujarra's peaks.
No pause, no rest, my zeal will give your march ;
And for this man—if he the name of man (*To DON LUIS.*)
Deserve, what is he ?

DON LUIS. Arias, is he called !

QUEEN. Be it proclaimed, no man, on pain of treason,
Aid or abet to save this villain's life :
But whoso captive brings him unto us,
Dead or alive, receives a thousand crowns.—
Here I, in face of heaven, do vow an oath,
Never to sleep or garment change till all
The tyrant Moors are subject to my power :
That ages yet to come shall surely know,
A woman wronged, a woman has avenged.—

(*Exeunt.*)

(*To be continued.*)

THE TRITON OF THE PACIFIC.

THE public will learn with indignation and astonishment, that in this great and flourishing country, a junior Lord of the Admiralty, as a compensation for his services, obtains only a miserable stipend of one thousand per annum, "with a free residence at Whitehall, and other advantages." Were our state coffers low—were trade languishing—were our assessments bending us to the earth—were every second or third shopkeeper in our streets insolvent—were our poor-houses crowded with paupers—were we at war with all the world—something might be said in extenuation of so paltry a pittance. But the reverse being the case in every respect—at a period of profound peace—it is the height of patriotism in any distinguished individual to accept of such a situation at such a salary. As to the duties—although they may be imagined, to describe them would be difficult indeed. Yet there are a few discontented individuals—and the fact cannot be too deeply lamented—who presumptuously inquire of what use are the junior Lords! In this enlightened age the question is startling. Being of a benevolent turn we will condescend to open the eyes of the moles. To give them some idea of the importance of a seat in the Admiralty—it was at one time deemed expedient to call in the great modern Marquess of Worcester!—a man of such stupendous intellect, that, while driving four-in-hand, the cads at Charing-cross have actually suspected him to be a Greenwich coachman in disguise!

Burning to become extensively beneficial, and regardless of the scanty emoluments, in obedience to the call of honour and Earl Grey, Captain Maurice Berkeley has at once come forward to fill up the recent vacancy at the board. Such gallantry and devotion cannot be sufficiently eulogized. Like another Quintius Curtius he has leaped into the gulf for the salvation of his country! But so ungrateful is man—that several stultified people have impeached the patriotism of the exploit!

Many, however, do not adopt this brutal course, but act with more methodical malice. As regards the presumed necessity of filling the vacant seat—like the Scotch disputant—they admit the fact for the sake of the argument, but if they fail in the argument they reserve to themselves the right of doubting the fact. And what is their precious argument? Simply a Socratic one; to wit:—What are Captain Maurice Berkeley's qualifications for a post in the Admiralty?

Luckily a man in office, even if the lucre be only a thousand per annum ("with other advantages,"), never wants supporters. Captain Maurice Berkeley's "friends" are particularly "good-natured." They have told the clamorous some home-truths. They have clearly proved that Captain Maurice Berkeley is a man of exalted merit—being not only *brother to a noble Lord*, but *brother-in-law to a Duke*, having married Lady Charlotte, sister to his grace. This is unanswerable.

But in addition—Captain Maurice Berkeley, as his friends triumphantly state, *has two brothers in the present Parliament*:—The Hon. Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, member for Gloucester, and the

Honourable Captain Craven Berkeley, member for Cheltenham—*there are three of them!**

Nor is this all: Captain Maurice Berkeley is not a mere "soldier officer"—he has not simply "cut a figure in the local;" he is in the navy, and has actually seen the sea.—His first commission was dated in June, 1814:—on the subject of Captain Maurice Berkeley's naval exploits up to the period of his last employment, the gallant officer's friends are indignantly silent—indeed it would be useless to particularize them—but with becoming pride we are informed that Captain Maurice Berkeley's most recent service afloat "was in 1830, when he acted as flag Captain to Rear Admiral Sir Charles Paget, on board the *Semiramis* (24) *on the Cork station*." As Mr. Gully pertinently remarked the other day to Tattersall, "When there's no chance of a fight it's all one whether you're the bruiser or the bottle-holder." This is true: therefore, while on the Cork station, in 1830,—there being no chance of a fight—the subject of our notice soared up to the level of Sir Charles Paget; the Honourable Captain, by the benefit of an hypothesis, became equivalent, *pro tempore*, to a gallant Rear Admiral.

On the strongest point of Captain Maurice Berkeley's case his friends have not touched—they were doubtless fearful of proving too much. Be ours the grateful task of supplying the deficiency. Captain Maurice Berkeley's first commission was dated in June, 1814,—about the period when the peace of Europe was settled by the battle of Waterloo: the gallant Captain, therefore, is not one of your burly, broadside, weather-beaten tars, whose chief merit consists in practical experience, acquired during the war; on the contrary, he enjoys the proud distinction of never having been contaminated by any collision with American frigates or French seventy-fours—he has practised his belligerent profession during a peaceful period—he has never moved in the society of thirty-two pounders—his last service afloat was on the Cork station, and he is consequently,—whatever such "untoward" veterans as Sir Edward Codrington and Lord Dundonald may think—qualified beyond all doubt to act as a ruler of the British navy, when there's no prospect of a war—to sport as a Triton in the Pacific—never, we beg to add by way of rider,—never having been engaged in any *action*, except, perhaps, **AN ACTION AT LAW.**

* This was written under an impression that the gallant Captain would have been re-elected for Gloucester, as Sir John Hobhouse was for Westminster—"not on account of the public confidence in Ministers—but in consequence of the man's individual merits." Such, however, has not been the case. Mr. Hope, the unsuccessful conservative candidate at the last election, was put in nomination against him. At the close of the first day's polling Mr. Hope was about ninety a-head of the gallant Captain: and on Tuesday the gallant Captain retired from the contest. "The *Gloucester Journal* of Saturday said that many of the friends of Captain Berkeley took umbrage at his accepting office and at some of his votes. This appears to have been the case. Many of those who are considered of the Radical party voted against him. The Corporation were in favour of Captain Berkeley, and this alone induced the radicals to vote for his opponent, although an ultra-tory." So that for the present there are but two of them.

LE PIED MARIN.

ON a gloomy morning late in the month of December, I embarked at Calais for Dover; there were but few passengers on board the steam-boat, and these few, from the lemon hue that tinged their complexions, appeared already sick by anticipation. Two ladies had taken up a position in a britska, swung amidships, in which they were lolling back, the pictures of despair: others, well cloaked and shawled, their bonnets drawn closely over their faces, were resigning themselves, by a desperate effort, to the fate that awaited them. *Quant à moi*—jolted almost to dislocation by my journey from Paris, which, owing to the wretched state of the roads, had occupied six and forty hours, I stretched myself at full length on a bench, and, accustomed from earliest youth to the buffet of “wild ocean’s wave,” found myself in comparative Elysium.

Among the male department of passengers was a Frenchman, who, in order to set off his little squat figure to the greatest advantage, had robbed it in a superb white *redingote à l’Anglaise*. In this person I recognized a *commis voyageur*, whom I had casually met a few months before at the *Intendence de la Police*, at Metz, in the north of France. The little man, I recollect, was at the time in a towering passion, at what he termed a “*mauvaise plaisanterie de la part de ces gredins de la Police*,” who, it appeared, in the signalement of his passport, had robbed him of half an inch of his height, which, with the aid of a pair of high-heeled boots, *à la Polonoise*, did not exceed five feet three inches of our measure. “*Tenez*,” he indignantly exclaimed, on shewing the document to a friend who accompanied him, “*quatre pieds et dix pouces seulement! Mais ce n’est pas la taille d’un Voltigeur!*”*

A single glance at the countenance of this little traveller would have convinced the most superficial observer that he was one of those mercurial and voluble Frenchmen, to whom silence is worse than death; and, in fact, he was impatiently pacing the deck, and looking eagerly around for some one on whom to inflict the torture of his conversation; but on every side “*la Morgue Anglaise*” presented an imposing front, which apparently, with all his assurance, he dreaded to encounter. Briton or not, there is no occasion on which a man feels less disposed to be sociable, than on the eve of sea sickness. The little man continued his walk, humming, as he went, the *barcarole* in Massaniello—

“*Pêcheur, parle bas, jette tes filets en silence,
Et le Roi des fleuves ne t’échappera pas.*”

The concluding line of the couplet, which he sang “*con amore*,” evidently inspired by the scene around him, brought him in juxta

* Napoleon was latterly obliged to admit into the ranks of the army, men considerably below the standard height, who were formed into light infantry corps, called *Voltigeurs*. Hence the proverb “*Petit comme un Voltigeur*.”

position with myself, and my recumbent posture afforded him an opportunity of giving vent to his volubility. "*Monsieur se trouve donc déjà mal ?*" quoth he. "Not ill, Monsieur, but almost shaken to death by your cursed Diligence." "*C'est que Messieurs les Anglais sont tous marins.*" "When a man," said I, "has crossed the line a dozen times, he ought, I think in all conscience, to be a sailor!" "*Une douzaine de fois ! En vérité c'est beaucoup voyager. Mais moi aussi—j'ai fait mes petites courses en mër : voici par exemple la cinquième fois que je passe la Manche, et je me flatte d'avoir aussi le pied marin.*"

Notwithstanding the air of triumph with which he uttered this, I was convinced that on his fifth passage of the Channel he would find that he had not "*le pied marin*," of which he appeared so vain-glorious. It was blowing fresh from the northward and eastward—a strong south westerly current was setting right up Channel, and, from the conflict of the two elements, I foresaw there would result a sea that would try the stomach of many a better sailor than this little *commis voyageur*, in his *redingote à l'Anglaise*. The anchor was weighed, and the vessel dashed swiftly through the opposing wave, but not swifter than the tongue of *Monsieur du Pied Marin* continued to run. "*Monsieur a sans doute vu des gros temps ?*" he continued. "More, I assure you, than I ever wish to see again." "*Cependant je donnerois tout au monde de voir un gros temps. Car, comme votre Burke a fort bien remarqué 'Il y a du sublime dans le peril.'*" "It will blow fresh when we get outside." "*Tant mieux—tant mieux ! J'aime la sublimité. J'ai beaucoup voyagé—beaucoup—beaucoup—mais vous savez que les voyages par terre sont insipides—il me faut des sensations fortes. Je voudrois même avoir peur pour une fois !*"

By this time most of the passengers were "poorly :—" one old dowager and her maid had been handed below, completely "*hors du combat.*" "*Voilà le désagrément d'un steam-boat,*" observed the little Frenchman ; "*ces scènes là sont déchirantes.*"

We had just cleared the point that stretches to the southward and westward of the harbour of Calais, and the boat—now fairly in the trough of the sea—began to give some of those heavy pitches, which, as a young Spanish lady once said to me under similar circumstances, "*hace salir el alma por la boca.*" I narrowly watched the countenance of my hero ; the rubicund hue of his complexion was succeeded by a yellow tint, faint as that which tinges the cheek of the ripening lime—the demon of sea sickness had set his hand upon him. "Does Monsieur find himself unwell ?" I inquired. "*Ah que non ! une petite migraine seulement—l'effet du café infernale qu'on m'a fait boire a l'hôtel.*"

The illusion of the *pied marin* had vanished ; still he appeared reluctantly to yield to the conviction of the fact. "*Nom de Dieu !*" he exclaimed at last, when on the brink of the catastrophe, "*est il possible que je me trouve mal ?—est-ce possible ?*" But the Captain appeared to have no doubts whatever on the subject. "Forward there," he roared out ; "hand that gentleman in the white coat over to leeward." For the poor little Frenchman, by a gross violation of all the rules of naval etiquette, had chosen the windward side for

offering his sacrifice to the sea god. Two nautical monsters accordingly lugged him over to leeward, where he sunk down, utterly heedless of the waves that almost every instant broke over him. There he continued until we reached Dover, exclaiming, as often as his paroxysms would permit, "*Mais mon Dieu est-ce possible ?*"

When within a few yards of the pier, all again became bustle and animation: the old dowager made her appearance in a superb *chapeau*, probably the last "improvisation" of the celebrated Victorine; but in her hurry she had only rouged one side of her face. It was really amusing to observe the metamorphoses the toilets of the ladies had undergone in a few minutes. Vanity had given them "*le pied marin*" — all sported some article of finery in order to cheat the harpies of the custom-house. On getting alongside the pier, a general rush was made towards the steps. In the rear of the column I observed the little *commis voyageur*, but

"Heu quantus mutatus ab illo Hectore!"

His superb redingote was besmeared with tar, and drenched with sea water. "*Et votre pied marin, Monsieur,*" said I. He did not hear me, but tottered along, endeavouring to argue himself into a conviction that he had been dreaming. On reaching the steps, he cast a hasty look back at the scene of his distress, and went off, muttering "*Cependant je me flatte d'avoir toujours le pied marin! Nom de Dieu!*"

A COUPLE OF CONTRASTS.

THE "*impazienza del luogo*," as the Italians call our passion for travelling, or some other more cogent reason, had induced an English nobleman and his wife to take up their abode at Port Mahon, in the course of their peregrinations, until some of his majesty's ships should be at leisure to convey them to Sicily. This is a most convenient mode of travelling, particularly for those who have gay wives and handsome unmarried daughters. In the first place it costs nothing, and some of our captains and their officers are gay young men of good families, fortunes, and expectations. Then a voyage by sea affords such opportunities! — walks on deck by moonlight — an entire seclusion in a little world of one's own — music and propinquity!

I first met the noble family above mentioned, and her Royal Highness the Duchess Dowager of Orleans, the widow of the famous, or rather infamous "*Egalité*," on the same night at a grand fête given by Sir — — on board his own ship. The English family were all life and spirits on this occasion. The Earl was a quiet mean-looking man, the Countess a magnificently beautiful woman of fashion, the elder daughters were lovely as angels, and the younger ones promised to grow up like them. Scandal accused the mother of

being very gay ; if so the father took it very quietly ; for I remember a story was told at the time of one of the officers meeting his lordship on the quarter-deck, leading his little boys, who not knowing him personally, inquired " Whose children they were ? " To this the Earl drily replied, " They are my Lady — 's, I believe," and walked on. At this ball she was all smiles and graciousness, and as she was the only English lady of rank and fashion present, she enjoyed what she dearly loved—universal admiration !

Her Royal Highness the Duchess Dowager was full of pride and prejudices ; pleased at receiving the homage due to her rank, yet regretting her present situation, as the attention, homage and respect she received must have excited unpleasant recollections. Although the little town of Mahon must have been a sorry exchange after the gaieties of Paris, still it was a safe asylum, out of the noise and bustle of the world, and afforded a quiet refuge to the Princess and her court of unfortunate attendants.

My second rencounter with the old Princess was some time after the last peace. I was admiring the Place de Carousal, at Paris, when a carriage with six horses, outriders, servants, and numerous attendants in the royal livery, drove past me in great state. The people all pulled off their hats, and my valet de place whispered in my ear, " The Duchess Dowager of Orleans going to pay her court at the Thuilleries." I smiled at the contrast, as I thought of the almost forgotten old lady in her retreat at Port Mahon, and compared her situation when I last saw her at the fête with her present magnificent appearance, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of pomp and power.

The next time I met the Earl's family, whom I had seen at this fête, the mother delighted with gratified vanity, and the daughters glowing with all the charms of youth, health, and innocence, was in a much sadder situation. It was at an inn in the town of Alessandria, on the road to Turin, after a lapse of several years. Two of the daughters had that morning run away from Genoa with a married man, who had poisoned himself by taking too much laudanum by mistake ; and the mother, who had all the time supposed him an admirer of her own, had just arrived at the same inn in pursuit of the fugitives, in a transport of anger, jealousy, and shame, in time to see him expire. To make myself known under such circumstances would have been only insulting the unhappy. I could do no good—I therefore passed on.

VICTOR DUCANGE.

HAVING already directed the attention of our readers to that portion of the literary fiction of our Gallic neighbours, appropriately distinguished by the epithet "convulsive;" we at present propose noticing another species, altogether different in character and execution, which is known by the name of the "vaudevilliste," from its resemblance in style and spirit, to the charming little pieces produced at the Theatre du Vaudeville. This rich and amusing class of productions, light and sketchy, yet philosophical and humorously illustrative of living manners, with its brilliancy, brevity, and epigrammatic point, forms an agreeable contrast, and a pleasant set-off against the wild vagaries and exaggerated horrors of the Convulsives: nor are its airiness, sprightliness and humourous levity, its only charms; for, frequently, under the sparkling garb of liveliness, it conveys sound practical lessons of political wisdom, and powerfully exposes some of the abuses and absurdities flowing from institutions of the "good old times."

Victor Ducange is one of this school. The same exquisite address in seizing on the ridiculous and absurd in things and men—the same easy elegance of expression, playfulness and vivacity of imagination, and piquancy of observation, which have rendered his dramatic works so successful, are eminently conspicuous in his novels. His profound knowledge of human nature is as apparent, as the easy gaiety of his style is amusing; his skill in the developement of characters, and in tracing the gradual changes and modifications effected by new circumstances, bringing with them new motives and new ideas, is particularly striking and natural.

Great differences exist between an English and a French novel of the present day: while the one appeals to the vitiated taste of an aristocracy-loving set, by minute details of the fictitious distinctions which surround the higher classes, their dinners, routs, equipages, tracasserie and scandal, the other recognizes no artificial distinctions, but applies itself entirely to the moral world—to measures, not men—to things and not to theories—and to the accurate delineation of living manners in every department and grade in society. If nobility be occasionally introduced, it is only to afford an opportunity of exposing the absurdity of its pretensions to a privileged ascendancy, derived from old institutions, which in the present state of society, are incompatible with the happiness of the mass of mankind. In this particular, Ducange may be taken as a fair representative of the sentiments of his countrymen, of the moral revolution and widely diffused republicanism of opinion, of which, none but those who have resided for some time upon the continent, can form any idea. That respect and deference which was formerly the attendant on exalted stations and great names is now transferred to intelligence, developed in well directed industry; and a successful stock broker at Paris, or the proprietor of a flourishing manufactory in the provinces, eclipses in public esteem, a score of the *vielle noblesse*.

Jean Phol (the principal personage in a tale, by Victor Ducange, of

which we purpose giving an abstract *raisonné*, as a specimen of the *Vaudevillistes*) is a paper manufacturer, and his probity, superior intelligence and usefulness, are happily contrasted with the idleness, intrigue, and insignificant pretensions of a Marquis of the *ancien régime*. Git-au-diable, the Baronial Castle of the latter, overlooks a little settlement of industrious Huguonots in the distant village of Ghyl au Bois, and a rapid sketch of its vicissitudes of proprietorship, until it reaches the Marquis, lays open the miseries and injustice resulting from the feudal system under every succeeding reign. From the crusading barons, it passes into the hands of the monks, from them it is transferred to the Huguonots, and then by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, it is seized as a forfeiture to the crown: at length Louis XV. bestows it on a poor but noble Limousin gentleman, who is inveigled into a marriage with a young beauty of his seraglio in the Parc au Cerfs. The count discovers his dishonour at the moment his young bride is dying in childbirth, breaks the sword that could not be his avenger, sends his commission and title deeds to the Minister in disdain, and quits France for ever.

After this overt act of rebellion, the house of Kernesek, which traced its origin to the remotest antiquity, became possessors of the castle and domaine of Git-au-diable, and from them it descended in a right line to Timothy, Marquis of Kernesek. His brothers, Martin and Gregory, having previously been disposed of, by being thrust, the first into the navy, and the second into a monastery, his two sisters take the veil in the convent of St. Affrique, where the eldest dies in the odour of sanctity from the consequences of a wonderful fast. Every thing seems prosperous, when as ill luck would have it, the revolution breaks out, and the Marquis is induced by circumstances to mount his horse and set off to join the Austrians at Coblenz.

Meantime the property of the emigrants is confiscated—the convents are closed, the nuns are flying in every direction, and a deputation of Sans Culottes from the Jacobins, seal up the gates of Git-au-Diable, and write on the little church adjoining—

“THE FRENCH PEOPLE RECOGNIZE THE SUPREME BEING AND THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.”

“The Marquis Timothy did not return with the Austrians, but continued his route to Poland, where he found the festivities very agreeable. Martin the sailor went out with the expedition of Rochambeau, to America; Gregory the Monk abjured his faith at the bar of the Convention, married a Carmelite nun, and enlisted as a dragoon in the revolutionary army, while Andoche the nun (the younger sister) fled with her confessor into Piedmont. The Castle of Git-au-Diable was by the revolutionary hammer, knocked down to the sturdy paper manufacturer, Jean Phol, who converted it into a factory. All the resources of art were put into requisition: the idle population of the neighbouring village found employment, and the whole country became enriched by the industry of Jean Phol. Meantime the Emigré Marquis was teaching his pure French to some dozen heavy Germans in Silesia. Among the pupils who attended his lectures, from charity, was a fair young pastry-cook, whom the Marquis reasoned himself into espousing, by the following soliloquy. :—

“ ‘Illustrious descendant of the victors of Tolbiac, you are no longer any thing more than a poor devil, as beggarly, thin, and contemptible as your

great-grandfather, when he beheld the demolition of his last tower at Patavy; he, for the love of religion, and you for the honour of the monarchy, lost your weathercocks, your rights of seignory, your blazoned shields, and what is worse, your stamped crowns. France is a republic; the throne is to let; the aristocracy are wandering beggars, and Europe is getting whipped. This is no time for being proud. Will you let your noble race perish with you when Providence gives you, in its mysterious wisdom, a means of support in an adorable pastry-cook? Calculate, my dear Marquis, with the prudence of Ulysses, not with the pride of Agamemnon. To be sure you set out to make war, and it may not be so noble to make pies; but what is there that misfortune and fidelity do not ennoble? Well then, marry the pastry-cook:—*primo*, because she has as much cash as a baron's daughter; *secundo*, because you have not a sous, and that it is disagreeable to trudge the streets when it rains or hails, and for a miserable salary to be at the beck of sundry varlets, who call you *Monsieur*, while treating you like a lacquey; *tertio*, and it is the best and strongest reason, because a hungry stomach has no ears, and a fasting marquis must dine.'

"Upon this, Timothy, Marquis of Kernesek, pirouetted upon the toe of his left foot, with a grace and elasticity quite French, and wiping the dust from his shoes with his Rouen handkerchief, pulling down his sleeves, adjusting his collar, and presenting his right hand forward, like *Vestris*, he hastened to declare his tender passion to Julia, at the moment she was engaged in taking tartlets from the oven."

Julia, of course, was delighted at being made a Marchioness, and the Marquis on his part, was well fed and happy, selling his patties with his sword by his side, and glorying in being the inventor of *pies à la Marquise*; when lo! one fine morning, he reads the intelligence of the peace of Amiens, and of the permission granted to the *Emigrés* to return and recover whatever portion of their property had escaped the revolutionary hammer. Accordingly, he sets off for his Castle of *Git-au-Diable*, with his spouse and daughter. On the road he falls in with his brother Gregory, in the capacity of a carter, his sister *Andoche*, in that of cook in a tavern; and on reaching *Moulines* the party is joined by Martin, who had been made a captain in the navy by Napoleon. The sagacity of the latter discovers that, owing to an informality in the sale of the domain of *Git-au-Diable*, a small farm might still be recovered; and his interest with the government having secured this, the good people of *Ghyl au Bois* are surprised by the sudden appearance of the long absent family, in a wretched cart, which they mistook for the equipage of *Polichinello*.

Curiosity was the only feeling that the illustrious descendant of *Clovis* excited in his quondam vassals. The *Curé* alone, though a stranger to the Marquis of Kernesek, received him with demonstrations of joy.

"By instinct—by some inexplicable power of homogeneity—some secret instruction of natural alliance, and mutual succour, a parson and a lord sympathize in all places, times, and circumstances. An innate sentiment teaches them that they participate in the same essence—that they are sprung from the same principle, and that they are uterine brothers, twin-born of the great feudal mother, and nourished with sacred milk. Lords without parsons—parsons without lords, is a greater anomaly than partridge without lemons. Hence it was that tears of joy rolled down the cheeks of the good *Curé* of *St. Medard*, and that the sight of the *ci-devant* lord produced upon

his senses an effect analogous to that which the first beam of returning light, after six long months of darkness, produces upon the sorrowing eyes of the inhabitants of the Polar Circle."

While the Curé is entertaining them, news of their arrival is brought to Jean Phol, who hastens to invite them to the chateau, where he proves to them, logically, that he is in their debt to the amount of some thirty thousand francs, being the principal and accumulated interest of a sum left by one of the predecessors of the Marquis, in the hands of his grandfather, and which he was bound by oath to restore. By this act of generosity on the part of Jean Phol, the Marquis and his family are established in their farm adjoining the chateau. A complete harmony ensues between marquises, merchants, emigrants, Huguenots, and priests, all living like true republicans, and calling each other citizens. This ease and prosperity affords leisure to the Marquis to meditate over his favourite projects. He still dreams of recovering his chateau, and of restoring the Bourbons. Time passes away in the manufacture of intrigues; and, at length, the sailing of the expedition of Pichegru and Georges, promises a certainty of the assassination of the First Consul. The Marquis sets off for Paris, after pressing the hand of the Curé, and humming to himself, with a triumphant air, "I shall have my castle." He reaches Paris in time to witness the arrest of the conspirators: he is petrified with horror, but had he known that the police were equally well acquainted with all his movements and designs, as with those of the sufferers, he would have had much greater reason for alarm.

"There was at that time a minister more dexterous and cunning than all the conspirators that ever did or will exist; for this minister had himself a share in every conspiracy: he formed them at first, for he was faithful like the Marquis, and then he disclosed them, when they were not succeeding to his wishes. This was profound sagacity and superfine diplomacy. Now this minister said to the Consul, 'We have got a Marquis of the finest species, who conspires and trifles—who will kiss your hand and betray you. He is quite a model, a type—let us catch him. He would be a treasure in a palace; he would shew the direction of the wind better than fifty weathercocks, and would not cost so much as an ambassador.' The Consul was amused with the suggestion; he laughed at it—he should rather have been shocked. The next day the Marquis was summoned before the minister. The day following he was presented to the Consul, who said to him, while he tried to suppress his laughter—'You are a Marquis. I am glad of it. You have served the King; I esteem fidelity. You will attend my levee. Call at the Treasury.' The Marquis flew thither. On the day following the Marquis strutted through Paris as proud as a peacock, discoursing in the coffee-houses and the Palais Royal in this strain:—'Sirs, the Republic needs a master. France demands an Emperor, and Buonaparte is the man of destiny.' In fact, eight months afterwards Buonaparte was an Emperor; the Marquis was a Chamberlain; Mr. Vincent Jean Phol posted to Paris with the view of obtaining through the influence of the Chamberlain Marquis, the title of *Imperial* for his factory; and Madame Jean Phol said to Julie. 'My dearest friend, you see how much time has done towards drawing closer certain distances, and in dissipating obstacles and prejudices. Our fortune is still much greater than yours; but the Marquis is at Court; he may be exalted by favours; his protection may

be of use to my husband; and my Gustavus will certainly be rich enough to seek rather an alliance which will connect him with the *grande monde*, and the honours of the Court, than an increase of fortune, which would add nothing to happiness.' "

Between Gustavus, the son of Jean Phol, and the gentle and delicate Isaurine, daughter of the Marquis, a tender attachment had subsisted from childhood, and time had ripened it into a more decided passion. But the catechizing and reiterated religious lectures of the bigotted Andoche, the ex-nun, had so wrought upon the mind of the sensitive little girl, that her partiality for Gustavus caused a perpetual struggle within her bosom, as she was taught to believe that she would certainly be damned if she married a heretic. Meantime events proceed, and the fate of Isaurine is from day to day depending on a conspiracy, or a coalition, on peace or war, on a defeat or victory, on an imperial whim or a telegraphic despatch, and a thousand cunning devices of the Cabinets of London, Berlin, and Vienna, as her union with Gustavus must be determined by these various occurrences. The Empire had displaced the Republic. Buonaparte sat upon a throne, surrounded by a newly created nobility. The Marquis was in favour; he obtained places for his family; he became rich; he communicated with the Cabinets of London, Berlin, and Vienna; legitimate treasons grew dearer by coming from better sources, and English, Austrian, and Russian pensions went on increasing. Jean Phol too had almost kept pace with him in preferment: from Imperial manufacturer and Government contractor he had been created a Baron of the Empire, and shortly after a member of the Council. The influence which these changed positions of both parties exercise over the destinies of Gustavus and Isaurine, and the new ideas and speculations they give rise to, are happily shewn in their letters. The Marquis, for instance, seeing that Jean Phol was ennobled, no matter how; that he was in possession of a castle and eighty thousand a year; and that the continental system of blockade confiscated conspiracies as well as merchandize, writes to the Marchioness in this style:—

"Madame. Continue to pursue your present course; hasten on the marriage. My fidelity, the sacred cause, and the important interests of the unfortunate monarchy, require this further sacrifice; the more so as it will restore, indirectly it is true, but better so than not at all, my castle of Git-au-Diable, to which I adhere from principle and fidelity, for this you know is my immutable device. So lose not a moment; hasten on the marriage: the Empire is up—Legitimacy is down—St. Cloud is very brilliant, and the conspiracy has proved smoke since the crowning at Notre Dame. Not that we do not know how to estimate these matters. His legitimacy is but so much whipped cream: but he makes barons; this is monarchical, a good beginning, and for want of better—meantime—even though—marry my daughter—she may become a Duchess, and this will be a point gained."

So much for the Marquis; now for the matrimonial epistle of Jean Phol, the Baron and legislator:—

"My dearest spouse. Our love, our marriage, and above all, Heaven, have given us but one son, and nature has endowed him with virtue, sense, and talents. The success which accompanies me, the fortune which awaits him, and the happy dispositions of his character, presage for him a brilliant

career. Let us not be too hasty in deciding his destiny—in bounding his career—in checking his progress. An imprudent marriage influences a whole life. Immense destinies are awaiting France: the fortune of the crowned Hero may be more strongly reflected on us hereafter than at present; and why may not our Gustavus, rich by my titles, my office, my fortune, and his expectations, raise his ambition above the daughter of an insignificant Marquis, without an estate, lowly connected, and without firmness at Court? Do not precipitate matters. Victory is on the point of carrying our eagles beyond the Neva. Russia has declared war against us. We shall have a throne more to dispose of. Let us await the issue of this great event."

Meantime the French army had entered the capital of the north; and from the Imperial towers of the palace of Peter the Great an ordinance arrives at Paris, upon the Emperor's favourite system of fusion, which comprehends within its scope the respective scions of the houses of the Marquis of Kerneseck and the Baron Jean Phol. Accordingly Fouché, who was as well skilled in matrimonial diplomacy as in other state intrigues, acquaints the parties with the wishes of the Emperor, and all the preliminaries being adjusted, the marriage is on the point of taking place, when, besides the serious obstacle of the bride's being almost driven to distraction by the fatal power of her Capucin aunt, Andoche, in working on her religious scruples, the Marquis interdicts the union, as a rumour prevails that the Emperor is frozen to death in Russia, and that the Bourbons are on their way to Paris.

Buonaparte, however, returns to the Thuilleries; and the Marquis flies thither to swear that France was still faithful to him: he meets Jean Phol, and they give each other the cut direct. France has to produce another army to supply the place of that which has perished; Gustavus sets out with the newly enrolled corps; and after a series of hard fighting, is left for dead upon the field of Leipsic. The capture of Paris follows close upon this event. The Marquis was right. Jean Phol was wrong. The former retains his chamberlain's key; the latter, after voting for the dethronement of the man of destiny, writes over his establishment "Royal Manufactory."

Gustavus, who was supposed to have perished, is preserved almost miraculously; and after enduring many calamities, returns just at the moment when his bride has ceased to exist. The account of his death, maliciously imparted to her by the furious zealot Andoche, had so far aggravated the malady to which she had long been a victim, that she had sunk under it; and her lover performs the last duty of depositing her in the tomb.

We are sensible that, in this short sketch, we have but faintly delineated the spirit that runs through and animates the work of Victor Ducange. To convey a just and accurate idea of the vehemence and address with which his satire is brought to bear on the Feudalism and Jesuitism, against which the whole force of his attack is levelled, would require much wider bounds than those to which we are necessarily restricted.

CHATEAU DE COURCY.

IN that part of Picardy, situated between Saint Quentin and Soissons, about four leagues from the latter city, in the middle of a magnificent valley, and upon a mountain of no very great elevation, but which commands a prospect at once varied and picturesque, the traveller beholds a small town, entirely surrounded by walls, flanked by strong towers, the aspect of which insensibly leads back the mind to the middle ages. The approaches to this town are steep and rugged. Four dark and ponderous gates, between enormous towers, pierced with loop-holes, impart to it a formidable appearance; somewhat softened, however, by the romantic charm of the ivy that festoons the exterior walls. On the south side, upon the same mountain, there are seen four towers, of prodigious thickness, connected by high ramparts, forming an irregular square; from the centre of which arises another tower, beautiful from its strength and the elegance of its proportions, which commands the town and an immense extent of country. Within these walls, there formerly existed a chateau, the name of which has been rendered famous by the illustrious race to which it belonged.

Built by Enguerrand de Courcy the Great, one of the most eminent French Barons of the twelfth century, this chateau was, for 300 years, the cradle of the Raouls and the Enguerrands de Courcy. The last of the race, Euguerrand the 7th, united, in his own person, all the glory of his ancestors—an archduke of Austria, earl of Bedford, in England, count of Soissons, and connected with the highest offices at the court of France; held up as a model of bravery and loyalty, courted by all the Kings of Europe, and particularly by Edward the Third of England, who gave him his daughter in marriage. Endowed with a thousand rare and brilliant qualities—handsome in person, cultivated in mind—this Sire de Courcy died of the wounds he received in the crusade against Bajazet, on the disastrous day of Nicopolis. It is worthy of remark, that, in the first crusade, led by Godefroy de Bouillon, a Sire de Courcy greatly distinguished himself; and that, in every subsequent one, a hero of this name died upon the field of honour; in short, that the last of the de Courcys sealed, with his blood, the last of these pious wars. There were no more crusades, or Sires de Courcy, after the battle of Nicopolis.

Now a-days, the gates of this noble castle are no longer guarded by numerous men at arms. The formidable outworks that defended its approaches, the ponderous draw-bridge that fell at the sound of the stranger's horn, claiming hospitality—all are now in ruins, or have disappeared. In the place of the gallant knights, and their martial train, who made the lofty hall resound with the echo of their armed heels, the traveller sees but a few inhabitants, in a state of the most abject wretchedness: at those gothic windows, from which, so many times, the beauteous Châtelaine threw, with her white hand, to her lover, setting out for the burning plains of Syria, the bracelet, the "*gage d'amour*," if you now perceive a human creature, it will be some hideous old beggar-woman, who has dug for herself an asylum

amid the ruins ; and who holds out her dishrevelled hand, into which the wanderer must deposit an offering, to escape her maledictions. There, where the Châtelain de Courcy sighed his tender complaints and his love for the Dame de Farel, you will hear but the croakings of the raven, or the shrill cry of the owls, those ill-omened minstrels, whom the noise of your footsteps frighten to their gloomy retreats. Seek no more for traces of those lofty halls, of those immense apartments, which the almost regal magnificence of the Sires de Courcy, had embellished with feudal splendour ; for ruins, and nothing but ruins, covered with ivy, wild roses, and parasite plants, are all that you will find. A single edifice, among this chaotic mass still remains to attest its former magnificence. The strong tower, that incomparable pile, rears proudly to the heavens a lofty front, assailed in vain for centuries by the tempest, whitened with age, but still majestic ; three of its sides were rent by an earthquake 200 years ago, but its walls, twenty-two feet thick, and its solid foundations, will yet survive more than one generation.

Like all other feudal manors, the chateau de Courcy has its legends. One terrible catastrophe, known to every one, and which has inspired more than one poet and romancer, is connected with this spot, by the name of its hero. We allude to the ill-fated loves of the Châtelain de Courcy and the Dame de la Farel. Who has not felt horror-struck on reading this frightful drama ? Who has not been deeply affected, in dwelling upon the maddening grief of the unfortunate mistress of the brave Châtelain, when her barbarous husband informs her, that the dish she had found so delicious, was the heart of her lover. This adventure has, for ages past, continued to be related at Courcy ; but distorted by fables, that do more honour to the imagination than to the erudition of the inhabitants. Some will shew, with the best faith in the world, the dungeon in which the lady was confined ; others, with equal assurance, point out the very stone upon which the cook prepared the horrible repast. The worthy Picardians quite overlook the circumstance that the chateau de Farel, the scene of the tragedy, is twelve leagues from de Courcy, near St. Quentin. "*Et voilà bien comme on écrit l'histoire !*"

But all the legends of de Courcy are not so sombre. We shall give one, the details of which are full of "*bizzarrerie*." It is related, that in the year 1120, Enguerrand, the second Sire de Courcy, was one day informed that a lion was ravaging the environs of his castle. How a lion found its way into Picardy, is a point that we shall not stop to examine ; but this lion devoured cattle, and sometimes men, and spread terror through the country. In such a conjuncture, could Enguerrand hesitate what course to pursue ? Without any other companion than a peasant, who undertook to show him the lion's den, armed only with his sword and shield, he set out. About two leagues distant from de Courcy, in a wild and desolate spot, in the middle of a thick forest, the peasant showed Enguerrand the lion, at the moment that he was almost upon him. "Oh, oh," said le Sire de Courcy, "*Tu me l'as de près montré !*" and, attacking courageously the animal, soon slew him, and shortly after, on the very spot, says the Chronicle, in conjunction with Saint Norbert, founded the abbey of

Premontré; an appellation he gave to it in memory of the words, "*Tu me l'as de près montré.*"

At a later period, a figure of a lion was placed upon a stone pedestal, supported by three other lions, before the entrance of the strong tower. A singular ceremony was established, and kept up till the revolution of 1789; and which some old people, still living, recollect to have witnessed. Three times a year—at Christmas, Easter, and the Pentecost, the prior of Nogent, a rich convent of the Benedictine order, founded by the Sires de Courcy, would arrive at the castle, in the garb of a labourer, with a whip in his hand, and a sack of corn behind him, mounted upon a cart-horse, to the ears and tail of which were attaching numerous small cakes. In this singular guise, the abbé rode three times round the lion, clacking his whip; he then dismounted, did homage to the lion, and distributed the cakes to the spectators. All this was performed in the presence of the Sire de Courcy and the officers of his household. If there was only wanting a nail in the equipment of the horse; or if he was guilty of the slightest *incongruity* during the ceremony, he was immediately confiscated for the benefit of the officers. The spectators used to relate, that nothing could be more ridiculous, than the anxious care with which the servant of the abbé watched all the movements of his charger, and the eagerness with which he sought to make it keep down its tail, in order to avoid the rigorous clause, whenever it manifested an unbecoming disposition; a singular ceremony, that has broadly the stamp of the national gaiety of France.

After having changed masters, at least, twenty times, since the extinction of the house that founded it, the chateau de Courcy became, at the first revolution, national property—"une propriété communale." Some years ago, the Duke of Orleans, whose immense forests are situated in this neighbourhood, expressed a desire to possess the old chateau. Long negotiations were entered into between the prince and the commune, but the parties could not agree upon the price. The revolution of July decided the bargain. The commune, which had refused the offer of the Duke of Orleans, yielded to that of the King of the French, who promised to convert the old chateau into a hunting lodge for the princes, his sons. Thus, the new *Civil List* became, for the trifling sum of 6000 francs, possessed of an immense chateau, the "*materiel*" of which, is, at least, worth 200,000, independent of its historical value, which is above all price.

There is in the history of these old walls, recollections, upon which their actual possessor, Louis-Philippe, may deeply meditate. During the minority of Saint Louis, when Queen Blanche, of Castille, the mother of the young king, governed the kingdom as regent, a conspiracy, in which some of the most powerful nobles were engaged, was laid for the purpose of dethroning the king. The league gained strength; and at an assembly of the conspirators, it was proposed to offer the crown to a man, who, by his consanguinity to the king, his great riches, and his private worth, appeared worthy of wearing it. This man, dazzled for a moment by the splendour of so brilliant an offer, allowed himself to be seduced by the proud desire of becoming the head of the most powerful monarchy in the world.

He yielded to their solicitations, ordered a magnificently jewelled crown to be made for himself, and tried it on in his chateau, surrounded by his officers. But, suddenly blushing at his presumptuous pride, and horror-struck at his treason, he cast away the guilty signs of his usurped power, solicited, and obtained the king's pardon, and died one of the firmest pillars of the throne. This individual was named Enguerrand, the third Sire de Courcy; and it was he who built the chateau that now belongs to the King of the French.

In 1818, the Duchess of Berri visited the chateau de Courcy; the poor still recollect "*La bonne Duchesse*." She was accompanied by the Duc d'Orleans. In 1833, the Blanche de Castille of the present age, is a prisoner in the citadel of Blaye, and the Seigneur de Courcy has enriched his brows with the regal diadem of "*la jeune France*."

MAGISTERIAL MISTAKE.

THE Roebuck at Wraxham was quite full "for the present;" but by and bye, perhaps I might have a room. The gentleman in No. 3. had been in bed since six o'clock: but then, to be sure, he was dead drunk; perhaps, however, his family would fetch him before the house closed, and then I might depend on being second on the list; unless, indeed, either of the magistrates got top-heavy—a calamity by no means improbable—and if so, his worship's claims would be paramount, or at least, superior to mine. If, indeed, I had got drunk in the house, it was his duty, so the landlord said, to see me well bedded, or at least, comfortably *boarded*, and he cast a significant glance at the kitchen settle. So did I.

It was occupied by a number of bluff, brawny fellows, some staunching the blood which oozed from recent cuts on the integuments that clothed their cheek-bones; others were adjusting the tight bound Belcher handkerchiefs that seemed to press too painfully on wounds "in the hair,"—which covered but did not console; and a few displayed very old, and as the landlord termed them, *mouldy*—bruises about the region of the eye. It was the anniversary of Wraxham fair; and the disfigured guests had been amusing themselves at single-stick.

On the bench which ran along the opposite wall, were several thick-set fellows—square in the shoulders—high-lipped—green or grey-eyed—evidently Devonshire men. Most of them were bare beneath the knee-band, and occupied in placing patches of brown paper reeking with vinegar on their shins: these patches, as I observed, on being placed on the bruises, "reeked and reemed," as though they had been put on a piece of red-hot iron, and in a few moments become adust and crisp. There had been a wrestling match in the village, and these were the heroes. Every body drank, smoked, joked, and argued, as if nothing had happened; as though pain were out of the question; yet every body was clearly intent upon appeasing the rage of the infliction he had suffered. A typical goose was figuring away on the spit.

Wofully tired, for I had come thirty miles on horseback, I crept into a corner of the pigmy bar, and "pitching in" to a huge loaf and beef to correspond, began to feel myself comfortable, when the landlord rushed in to announce that their worships were coming,—coming, as a matter of necessity, on account of the architectural peculiarities of the premises, through the bar, to make their august exit.

Usually the petty sessions were held at Plymington; but, on account of the fair, the magistrates sat, as a sort of *pie-poudre* tribunal, once a year at Wraxham.

Their worships descended: I held up the beef while they passed; the bread took its chance, and was, as I had expected, precipitated to the floor, and kicked majestically into the kitchen. The gentleman in the van, was evidently clerical; the main body followed; it consisted of one brutal-looking, vulgar, obese fox-hunter in doe skins and top boots; the array was without a rear,—the chairman—he of the quorum, being oppressed with business and bad port, in the arm-chair up stairs.

On the brink of the bar door, the clerical personage in the van fronted about, and brought up his belly to bear against the advancing squadron, which consisted, as I have said of the fat fox-hunter. An undignified stagger on both sides was the consequence, which, however, the landlord on the one hand, and his tap-wench on the other speedily rectified, and the clerical gentleman thus spoke, while his fox-hunting associate nodded assent,—being drunk and sleepy—to every word he uttered.

"Landlord of the Roebuck,—I forget your name?"

"Jenkins, your worship, all the world over."

"How dare you interrupt? Jenkins, as I was about to observe, a man of your years encouraging profligacy and vice—"

"I! me!"

"Don't give tongue, scoundrel!" exclaimed the fox-hunter.

"Silence,—every body," roared the reverend gentleman. "I say, Mr. Jenkins, it astonishes me to find you employing such an ostler! we punished him three months ago, for riding on his shafts, at Plymington."

"I knew nothing of this, your worship."

"Fellow, hold your tongue: where was the use, I confidently ask, of our getting the vagabond discharged as well as punished, if you give him employment? For, as the Latin poet most pertinently says:—

'Sylvestrem tenui, musam meditaris, avena!'

Eh! Mr. Faggot?"

"Oh! it's quite clear, Sir," growled the fox-hunter.

"Your worship," said the landlord, "I assure you that the fellow will quit me to-morrow morning. He and I had a quarrel, about a month ago. I *gid* him warning, and he's got a new place out o' th' county. There's been a man here from Wiltshire to-day for his character, and I couldn't tell no lie; so to-morrow he starts."

"And who *was* the man?" inquired the parson.

"Didn't ax his name, 'pon my *say-so*, your worship."

"Then you're a fool, fellow; shew a light," quoth the parson.

"A *dead* fool, fellow," exclaimed the squire, "show a light, and get out our horses."

I followed the worthies to the inn yard: it was a perfect Babel. Dozens of owners were inquiring for their steeds; many were protesting against being palmed off with wrong saddles; and though most of the parties were drunk, nobody seemed to be happy and contented. The uproar was tremendous.

Foreseeing that but little felicity was to be found, under existing circumstances, at the Roebuck, I hurried back to the bar, paid my bill, and obtained an order on the ostler for my horse. On presenting him with the important document and sixpence, he begged that, as he was very busy, I would take the trouble to help myself. I did so, and was soon mounted.

Scarcely had I progressed one quarter of a mile, when I found that the two magistrates were just before me. It was so dark, that I could barely see them, but not to overhear their conversation was impossible.

"Depend upon it, my dear sir, and I speak *ex cathedrá*," said the clerical functionary, "although, according to your limited understanding, you are now travelling in a direct line from Faggot-Hall, you are actually progressing, by the shortest possible cut, considering the state of roads, towards it. By riding six miles with me, going through Gallows-Acre Lane, and taking your course across the common, close along the line of gibbets, you will save at least the full third of a mile!"

"D—n the gibbets, Doctor," ejaculated Faggott, "I don't half like them: I always whip off the hounds when they plunge into the Gibbet Gorse; and the foxes know it, for I believe there's more vermin in that cover than in any other in the county side. It was my misfortune to be on the grand jury when Jerry Holmes was tried; we returned a true bill; and as you know, we've since been satisfied that the poor wretch was innocent. How the devil do you think I can pass his hollow bones—rattling in a north wind—at midnight?"

"These things, my dear sir, *must* happen—we can't always be right: better ten innocent vagabonds be punished, than one guilty rogue escape. As to Jerry Holmes' gibbet—no doubt can exist but that all parties concerned committed a legal murder; still—"

"Confound this horse, Dr. Fogg; I never knew him behave so badly before."

"Well, I must admit Mr. Faggott," said Dr. Fogg, "that my steed seems to be drunk too; he jerks, he *tittups*, he's all upon the jolt; I can't get him to canter a yard."

"And mine won't trot a foot."

"Good God! Mr. Faggott!"

"What's the matter, Dr. Fogg?"

"I've got some other gentleman's horse!"

"Nonsense!"

"I *have* indeed! what in the name of heaven is to be done?"

"Can't presume to advise," said Faggott, "perhaps they'll construe it into a felony—exchange is *not* no robbery."

"I know—I know; pray pull up, and let us consult."

"Eh, why zounds! Dr. Fogg!"

"What's the matter, Mr. Faggott?"

"Matter, sir,—why the matter is, that *I'm* on a wrong horse too!"

"Thank God!"

"Why, you brute—"

"Don't vituperate: but let us reflect: what shall we do?"

"Can't conceive."

"I propose that we ride back at full speed, and rectify this error; which, by a Whig judge and jury, perhaps—"

"True: I'm in a tremor: turn round and hark forward."

The respectable pair passed me at full speed, the parson a-head: I followed them at the best pace I could, determined on seeing the upshot of the adventure, and arrived at the Roebuck, just as they had summoned the ostler from his stall. The following colloquy ensued.

"My good fellow," quoth the parson, "by some venial accident, I have taken the wrong horse: so has my friend.

"Yeas," said the ostler, drily, "zo I zeed when you mounted? You ha' got the zquire's horse, and the zquire ha' got yours!"

NOTES OF AN ARTIST.—No. II.

RUBENS.

RUBENS is the pictorial hero of Flanders; every church, cathedral, public or private gallery, contains some brilliant emanations of his genius. At Antwerp, his princely house is shewn, and there, in the church of St. Jacques are deposited his bones. Upon entering any building, the walls of which are ornamented with his works, the eye is at once attracted to them;—the pictures, by other hands, appearing dull and lifeless. It is their sparkling effect, rich harmony of colour, and delicious truth of surface, particularly in flesh tints, that makes them *tell* in this way. He must have had a passion for colour—"his delights were *dying* dolphin-like"—they sport above the graver element, wherein the minds of more thinking painters germinate—they were not to be controlled by the subduing spell of the pathetic or the awful—his subject was lifted into the ideal world by the charms of a thousand hues; and, with the fancy of a poet, he expounded, from his palette, the harmonious concord of sweet tints. His pictures owe all their sentiment to colour and chiaroscuro. Should the understanding rebel against the dominion of these, disgust would often succeed to admiration. While contemplating the physical horrors of martyrdom, being stripped of the poetical medium through which they were first seen, we identify the painter's character with the brutalities he has depicted.

Such was the impression left upon my mind, by a picture in the Gallery at Brussels. It is called *The Martyrdom of St. Lieven*: an

old hoary-headed prelate, is forced to the ground, on an open highway, by a band of ruffians, who have already torn out his tongue. One man holds the extracted organ of speech by a pair of pincers, and is in the act of throwing it to a dog. Another wretch, who has just performed the diabolical deed, grapples the saint with the grasp of a fiend—the bloody knife is between his lips—the expression of his face is more brutal than can be conceived—it is inhuman, and yet it strikes one as perfectly natural;—the lips are protruded from the pressure of the knife—the eyes throw out, upon the old victim, a look of devilish hatred. The robe of the martyr is exceedingly rich; it is gold, with a pictured border, in which touches of blue and lake mingle with the yellow. A white horse unites the group with the grey sky. This picture is painted thick—with a furious execution. The distribution of colour and the effect are miraculously firm; but the subject is revolting.

Rubens seems to have painted the well-known "Taking down from the Cross" with a very different feeling. It is an exception to his general gay spread of light, to which style he so wantonly yielded himself. The sentiment of the subject has here won his imagination—a solemnity and depth of effect impress the mind at once upon viewing this beautiful work of art. The dead weight of the body, the head falling heavily on the shoulder, and the broad mass of light, formed by the body and sheet, are finely conceived. Every thing else is kept low in tone. A quiet calm breathes among the figures who are taking down the body—they are lowering their dead Redeemer carefully; his enemies have left him; they who loved him, "and the Disciple whom Jesus loved," are alone with his corse. The expression of the Madonna is very touching; she is pale and faint; her hands are extended by an involuntary impulse, and gently offer assistance. The sky behind is cloudy, and dark as night—a few streaks of light struggle with the gloom—the pale body of Christ and white sheet fix the eye.

Nothing that Rubens has done, seems to have given him a moment's trouble—his pictures, like the statues of Michael Angelo convey the idea of having been perfected at a single blow: they swarm with beings "that in the colours of the rainbow live, and play i' the plighted clouds"—instinct with motion, radiant as a sunrise, juicy as a peach; nature wantons as in her prime; wild—above all art. The correct drawing of the Roman painters, or the highly wrought texture of the Venetian school, would be incompatible with the easy looseness of style and unruly will wherewith they are finished. Rubens sometimes expresses the colour, form, and natural effect of an object—a tear rolling on a cheek, or a sparkling drop of grape-juice, for instance, by two or three touches. His Bacchanalian subjects are the most perfect of his works, because they require no refined character. What a picture is the Silenus!—how drunk is the white-bearded gorbellied preceptor of Bacchus!—how brimful of rustic mischief and fun the group of fawns who are shouldering him along! A wild and beautiful girl squeezes a bunch of grapes over the rubicund "huge hill of flesh"—the glittering drops slip along his hair and breast, like dew on a wild boar.

Mrs. Siddons.—Some few years ago I met H— returning from his first visit to Mrs. Siddons. He appeared quite abstracted—acknowledging that the presence of the great actress had awed him.—“She is a grand creature,” said he. “I felt as if I had been ushered before a superior being. Her house seemed the very temple of the Tragic muse. I found her sitting in a large room with a female attendant behind her. A breadth of space around allowed her figure its full importance; ample folds of drapery, and a large chair, gave the composition its complete effect. I was so full of the Tragic Muse when I entered, that my mind was impressed by what I saw as by a picture. The charm was by no means dissolved when she spoke, her voice being in perfect unison with her dignified mien: she talked as if accustomed to command, and yet there was no semblance of affectation in all this; one took it for granted it was her nature to be grand and dignified in the most ideal sense. In the course of conversation, she gave me an account of her first appearance on the London Stage—she was sleepless, she said, for many nights previously—in a state of *desperate tranquillity*.”

A short time after this I again met my friend, who told me he had recently attended one of Siddons' morning readings of Shakspeare. The room was excessively crowded, and hot to suffocation. In order to obtain a little air, he squeezed himself a passage to the door, and with considerable difficulty gained the top of the stairs, his mind being deeply impressed by an appalling scene from Macbeth which had just been recited. As he stood cooling himself above a crowd of lacqueys in the hall, he heard the vulgar discordant voice of his own man thus addressing a servant of the house and jarring with the distant solemn tones of the great actress:—“Why, Tom, your missis is a tuning her old pipes as lustily as ever!”

The contrast struck H— as forcibly as Shakspeare's Porter entering after the murder of Duncan. In nature we are constantly meeting with these violent confluences of the awful and the absurd, the pathetic and the laughable. The following circumstance is recalled to my memory by the observation just made. The friends of a dying person, myself among the number, had called in the spiritual aid of a dissenting minister. By the fire, wrapped in many folds of clothing, in an easy chair, lay the pale patient; in the centre of the chamber was a small round pillar and claw table, on which were some refreshments. The clerical gentleman, a short punchy man with large cheeks, small eyes, and fat hands, approached the table, produced from his pocket a small Bible, kneeled down, and began to pray. After rather a long ejaculatory address, as I turned round to re-possess my seat, my eye fell upon the minister, who seemed to be a sort of person that, like Gibbon, required some assistance to rise when in a state of genuflexion. For the purpose of facilitating the recovery of his feet, he laid his fists on the edge of the little round table, which, not being constructed to bear so unequal a weight, tilted over, allowing the whole set of decanters, plates, glasses, biscuits, sandwiches, &c. to fall in a shower upon the fat person of our clerical friend who was actually rolling on the floor. Notwithstanding the solemnity of my previous thoughts, the ludicrous contrast so far mastered me that my whole frame shook and my eyes swam with suppressed laughter.

THE LOVE-CHILD.

THE most distant recollection of my life is exceedingly vivid:—I was travelling for several days and nights in a huge vehicle, which I suspect to have been a road waggon. My mother was with me, and often wept most bitterly, without, so far as I could perceive, the least occasion, for we had plenty of straw and plenty of play-fellows. To me the circumstances in which we were placed seemed glorious: she, however, thought differently. At last we quitted the waggon, and proceeded on foot across several fields, in which haymakers were at work; I began to grow tired; she took me in her arms, and I fell asleep. On awaking, I was in a small room, and my mother appeared to be quarrelling with two or three other persons, who called me "brat," and threatened to throw me out of doors. To appease them, much to my amazement, my mother said, with great earnestness, that I had taken off her ring while she was thinking of something else and lost it among the straw in the waggon. This seemed so to increase the wrath of the others that I screamed with all my might, that I had done nothing of the sort. My mother now hastily wrapped me up in her cloak, and rushed out. I struggled to get my head at liberty, but she pressed me closer, and hurried on. Presently I heard voices of persons apparently in pursuit. Terrified to the utmost, fearful of their overtaking us, I gasped out "Run, mother, run!" In a few moments I felt a sensation of falling—a heavy splash followed, and the roar of rushing waters was in my ears. I clung convulsively to my mother, and after a brief and painful dream and a long sound sleep, I suddenly awoke, and began to cry for water, my mouth, throat and stomach being, as it seemed, lined with red hot iron. Somebody now got out of the bed in which I was lying; a bustle ensued, and presently the people with whom my mother had been quarrelling, one by one appeared, and ministered to my wants with the greatest tenderness and solicitude. After my thirst was a little quenched, I looked about for my mother—but *she was not there*.

By the foregoing facts the horizon of my memory is bounded. I recollect nothing with continuous distinctness of that part of my life which ensued, until I became eight or nine years old. Thenceforth events seem to have formed a perfect chain—and I can trace them link by link. A glance at the first will shew that I had not been moving in a very enviable sphere of existence.

There was a field bounded on three sides by a copse, in which pheasants were most rigidly preserved, and nuts, crab-apples and bitter sloes abounded: it, the copse, I can't conceive why, was called Cuckold's Harem. The Squire owned it; but the field which abutted on its boundary was the freehold of a morose farmer, who would not part with his inheritance—and immense offers had been made to him—for "love or money." He had about sixty acres of the best land in the parish, lying in the very heart of the Squire's immense estate, across which he had no less than seven distinct rights of way, and one of these ran right in front of the magnificent manor house. The Squire's name was Patch, the farmer's Belroy. Patch's grand-

father had made an enormous fortune by robbing his employers, while acting as a slave agent on the Gold Coast: Belroy was probably a descendant of one of the Normans who had helped to beat Harold at the battle of Hastings. The only deed which he possessed as evidence of his title to the land he held, was a bit of parchment scarcely so big as the palm of his huge hand, bearing the same date as Magna Charta, and purporting to have been sealed by "John the King" in the presence of Maud, Cicely, and Egbert Baron of Burr. In very bad Latin it recited and confirmed a grant by William the Norman to Thibaut Belroy and his heirs of all the hundred of Palsover, including Squire Patch's property: how the original donation had been so clipped, that nothing but its nucleus remained in the tenure of the first donee's descendants, did not appear. But on this nucleus no human being set so high a value as its owner. Nothing could tempt him to part with it.

All this I ascertained subsequently to my first well-remembered encounter with him in the field that abutted on Cuckold's Harem. We met on a little bridge, formed by a felled oak sawn in two, and flanked by rude posts and rails, that crossed a slow silent brook, which crept like a snake from the Squire's cover, along the side of the field, and formed a pool in the heart of Belroy's little freehold. At the first glimpse he laughed at me most heartily. I was attired in a tattered coat of the last century; it had been worn by his grandfather, the kneebands of whose respectable velvet breeches dangled at my ancles—while the broad lappels of his upper garment, bedecked with tarnished embroidery, was draggled in the mire at my rear.

"Here's an imp!" quoth he, adding, as he turned to a beautiful child of about my own age, who accompanied him, "don't come on the bridge, Agnes, for it's slippery. Why, how's this, my gentleman? What's the use of my setting up scarecrows to keep off the damned pheasants from my corn, if you—you little oosbert, make a business of robbing them? You must be punished for this." I began to blubber, and the little girl sobbed. "You must be punished for this," added he, after a short pause. "Stay here till I return—keep the pheasants off, and perhaps I may forgive you."

He then turned back, and walked away with his pretty little daughter, who several times looked over her shoulder, to see what I was about. I loitered on the bridge until they disappeared, and then, rather pleased than otherwise with my allotted punishment, I strutted about the field with official importance, and longed for some delinquent pheasant to alight within a stone's throw. Not a bird, however, ventured to appear for above two hours; when, weary with walking, I went up to the scarecrow, and leaned against the stick which supported it. In a few minutes a bird flew from the copse into the centre of the field, and, after flapping his wings, crowed as lustily as though he had been perched upon the topmost branch of an oak: two or three hen pheasants soon joined him, and perceiving that they fearlessly approached me, I refrained from throwing the capital pebble with which I had provided myself, until I could make tolerably sure of my aim. The golden opportunity soon arrived: I

let fly, and hit the cock bird on the side of the head. He fell, and began to tumble about the furrows, flapping prodigiously, but not so as to alarm his companions; they were not aware of what I had done: while two of them gazed with curiosity at the phenomenon, the third bristled up and began to peck and spur at him most furiously. The moment I saw the success of my silent artillery, I went forward as speedily as my cumbrous habiliments would permit, to make sure of my spoil; but scarcely had I advanced a couple of yards when my career was arrested by a loud shout. The hen pheasants ran off into the preserve at the sound, and I, turning to that corner of the field from which it had proceeded, perceived Farmer Belroy advancing towards me with hasty strides. Suspecting, from his violent gestures, that I had committed some error, I started off in an opposite direction, but soon tumbled headlong. The next moment I felt myself in the clutch of my colossal enemy, and commenced a series of desperate manœuvres, the aim and intent of which was to writhe myself out of his grandfather's clothes. In this I should most probably have succeeded, had he not caught me up in a lump and hugged me to his breast, so that, my arms being pinioned, I was comparatively powerless. I say comparatively, for my legs being still at liberty, I drummed away upon his stomach with all my might, and fastening my teeth in his cheek, did all in my power to make them meet.

The farmer, however, almost instantly choked me off, and then holding me at arm's length, by the scruff of the neck, as the huntsman does a fox which he has rescued from his pack, he thus apostrophized me:—"Why thee'rt a stoat, lad, a downright imp of Belzebub! listen to sense! I'd no thought of harming thee! Doant thee wriggle, or I'll tie thee foot to foot, and carry thee home, swung by the ancles athirt my stick, like a paunched rabbit. Listen to sense—wilt? Promise and I'll let thee down—promise, and there's an apple for thee—look, a red-streak!"

Half scared to death, I accepted the proffered token of peace, and he placed me on my legs. Observing me stare rather anxiously about, he asked gruffly what I was "glowering at?" I muttered something about the pheasant. "Drat the pheasant," he exclaimed; "luckily he's got his wits again, and crawled off; if you'd a year's more strength you'd ha' killed un, and then the Squire, if he'd heard of it—d'ye mind me? d'ye mind me, I say?—Tellee you mustn't kill 'em: only keep 'em off, that's all. I were on the bridge all the time, and as it seems pretty clear a mopstick's nothing when they've scraped acquaintance wi' un, I'll hire you for the place—d'ye hear—at two-pence a-week! What d'ye say?"

I pulled down my forelock in token of acquiescence, and after he had given me orders to be in the field by day-break, the next morning, and charged me, with great solemnity, not to kill "any of the d——d varmin," he went off, leaving me to ruminate on my felicity. Two-pence a-week was an income far—far beyond the utmost limits of my ambition—it soared up to the importance of a revenue! Two-pence a-week was a boundless amount! I puzzled my small brains to think how the deuce I should contrive to expend it.

The next morning I was at my post before the night-birds had

gone to roost. I sat down by the side of the ditch which fenced off the copse from the field, and having nothing better to do, I began to amuse myself by imitating the bark of a fox. Presently I saw the dim figure of a man glide noiselessly through a gap, and approach me; at the distance of about twenty yards he stopped, knelt down, and I heard the click of his trigger. To throw a somerset backwards, which lodged me safely in the mire of the ditch, was the work of a moment, and I had the good luck to escape with only two or three shots in the lower part of my right leg.

Although but little hurt, I screamed out "Murder" at the very top of my shrill pipe, and in a few seconds, three or four men appeared. One of them turned the glass of a dark-lantern upon me; while a second, throwing himself flat on the ground, so that his head and shoulders overhung the edge of the ditch, reached down and obtained such a clutch of my capacious apparel as enabled him to lift me up. While doing this he exclaimed, "Why the twoad comes out as light as a loose cork!"

"I'll be jiggered," said another, as I was thrown upon the bank, "if Ezra han't ashot the farmer's scare-crow!"

Peals of laughter ensued, and I found that I had fallen into the hands of squire Patch's detestable posse of game-keepers, who were evidently prowling for Blue Peter the poacher.

Ezra now came nearer, and in a quivering tone observed, "Scare-crow or no scare-crow, nobody can deny there were a fox barking; and as the squire don't hunt, 'twere my duty to kill un, if so be as I could. But then what d'ye make o' the cry of 'murder,'—'twere awful like,—doantee think so?"

A pause ensued, which was broken by a shriek from myself, occasioned by one of the party having poked me in the ribs with the muzzle of his gun. In spite of all the impediments I could offer, my diminutive carcase was now speedily "shelled." After having ascertained the trivial nature of my wounds, one of the keepers tied up my duds with a hazel and slung it across his fowling-piece, while Ezra tenderly wrapped me in his great coat and bore me off. In about half an hour we reached his cottage, at the door of which he took possession of my scare-crow costume, and after having stated that he should serve me up with the breakfast things at the squire's, he wished the other keepers a hurried "good bye" and carried me into his kitchen.

His wife immediately hailed him from the room above. "Ezra!" said she, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all."

"I know there is—I can tell it by the burr o' thy voice. Is Peter shot at last—and by thy hand?—Oh! God! my poor brother!"

"No, no:—doantee, doantee howl so, missus—it's only a boy."

"Hast killed un dead, Ezra?"

The good woman now ran into the room. By the light of the wood fire, which the rush of air on opening the door had caused to burst into a pale blue flame, she saw that blood was dropping from the coat in which he carried his burthen, and, overwhelmed with agony, she threw herself upon his neck.

"Unhook your arms, Kitty," cried Ezra: "unhook, I say, or I shall let the boy fall squash upon the stones!—my knees do shake—unhook I say, Kit—d—n thee."

Down we fell, Ezra, Kit, and I, my dirty duds and his spruce fowling piece, in one sprawling group upon the hard flag floor. Ezra was either stunned or had fainted, and his wife speedily becoming conscious of the calamity, roused her faculties, and, forgetting every thing else, affectionately bestirred herself to recover him. I had already dropped from his grasp, and stood stark-naked upon the hearth. Willing to make myself useful, I plucked a green twig from the fire, and placed it in such a position that the pungent smoke floated freely into his nostrils. This restored him to sensation, and in a few minutes, as the old women say, "he came round."

His wife Kitty, a very pale care-worn looking woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, after having brought down from the room above and tied her warm flannel petticoat about my neck,—my arms being allowed to protrude through the pocket holes,—with astonishing celerity produced "a pot of tea." While this was being discussed, Ezra, who was now "himself again," carefully picked the shots from my leg, and after his wife had washed my face and hands, and most rigidly applied the small-tooth comb to my head, to which she paid the compliment of saying that no young squire's could be cleaner, we went to bed together: they had no children, and I was delightfully cuddled between them.

When Ezra awoke me, my head was couched on his wife's bosom; her arms were wound about me; and she murmured, hugging me up to her heart as she spoke, "Not yet, Ezra! Truly, not yet!"

Ezra, however, was not to be coaxed: we got up, and I was arrayed in the filthy bemired costume of the scarecrow. This, as Ezra said, was necessary, in order that the Squire might see the affair in its proper light; but he made no objection to my face being soaped, washed, and polished until it shone like a ripe pippin. After a hearty but hurried breakfast, I limped off by the side of Ezra towards Squire Patch's mansion.

He carried me part of the way, while he was secure from observation, but from the moment that we entered the house, Ezra seemed to have lost all regard for me: the jeers of the servants had their full influence, and I was treated by him as a little outlandish wild beast that he had caught in the woods. After having loitered for some time in the hall, we were ushered, by a spruce footman, who, with a mock heroic air, offered me snuff, into a magnificent library, where Squire Patch and his visitors were breakfasting. The peal of laughter with which I was greeted frightened me; I had never been in such polished society before; and, turning to Ezra, I hid my face beneath the skirt of his shooting-jacket. I was, however, speedily torn from my retreat, and fully developed for the amusement of the party. Indignant at such treatment, I had already meditated a bite at the silk breeches of a plump gentleman who sat at the lower end of the table, when, without announcement, Farmer Belroy strode into the room, and calmly took me under his protection, being, as he said, an appurtenance to his property; I was his scarecrow, and who the devil had dared to fire at me on *his* land?

Patch was quailed, Ezra flinched, the guests looked grave, and Belroy, taking me by the hand, led me out—declaring, as we retired, that he would not only be answerable for my appearance, but would also defend, to his last acre, any charge that might be brought against me. Without the slightest molestation I was allowed to be withdrawn; and Belroy led me off silently to the field: there he left me, saying, “Lad, bide here; do as I told thee, and fear nothing; for I’ll be thy friend against keeper or squire, hog, dog, or devil, to my last tooth.”

My first impulse was to go and look at the place where I had plumped into the ditch; a pheasant, most probably the one I had hit, was lying breast upwards in the black fud. I then proceeded to halloo joyfully round the field: and scarcely two hours had passed, when a basin full of bacon, brocoli and potatoes, surmounted by a huge lump of brown bread, was brought to me by little Agnes. She had already dined upon roast fowl and ham, but took a fancy to my bacon. I told her all that had occurred to me in the morning, and by the time we had emptied the basin, Agnes and I were as familiar as though we had known each other a hundred years. After a brilliant game of bo-peep, in the rough uncultivated ground at the upper part of the field, I gallantly escorted her over the bridge, and she tripped off through the adjoining meadow. My tea was brought by a clumsy milk-maid, who gave me a clush on the jaw with her cold, soft, fat palm, and dubby sausage fingers, for innocently asking if her name was Molly.

The next day Agnes did not come; no, nor the next after that, and I began to be weary of my confinement. The dowdy duds of Farmer Belroy’s grandfather became disgusting; I loathed them, and determined to resign. Accordingly, at nightfall, making another exchange with the mopstick, I went home, perfectly delighted, in my own scanty, coarse, buttonless and tattered suit. The prospect of twopence had ceased to be fascinating.

Determined to resume my former glorious free, though by no means profitable avocations, on the following morning I reached the foot of Transom Torr, a long and steep hill about a mile off, in time for the stage-coach, which I and six or eight other equally ragged urchins usually attended during its slow progress up the steep, attempting by our feats of agility to amuse the passengers, from whom we were occasionally rewarded with some small donation. I could not only turn heels over head as well as the most active of my competitors, but had a knack of trotting on my hands with my legs aloft, which neither of them possessed. On this occasion my achievements attracted the favourable notice of a middle-aged passenger, who, when we had reached the *pinch* of the hill, alighted, and addressed me. “What’s your name, my little man?” said he. I told him it was Tadpole. “What friends have you?” In reply, I enumerated my grandmother, Agnes Belroy, and Blue Peter the poacher. “Aye! aye!” said he, “I thought you were going to the devil; here, here’s sixpence for you; come across to Caddiscombe Fair next Monday, inquire for Lavolta’s troop, and I’ll see if we can’t save you. If you should forget the name, you will see me with a long whip in my hand; and look, I’ve a blue wart under my left ear. On Monday, mind, at Caddiscombe.”

I was bewildered—the sixpence lay glittering in my open hand, and while I stood gazing at my mysterious benefactor, who had now gone on, Seth Holloway, one of my companions, made a successful grab at the coin, and started off at full speed with his twin brother Bob, and one of his cousins, whose name I forget. My first impulse was to run after Lavolta. Hearing my frantic exclamations, he turned round before I had proceeded half a dozen yards, and perceiving at a glance the posture of affairs, he shouted loud enough for the delinquents to hear him, “Very well, young gentlemen.” Then dropping his voice, he said to me, “After them, Tadpole; let me see you catch them; knock it out of the rascals, and a whole half crown shall be ready for you on Monday next at Caddiscombe. Halloo! my lad! no snivelling!”

Away I went, at my best pace, and after a chase of nearly three quarters of a mile, I began to gain so rapidly on Seth, who was a fat, square, burly little blackguard, that seeing I should soon be up with him, he adopted the mean device of sending his brother on with the sixpence, while he and his cousin faced about, and prepared by force of fists to cover Bob’s retreat. This, of course, could not be done without a fight, in which, however, I was so terribly thrashed, that when they withdrew, I had neither the heart nor strength even to dog them. After lying where they had left me, coiled up like a sleeping cur, at the foot of the mile-stone, for nearly an hour, bitterly bemoaning my lost opulence, I was picked up and perched, against my will, on the summit of the stone by Blue Peter. On my making two or three impotent hits at his face for disturbing me, to my deep indignation Blue Peter laughed. He then stepped back a couple of paces, and in a more serious tone than it was his custom to assume, even on the most important occasions, he thus addressed me, “Of all the cantankerous, resolute, wilful young badgers I ever came athirt, thee’rt out-and-out the worst. Instead of a kind hand and a civil word, thy best friend can get nothing from thee less than a snap and a growl. But there—it’s thy fury of a grandmother that’s spoiled thee—so I suppose we must put up wi’ thee—but I’d as soon live with a hedgehog—mind me.”

Blue Peter’s serious tone touched me, and I began to whimper. “Well! come! dont be a fool,” said the kind-hearted fellow, “but let’s hear what it’s all about, and see if we can’t mend it.”

As well as my sobs would permit, I told him of Lavolta’s generosity, and Seth Holloway’s turpitude. I even admitted that I had been licked, but added, that the first time I caught Seth or his cousin alone I’d prove pretty soon who was the best *man*. Blue Peter condoled with me, and after having stated that he had heard all about my hiring with Farmer Belroy, and it’s consequences, he most earnestly urged me to go at once to Cuckold’s Harem field, and resume my vocation. In reply, I dwelt with emphasis on the consequent restriction of my freedom to a solitary area of four acres, totally destitute as I should be of all interest or amusement—being forbidden even to do any more than merely frighten the pheasants. Peter frankly admitted that so tyrannical an inhibition was altogether insufferable—human nature could not stand it; and when I mentioned to him the

stern behest I had received on the subject, he observed that it was quite prudent for Farmer Belroy openly to discourage the destruction of the privileged birds which devoured one half of his crops, but that the more of them I could wing on the sly, the better he would be pleased. "Now," added Peter, "do you be off to your berth, lad—Belroy won't ha' missed you, for I saw him start for Caddiscombe market before the sun rose—bide patiently in the field all day—if the pheasants should come down, don't pelt 'em—keep quiet, and about dusk I'll look in, and shew you some sport. As to the sixpence, don't fret about that: look'ye, lad—here's a shilling; go to business, and at dusk it shall be thine—thee can'st lick Seth and his cousin at thy leisure."

I began to feel that, notwithstanding my recent calamity, I was rapidly rising into importance. Blue Peter had talked of giving me a shilling, and Lavolta had estimated me at no less than half a crown! that is, if I could replevy my sixpence from Seth and his assistants. I had been unsuccessful to be sure, but that a bare possibility should be held out to me of compassing the possession of such a sum, made me feel big, and tempted by Peter's promise, I hurried off to my field. There I found little Agnes weeping most bitterly. She had brought my breakfast, but could'nt find me. In the innocence of her heart, she had imputed my secession from office, to her non-attendance with my meals. She begged to explain, with winning simplicity, that her father, who rigidly prohibited her from holding any communication with his servants, had, on discovering the fact of her bringing me—his scare-crow—a dinner, locked her up for three days. She had, however, taken the opportunity of his first absence from home, to wheedle the servants—in short, she had succeeded in bringing me my breakfast.

I had lots to tell her, and the forenoon passed very pleasantly, for we blubbered in unison. About noon, the dairy-maid, whom I had ventured to call Molly, but whose real name it appeared was Dolly, arrived with my daily bacon and its accompaniments. She hurried little Agnes off, protesting that there would be barely time enough to get home and lock her up, before her father's return. Agnes, by accident, left her blue waist-ribbon: and having no better strong box in which to dispose of the valuable, I stuffed it into the deserted nest of a bush-magpie.

Soon after sunset, the tarred and broad-brimmed straw hat of my friend Blue Peter gleamed above the fence. In externals he was a perfect antithesis to a poacher. On the questionable authority of having performed a couple of voyages—one *to*, and the other *from* New South Wales, *with an interval of seven years between them*, Blue Peter invariably wore the costume of a sailor. His trowsers were so loose, that he could with perfect impunity bestow a hare in each leg. On approaching the spot where I stood, he produced from beneath his jacket a small canvas bag: this, as I speedily found, contained a little half-bred cock, with a dull dun breast, belly, and back, a white tail and flight, copper-coloured hackles, and a brilliant rosette to match on each wing. His eye, beak, and legs were all intensely black. Blue Peter kept him constantly in complete fighting trim, but not with

a view to the pit, for the bird was a craven. He might perhaps have been proof against natural spurs, but one touch of the steel settled him. If he did not kill his cock at the second or third stroke, he was sure to be beaten. Still he had frequently been entered in a main, on the ground of his wonderful agility and precision: if his antagonist, however game, happened to be clumsy, it was two to one that Blue Peter's bird gave him "cold pudding." Mousey—that was the little rascal's name—had killed oftener, and been beaten oftener, than any other ten birds in the county; still he looked as fresh, clean, and scathless, as though he had passed his whole life at "a walk;" in fact, he had never received any punishment—always turning tail, as he did, at the first scratch he received. Of late he had become utterly useless in the pit; for experience had taught him wisdom, and he would not even face an enemy whose heels were armed. Still he was a merry, bustling, foppish, conceited little fellow, and suited Blue Peter's purposes much better than a bird of more sterling qualities, and less assassinating agility. He struck out like lightning, and the touch was usually as fatal.

The poacher, after having poised him, laterally, for a few moments on his palm, took him in both hands, and threw him gently on his clipped wings. The little Bobadil came to the ground brimful of pride, and assuming the most gallant attitude imaginable, instantly uttered—not that prolonged drawl, by which mere dunghills are distinguished—but three sharp, shrill, brief, and business-like notes of defiance to all within hearing. His challenge was directly answered by a cock pheasant in the copse, "Tuck, tucca-tuc; tuck, tuck, tuck!" responded Mousey, as though he were amazed at the presumption of the unseen champion, whom another crow brought boldly into the arena.

Blue Peter and I had already retired behind a tree. The pheasant, on alighting, commenced a crow, which he was not permitted to complete; for Mousey springing at him, while the gallant victim was in the act of enunciation, entered his head at one eye, and brought out the cold keen point of his steel spur at the other. Blue Peter immediately ran forward, twisted the sprawling, struggling pheasant's neck, and threw the carcase to his little assassin. Mousey, as soon as its convulsive struggles had ceased, leaped upon it, and crowed with rejoicing emphasis. At its second repetition, the appeal was answered, and presently another pheasant, as Blue Peter observed, "volunteered to do the agreeable." He was speedily murdered; but not before—to quote another observation of my friend, "he had fetched Mousey such a wipe on the conk, as made him look over his left wing, and begin to consider." The pheasant, however, fell from the force of his own blow, and while attempting to get back his leg from among his long wing feathers, through which it had passed, the little gladiator finished him.

We should have had more sport, had not something occurred in the copse, which induced Peter to pick up the pheasants, thrust them desperately with his foot into the heart of a blackberry bush, catch the cock, plunge him into the canvas bag, hurl the latter beneath the underwood which fringed the ditch, and prepare to make off. "There's

a keeper in the offing," said he, "and take whatever course I may he can get me under his fore-foot: mind your eye, and don't stammer if questioned." As he was retreating, I ventured to mention my shilling; and he intimated by one gesture, not only that he had forgotten it, but that he felt perfectly conscious of its importance, and drawing the desideratum from his pocket, tossed it at my mouth; I caught it between my teeth, and in an instant, lodged it safely under my tongue.

The keeper did not think proper to intercept Blue Peter; but made directly towards me—it was Ezra. He looked with evident anxiety at my leg, and with the utmost sincerity expressed his satisfaction at perceiving that the punctures made by the shot were rapidly healing. His wife, he said, was spinning two pair of stockings for me—luxuries which latterly, during hard frosts, I had frequently invoked, but could not achieve. I was bare-footed; and it occurred to me, that the use of stockings would necessarily entail the purchase of shoes. This I mentioned to Ezra, and he promised to provide me with a pair; that is, if I would avoid bad company, and be ambitious. I didn't know what he meant. "Why here," said he, "I've just caught you hand-in-glove with that rascal Blue Peter, my brother-in-law:—a little chap of such promise to play scarecrow to a bit of a farmer too! It an't decent, mind me, in a lad that's cute. Why, t'other night I could have sworn 'twere a fox, or else, of course, I shouldn't ha' shot; and they do say, there yeant a beast in the field, from a bee to a bullock, that you can't mimic—birds included. I should like to hear you crow!" Ezra's manner was so open that it imposed upon me, and I obliged him. The challenge was immediately answered by little Mousey, from his bag beneath the bank. I had fallen into the snare.

Ezra soon brought Mousey to light. "I were sure o' this," said he, wringing the poor little cock's neck; "where has he put the pheasants?" Unconsciously I looked at the blackberry bush, and in a moment Ezra nosed the game. "Now," said he, "here's enough to transport thee, lad: but we be far from harsh: on the contrary, we'll try to save thee. Look up in the world,—cut your low acquaintance, and may be, I may be able to make you a dog-boy;—there's the livery you know—bright blue and silver lace."

At the mention of the livery my virtue dwindled to the admeasurement of a pin's point; I forgot Farmer Belroy, Blue Peter, nay, even little Agnes, and longed for my instalment. To be a dog-boy, an attendant on Squire Patch's pointers, was to attain a pre-eminence beyond which there was nothing to desire. I closed with Ezra at once; and he directed me to be in waiting near the stable yard by noon the following day.

Next morning I scorned breakfast, and sallied forth to Transom Torr for the purpose of crowing over my companions on the prospect of my approaching employment. This I thought would serve to wile away the lazy hours, until the period of my appointment with Ezra; but I was above joining in the tumble, and accompanied the coach as a dignified spectator up the hill. My shilling I had already converted into halfpence; and, on reaching the summit of the steep, where the stage horses were put into a briskish pace, I gathered a

ragged regiment of urchins about me, and gave them a glorious scramble. What did *I* want with halfpence?—*I*, who was about to be a dog-boy, and wear Squire Patch's livery of blue and silver! Had Seth Holloway been present, I should scarcely have condescended to pitch into him. The pride of my little heart was aggravated to a crisis by the appearance of Squire Patch's equipage. It came flashing and glittering through the beech trees of one of the park drives, which emerged on the brow of the hill. At each side of the road there was a grand lodge—the Patch property spreading far away, as well to the right as to the left.

The carriage, drawn by four horses, the wheelers in reins, and the leaders driven by a postillion, dashed through the open gate on that side from which it approached, and crossing the road, by a masterly manœuvre, brought its broadside to bear full and close upon the opposite entrance. Two footmen leaped down to open the door, and Squire Patch with three or four of his visitors, alighted, their object being to wind up an artificial mound which commanded a much more extensive prospect than the crest of the Torr could afford. They had scarcely disappeared, when, with a view of shewing off to advantage before my companions, I had the audacity to approach the postillion. He was a lad attributed to the squire's valet, scarcely exceeding my own height, but two or three years older. He was known by the name of "Master James;" and by that honorable appellation did I address him. The little upstart would not deign to hear me—and the boys behind beginning to titter, I ventured to pull him by the spur, for I could reach no higher on account of his being mounted on a Yorkshire bay, at least sixteen, or perhaps sixteen hands and an inch high. Indignant at this, which he construed into an affront, the pampered puppy dexterously dropped his foot out of the stirrup, clung to the mane, and bringing his heel nearly to a level with my forehead, struck out with such vindictive energy, that, receiving his rowel full in my scalp, I fell prostrate—but not insensible—far from it—

The blow had simply the effect of rendering me so far stupid, that, in my indignation at the insult thus publicly inflicted, I forgot all idea of my promised preferment. Snatching up a stone which lay within my reach, I had no sooner regained a foot and a knee, than I *let go* at him. But my position, hurry, rage, and a slight swimming in the head, rendered the well-intentioned missive so far ineffective, that instead of touching him bang on the cheek-bone, it digressed so much as merely to shatter the nerves of his bridle hand. On this member however the infliction proved particularly keen. He screamed, dropped the reins, leaped off his horse, and before I could recover my senses and feet, to get into a defensive position, pitched into me, with an impetuosity, that, considering his superior strength, had I been perfectly prepared, I should have found it impossible to withstand. Besides he was armed with a short docker whip, nicely adapted to his powers, with which he paid away upon me most unmercifully. The lash seemed, intuitively, to discover every hole in my rags, and I writhed on the road in such perfect agony, as not merely to be utterly incapable of making any attempt at defence or escape, but to be wholly

unconscious of mortification—that emotion of the mind being overwhelmed by my bodily suffering. A short docker, by the practised hand of an enraged postillion, even on the withers of a horse, is no trifle, but on spots of nakedness, revealed by the meagre apparel of a ragged child, it produces sheer torture—as I, at least, can bear witness.

The little wretch's rage and exertions soon exhausted him, and with a final inefficient slash at my face, which I had turned up to him most pitifully to entreat that he would be merciful, he tottered back to his saddle. Without what is termed a mounting-horse, he could not reach the stirrup with his toe: he therefore made an attempt to clamber up, but was foiled and fell. At that moment the full force of my disgrace rushed upon me like a torrent. All that I had endured seemed to fly to my heart—the remembrance of the last slash at my imploring face was magical—I started up, rushed upon him, twisted the whip from his tired grasp, and began to belabour him with the heavy brass-bound butt-end of it about the head with such ferocious force, that before the coachman, who had previously enjoyed the sport, could descend from the box to his relief, I had left him senseless and pale as the chalky road-dust on which he lay.

On perceiving the approach of Mr. Ongar—that was the coachman's name—I darted beneath the bellies of his leaders, and before he could get round to the off-side of them, I had reached, and entrenched myself behind a mound of stones, gathered together for the repair of the roads. From this, as he came on to the charge, whip in hand, and bursting with fury—for he disputed the valet's claim of ownership as to Master James—I peppered away at his large legs with prodigious effect. The skill possessed by a blackguard village boy in throwing stones, is scarcely credible without ocular proof. I excelled in this low-live accomplishment: and the shins of Mr. Ongar speedily dyed his pale pink silk-stockings of a dull wet carmine. He approached my defence, swearing, howling, shrieking, and dancing—he did not run, but lifted up his legs like a slow-paced horse afflicted with the stringhalt—displaying very high action, but little or no speed. When almost within reach of his whip, I brought him down, by a jagged two-ounce fragment of pure granite, which took effect about an inch and a half above his ankle. At that moment, Squire Patch and his party reappeared. In the triumph of puerile conquest, I hurled an effective half-pounder at the plate glass window of the carriage, and before the consequent crash subsided, beat a retreat.

Threading the coverts of the park, into which I found, at once, a practicable entrance, I hurried on with the speed of a hunted fox. My pursuers soon gained upon me however so fast, and I became so weak, that I thought fit to abandon my first intention of making for a distant badger's earth, into which I knew by experiment I could creep, and jumped helter skelter from the brow of a ridge into the little glen of briars and brambles beneath. I had very reasonable fears of my pursuers, for they were the lads among whom I had so recently scrambled my worldly possessions, hallooed on, as I clearly heard, by Squire Patch and his friends—from these I expected nothing less than some mysterious awful “terror of the law.”

I switched through the raspers in my descent, with no other misfortune than a few scratches, and the loss of certain portions of my rags—alighting knee-deep in the black unctuous bottom of the broad brook, which glode, noiseless and invisible beneath the briars. Fearing that I might have left a bit of my parti-coloured apparel on the thorns, so visible as to reveal my retreat, I paddled with as little splashing as possible down the brook; but soon felt so completely overcome by fatigue, that I could not resist laying my head on a beautiful bit of moss, which, overhanging a small rocky ledge, fell in natural drapery down the bank. I had neither the strength or inclination to draw my legs out of the mud—my repose might therefore be termed amphibious.

I seemed to have but just closed my eyes—the voices of my rascally pursuers had scarcely died away—when I was aroused by the deep well-known notes of a brace of big frightful foreign hounds which the Squire usually kept chained, among other zoological curiosities in his court-yard:—they were evidently on the track which I had taken from the brow of Transom Torr.

(To be continued.)

THE VILLAGE ANTIQUARIAN.

W— is certainly a charming village,
Pleasant, retired, and still as need to be,
The folks are nearly all engaged in tillage—
An honest race, although of low degree,
Not like your London poor who live by pillage,
Pale, wretched-looking things not fit to see,
But labourers working hard from morn till e'en,
And on the Sabbath, sober, neat, and clean.

The village church owes much to situation,
'Tis a rude pile—or 'twas so when I knew it—
The churchyard was as green as a plantation,
With avenues of noble lime-trees through it:
In short, the village won the admiration
Of travelling gentlefolks who came to view it.
And then dame Nature grew such fields of corn there!
I should perhaps just add though—I was born there.

Two genteel families in the place resided,
And let me add, as men of village note,
The cobbler, who at funerals presided
As sexton—and could argue and mis-quote—
The parson, who his flock full gently guided,
So gently, that he seemed to guide them not—
And last, not least, but worthy of the van,
The shop-keeper, an upright downright man.

The parson lov'd his glass of purple poison,
His tithe, his horse, his fowling-piece, and dog,
As much as any man I e'er set eyes on—
In short, he reckoned, like a polished hog,

His table the most beautiful horizon,
And the best beverage in the island—grog.
The cobbler's boys were boys of some ambition—
Terrible chaps at bird's-nesting and fishing.

The shop-keeper knew many a marvellous story,
Which he could tell you with a deal of spirit.
He was a tall thin man—his locks were hoary—
A shrewd bold man, brim full of sterling merit.
He thought but very light of human glory,
And as to pride of wealth, he could not bear it.
A son or two he had—perhaps a daughter—
The eldest son was of superior water.

This son was what they call an antiquarian,
A schemer—youth of genius—father's treasure—
He had a workshop, where he used to carry on
Making all sorts of jimcracks at his leisure ;
He knew how gold was made as well as any one,
And how to make the stars fall down at pleasure :
In short, he was a learned deep philosopher,
And had read Hudibras three quarters over.

But to my story now with your permission :—
In this same village an old coin was found,
But by what lucky wight dumb is tradition,
And whether in a box, or under ground.
It was, of course, disfigured by attrition,
But had at some time certainly been round.
Letters in different parts of it were placed,
And the whole word *Jacobus* might be traced.

The question with the villagers was whether
It was an English coin—they had heard about
Such things as Roman coins—and so together,
They raised upon the subject many a doubt.
The cobbler, who could beat out soles of leather,
Was here, alas, poor soul ! himself beat out.
The coin was one of value—'twas a gold one,
And, to enhance its value, 'twas an old one.

At length, to put an end to all dissension,
The matter was referred to our philosopher,
Who screwing up his organs of invention,
Began to spout a deal of learned fuss over ;
Stared down upon it with profound attention,
Giving it now and then a gentle toss over,
And having paused awhile his mind to make up,
At length pronounced it one of good KING JACOB !

THE FRANK DOCTOR IN GREECE.

In the spring of 1826, I took my passage for Napoli di Romania, in the good ship *Tiber*, Romi, master, and on the fourth of April with a favourable breeze sailed from the harbour of Valetta. The wind being right aft, we soon lost sight of Malta with her oranges—I mention these as the only things on the Island worthy of commendation, except the Maraschino, which I believe comes from Naples—her dead knights, living friars, and mongrel population. Early on the eighth we passed Cape Matapan, and in the Gulph of Colokythia fell in with a squadron of the Greek fleet going to the relief of Missolonghi. They were all small vessels, carrying from six to sixteen guns each, most of them schooner-rigged, and the rest polacca brigs. They were the most beautifully modelled vessels I had ever seen, and a gay and gallant appearance they made with their blue and white stripes at the peak. Our bit of bunting was streaming, and as the Commodore neared us he luffed up in order to pass under our stern and hail. He was a fine old man with a thick moustache as white as driven snow, and as he stood boldly out on the bulwarks of his little vessel, his trumpet in his hand, he looked as if “native there and to the manner born.” He sent his salutation across the waters in a clear strong voice, and after inquiring who we were, told us he was going to the relief of his brave countrymen in Missolonghi. We gave him a British huzza, to which he and his crew replied by loud “vivas” till we were out of hearing.

Towards evening it fell calm, and we lay the whole of that night and the following day, between Cerigo, the southernmost of the seven Islands and the main, without moving a foot. We were near in with Cape Malea, a black sterile inhospitable looking mass of rock, whose base is hewn out into innumerable creeks and inlets just large enough to afford hiding places to the misticos and small piratical vessels that infest the Ionian waters. We kept a bright look-out the whole of the night, but never imagined we were in any danger. The secret of our unbounded confidence lay in the possession of a three pounder swivel gun, one round shot, two charges of grape, and half a dozen French fusils de chasse, among twice as many men. The Captain said there were a hundred musquets on board, but as they had been judiciously made to serve as durmage to a cargo of Newcastle coal, they were not very easy to come at. We escaped, however, miraculously; for though we saw on the following day the misticos crawling in and out of their holes at the foot of Malea, like snakes, yet they did not venture to attack us: this might have been owing to their having been informed that there was nothing on board worthy their attention.

In the night we doubled Cape Malea and made some distance up the Gulph, but at noon it again fell dead calm, when, having nothing better to do, I, with two other passengers and the Captain, manned the jolly-boat and rowed ashore. Dry jagged precipitous rocks form for the most part the shores of ancient Sparta, now called Maina, and we were obliged to coast along for a mile or two ere we could

find, like Noah's dove, a resting-place for our feet. At length we discovered an opening between the rocks just large enough to admit the boat without unshipping the oars: as we entered, it widened into a small basin; the water, though deep, was so clear that the smallest pebble might be distinctly seen at the bottom. The land rose from it on every side in an amphitheatre covered with rhododendron, oleander, arbutus, and myrtle. It seemed as if Nature had purposely hoarded her treasures in order to lavish them on this spot. All our attempts to "thread the thicket" were, however, fruitless: probably no animal larger or favoured with a less penetrable hide than a wild boar has ever succeeded. It was perhaps fortunate for us that we did not, for on leaving the little bay we were saluted with a loud shout and a volley of stones. The shout reached us, but the stones fell short. They came from a party of Mainotes whom we observed half way down a crag, which they were endeavouring to descend, no doubt with a view to intercept our retreat. Their rage at our escape seemed to be without bounds; they brandished their naked arms, stamped on the hard rock, and howled like infuriate savages.

The Captain, who had no eye for the picturesque, and foreseeing, as the wind had risen, a hard tug to reach the vessel, was a little out of temper, and sadly wanted, as he said, to pepper their hides with a charge of No. 1. This we would not allow, but amused ourselves by firing blank cartridge at them. In a few seconds they all disappeared. The other Moreote Greeks are fond of calling the Mainotes "Godfathers," for what reason was never satisfactorily explained to me. The ceremony of the sponsorship is pretty nearly as follows:—If a Mainote meet a stranger better clad and worse armed than himself, he immediately conceives so violent an affection for him, that he can by no means leave him without some token whereby to cherish his memory. What so good as to change clothes? On the instant it is done. If the catechumen resist, he is thrashed soundly, tied to a tree—and this is a Mainote baptism.

The whole population of Maina, look upon robbery ashore or afloat as a lawful calling. On high places along the coast are several small towers, which serve as chapels or observatories according to circumstances. They are inhabited by Kalogeroi (priests). These holy eremites are ever on the look out for ships, and when one appears they give the signal, and Cavo Malea sends forth her banditti by hundreds. The pious man then strikes upon a plate of iron with a large stone, for during the domination of the Turks they were not allowed the use of bells, to summon the women and children to pray for the success of the enterprize. All that can be said for the Mainote pirates is, that they seldom shed blood when robbing, as the pirates of the Islands almost invariably do. They are given to be facetious in the midst of their mischief. A friend of mine had the mishap to be captured by one of these misticos of Monemvasia. A clarionet, upon which instrument he played remarkably well, was the only thing he felt particularly anxious to preserve, and this he was allowed to do upon condition that he would play to them all night. He consented, and the thieves were in ecstasies—in fits! They danced, shouted, and drank, and at last, when they left the

vessel, carried him ashore, where they kept him for several days, using him very well except that they made him play from morning to night and again from night till morning. At last they restored him all his property and sent him in one of their own boats up to Napoli.

After a hard row of two hours, we reached the ship and anchored the same evening before Napoli. On the following morning I bade adieu to the good ship Tiber, and went ashore to offer my services to the Greek Government. The sittings of this august body were then held in a ruin, which might have served well enough for a rendezvous to Dirk Hatteraick and the gipsies. The only sign of authority about the place, was a sentinel, who opposed my entrance by placing his musquet transversely across the doorway. I told him I had an errand to his masters, and he let me pass. On entering, I found the ground floor occupied by a number of horses and several Arab grooms, whose knowledge and skill in horse-craft had redeemed their lives from the ataghan of the ruthless rapacious Greeks. A ruinous flight of steps, not of Parian or Penticlican marble, but of crumbling red brick, led through a hole in the ceiling into the upper apartments. Here I was again stopped by a sentry, but, on explaining my business, was passed, without announcement or ceremony of any kind, into the presence of the Hellene chiefs. John Koletti was then president; he had been the favoured physician of Ali Pacha of Janina in the height of his power. The other members present were, Manouli Tombazi, Adam Ducas, and Count Metaxa, an Ionian nobleman. The furniture of the room consisted of one small table, one stool, and one chest—the treasury, which I afterwards discovered to contain fourteen piastres in bad money. The windows were without sashes, nor was there so much as a piece of carpet on the dais on which the members sat. I thought the rigidity of their economy might have been relaxed a little without any great violation of patriotic principle.

I advanced to the President, and knowing that the Greeks are fond of a little oratory, I made a long speech, in which I set forth the length of the voyage I had undertaken, my enthusiastic ardour in the cause of Greek independence, my detestation of tyrants in general, and of Turkish tyrants in particular, and finally proposed to accompany some one of their expeditions in the capacity of surgeon. Koletti in return said, that all the English he had ever seen did honour to their nation, and that he and his confrères were always happy to see gentlemen of talent on their classic land, more especially those of my profession. He then requested me to sit, and sent for a pipe and a cup of coffee, which I smoked and drank and then took my leave.

The streets of Napoli are like those of all eastern towns, narrow, ill-built, and dirty, "*à l'outrance*." Every time a strong southerly wind blows up the gulph, the water rises over the level plain of Argos for miles, and no means being taken to facilitate its escape, it becomes stagnant, and generates a malaria, fatal in its effects, especially to strangers—that is, under the treatment of the native doctors—as the plague itself. In the centre of Napoli is a large square, one side of which is formed by the palace of the Vene-

tian Governors ; the winged lion of St. Mark is still visible over the doorway. It is now little better than a ruin, and serves as a cavern for the Tactikoi. A second side is formed by the serai of the late Pacha ; the broken lattices and shivered glass, shew that the jealous Moslem is no longer there. The cathedral, a low ill-built edifice, and some ruined houses, constitute the third and fourth sides, and in the midst is a huge plane-tree. In this square the regulars are paraded every evening, and every one who has any thing to learn, any thing to relate, or nothing to do, is to be found here at sundown. One brief evening here suffices to kill more Moslems than ever owned fealty to the keeper of holy Mecca. The motley group which is nightly collected, comprises inhabitants of all countries—talkers of all tongues. Here stalks the bold Albanian kirtled to his knee, the hardy mountaineers of Suli, and “the sons of Chimaia who never forgive”—the neat clad Islander and shewy Peloponnesian, and Franks from all the countries that produce them. If the proper study of mankind be man, there is no school like the Piazza of Napoli ; there is no place where you can have the same diversity of character and purpose brought under one view ; the very number of factions, the curse of the country, assists you in discovering the motives by which each is actuated.

It being Easter, I had an opportunity of witnessing the mode in which they think proper to carry on their festivities. Easter day was ushered in by a procession of priests and images, which they called the resurrection. They sung and danced, and cracked off their fire-arms as if their powder magazines were inexhaustible, and not a Turk could be had for a target in the whole country. The procession ended, every Greek saluted his fellow with “Christos aneste,” (Christ is risen,) they then kissed each other three times, on the mouth and on each cheek ; a ceremony which, for this and the two following days must by no means be omitted. Their feasting, about which they talk a great deal,—which they certainly have a right to do, as they fast most rigorously for forty previous days,—is contemptible enough ; hard eggs dyed pink, and white soup containing fried lamb’s liver, do not come up to my *beau ideal* of culinary delicacies ; neither does bread sopped in the water in which fish has been boiled, present any quality peculiarly attractive to my palate ; yet these are the viands with which the Greeks love to set out their tables at Easter.

In the midst of joy and feasting, arrived the melancholy news of the loss of Missalonghi ; the squadron sent to its relief having failed, and all provisions, even to the very rats and mice, being consumed, the garrison had determined to abandon the place. They made a signal to some Greek troops posted in the rear of the Turks to attack, and thus operate a diversion in their favour, but this was either not understood or not attended to. About nine in the evening of Saturday the 19th of April, the brave defenders of Missalonghi came out in three columns, the first consisting of their best soldiers, the second and third of men women and children, promiscuously mingled together. The first column, about fifteen hundred strong, escaped with little loss, but the Turks being better prepared for the others, these, in-

stead of making for the hills, were seized with a panic and fled back to the town, so much less dreadful is death in perspective, though it be certain and the road wretched, than an easy and immediate end. The Turks entered the town with the fugitives. Some of the women finding all hope gone, and preferring death to slavery and dishonour, retired into one of the magazines, and being closely followed by some Turks, blew themselves, their children, and their pursuers into the air together. Not a soul escaped either death or slavery. The women and children, to the number of two thousand, were made prisoners, but the men, according to the Mussulman policy, were put to the sword. Of thirteen Franks who were in the town, one only, a Piedmontese officer, escaped. It is impossible to convey an idea of the panic with which the inhabitants of Napoli were seized when the news of this disaster arrived; and rumours that Ibrahim and his Arabs were on their way to invest the city, added to the general confusion. Many families made preparations to quit; others began to lay up a stock of provisions; all the shops, coffee-houses, &c., were closed, and nothing was to be heard but doleful lamentations. But the Greeks are a people of most elastic spirit, easily depressed but still more easily elevated; press them down ever so vigorously, the rebound is sure to carry them beyond their former elevation. Rumours gradually arose that many of the Turkish cavalry had been slain; by-and-bye Ibrahim himself was asserted to have been killed, and as a crowning grace and glory, the heads of three famine-wasted Arabs, who had been caught outside Trippolitza cutting wild herbs for their sustenance, were brought in and nailed to the plane-tree in the midst of the square, where these barbarous people blushed not to commit every kind of indignity upon them. In short, there was as much rejoicing over this miserable trophy, as if they had gained a great victory, instead of having done an act of kindness to three miserable Fellahs, who had been torn from their native soil to carry arms and starve in the service of a prince they hated.

In the mean time the National Assembly, which was then sitting at Epidaurus, had elected two commissions of government, one for the executive department—having for its head Andrea Zaimis; the other for finance and foreign correspondence with the Corinthian chieftain, Notaras, as president. It was confidently, and perhaps designedly, asserted that the existing government would oppose their entrance into Napoli; but the people, ever disposed to change, seemed inclined to favour the new comers. Koletti ordered the town gates to be shut on the morning of the appointed day, and placed a guard there of his personal adherents; however, on seeing the new officers approach, escorted by Colocotroni and his Moreotes, and finding himself unsupported by the people, he opened the gates and admitted them. After having partaken of the sacrament, and kissed the Archbishop, they were considered fully installed; and in the evening Colocotroni who acted a sort of Warwick upon the occasion—the new government being almost of his own choosing—reviewed the regulars under Colonel Rhodios, consisting of about four hundred and sixty raw boys scarcely able to carry their musquets.

The first act of the new government was a most meritorious one,

it being to put to death two villains, who, although their atrocities were known, had been suffered to walk the streets with impunity. The first was the keeper of the Hâmâms, or warm baths at Napoli; he was said to have murdered no fewer than seventeen persons for the sake of whatever property they might have had about them, afterwards consuming their bodies in his heating stoves. The trial was an odd one: there was a little conversation, but no witnesses were called on either side; he was unanimously declared guilty and sentenced to be hung. A rope was fastened round his neck, while a man ascended into a tree with the loose end of it, which he flung across a substantial bough; the poor wretch was then hauled up and suffered to dangle till life was extinct. The hands of the other, a spy, being unbound, he seized the rope above his head and positively refused to be hung. He was consequently lowered and his head hacked off by repeated blows of an ataghan.

A few days after Spiridion Tricoupi, the modern Demosthenes, made an oration in the Piazza on the low state of the public purse; and being, I believe, an honest man, and possessed of considerable eloquence, he excited so much enthusiasm that contributions flocked in from all quarters. The ladies sent their ear-rings and jewels with many patriotic speeches, and those who had it to give gave money. But I was most delighted with the poor but hardy veterans of Roumelie: they unbuckled from their waists their costly sabres and richly mounted fire-arms, the valued prizes of the hard-fought field, and flung them into the heap, declaring, while tears rolled over their scarred cheeks, that they had nothing else to give save their lives, which, too, were at the service of their country. A sentiment pure as that which animated Curtius when he took his leap, expanded the hearts of these old warriors, annihilating their natural avarice and inborn idolization of richly mounted weapons. For the first time of my life I envied a mountain Klephti his self-esteem.

Gradually the Missolonghiotes began to drop in by bands of twenty or thirty, and never did I see any thing more truly wretched than the appearance they made. Their shrunken countenances wore that peculiarly livid hue which results from scanty and unwholesome food, and their attire was so filthy as to defy description. It is a practice with the Greek soldiery never to change their linen during a siege or a campaign, and the man who hopes to distinguish himself by a clean shirt is invariably set down for a poltroon. I have myself worn the same linen for four and even five months; but the fustinellas of the Missolonghiotes had not been changed for more than ten! However, if they do not wash they have a method of purifying their garments from the myriads of vermin with which all classes in Greece are infested. On Saturday night a fire is made in the open air, of small branches of pine wood and juniper tops, or any combustible that affords a good blaze. The party strips, and his garments are held over the flame till the little colonies, being dislodged by the heat, in newspaper phraseology, fall a prey to the devouring element.

Having little else to do, I, as the Greeks say, "sat down" in Napoli to practice mine art; and as all competition with the

natives in the matter of fees was out of the question, I came to the determination of giving "advice gratis." I was the more induced to this as I had once been offered by the father of a lad, upon whom I had performed a capital operation,—how much, generous reader?—a base Turkish coin worth a piastre and a half, which is just sixpence! This was rather derogatory to the dignity of one who had paid his guineas for the privilege of tacking M.R.C.S. to his name.

The resolution I had taken, and the practice of one or two other eccentricities, soon brought me into high repute; and all those who, in Greek phrase, either were, or fancied themselves "unable," laid their complaints before the "Eklambrotatos kyrios o Yanis o iatros,"—the most brilliant Mr. Yani, the English doctor,—for that was my title. For some time all went on well, till at last their brilliancies, the Greek doctors, being driven to desperation by the loss of trade, began to manifest their hostility to me by overt acts of violence; and my friends advising me that a residence in Napoli was no longer compatible with my health, I suddenly decamped. I then joined a band of irregular troops, under the celebrated Karaiskaki, and, for some time, lived a life of perfect independence,—stealing my own mutton, and cutting soles for my charoukia from the raw hide of the first old cow or bullock we chanced to master, without asking the consent of its owner. One fine morning, as we were trudging along, near Avrachora, on Mount Parnassus, we came suddenly upon a Turkish convoy. The men, chiefly Asiatic conscripts, were all asleep in the snow. Worn out by fatigue, their faculties paralyzed by the cold, they made scarce any resistance to the ataghans of the Palicari; and, in ten minutes, of six or seven hundred men, eleven only remained alive; and these were saved by the intervention of a Frank, at considerable peril to himself. The heads of the slain were piled up into a pyramid. The booty taken consisted of seven hundred horses and mules, laden with various articles destined for Reschid Pacha, who had then invested Athens. Though not over squeamish, this cold-blooded slaughter thoroughly disgusted me, and I bade adieu at once to Karaiskaki and his Palicari.

With some difficulty finding my way down to Oropo, in the gulf of Negropont, I was fortunate enough to secure a passage in a caique for Egina; and from Egina I returned to Napoli, after an absence of several months. It being evening, the Piazza was, as usual, crowded to excess. I went into a kapphéné that, as the French say, gave upon the place, and calling for a cup of coffee and a sherbet, produced my Cashmere tobacco pouch, filled my pipe, and refreshed myself, after the fatigue of my journey, with the best Syrian smoke. By my side was an old gentleman, a vender of cast-off wearing apparel, known by the name of Barba (or uncle) Nako. He was occupied in smoking a narguila, a kind of hooka, and telling over the beads of a black amber rosary. Next him sat an Albanian soldier. I knew both these men; but as I had during my absence, metamorphosed myself into a complete Palicari, I was not recognised by them. "Where," said Barba Nako, "where is that Frank, that little cuckold, the English doctor? May his faith be defiled! may the birds of heaven have no respect to his head! O curse these hard boards!"

"What have you?" said Captain Kitso, "why seek you a doctor?" "Alas!" responded Barba Nako, "I am *unable*: I am but a burnt man; for I have an imposthume in my leg." "What doctor sought ye? He who fled in a bowl—o Yanis o trelos, Yani the mad, who would take neither money nor goods in payment for his medicine?" "The same," said Nako, "a great GAIDOUSI, but a wonderful doctor. O adelphé mou, my brother, my eyes, my soul! tell me where I shall find him, and I will bless thy father, mother, and sisters, to the day of my death." "By the holy mass," said the soldier, "that will I. The sea thieves took him off. Hydra and heaven! he had no money: they cut off his head, and buried him in the deep sea;—but he was but a Frank dog." "Oh Virgin! Virgin! Holy Virgin!" ejaculated Barba Nako, "why hast thou suffered these sea cuckolds to kill a Frank doctor? May their ship sink, may their sisters be sent into bondage! Where shall I find a man to cure the imposthume which is in my leg?"

"Philé mou, good friend," said I, offering my tobacco pouch, "will you *drink* a *pipe* of my smoke, and I will tell you a word." "I am your servant," said he; "what word will you tell me?" "I will tell you," said I, mysteriously, "that I can raise up this dead Frank doctor you were talking of. Nay, say but you would have him, and he shall be here at your very elbow, as close to you as I am." "Saint Dionysius forbid!" said he, as soon as he could speak. "No, no; no dead doctors. I was etsi ketsi, so so, half afraid of him when he was alive; but dead—and here—Ma to stavro! Ma teen beesti! (By the cross! by my faith!) But holy and blessed Virgin! you little cuckolds, you Franks, you tell such lies." "Silence," said I, curling up my moustaches. "Pardon me," said Barba Nako, "I had forgot that you Franks get angry if one does but say you lie. But, by the purity of the Virgin, your smoke is most excellent Sirian, as I judge, and truly of a good flavour. Have you much of it? What did it cost? Where did you get it? Where do you come from?" "All this," said I, "and more, thou shalt know another time; but touching thine imposthume, if thou hast a mind to be cured, be over against the great plane-tree in the square to-morrow at sunset, and there thou shalt see his brilliancy, Yanis the Frank doctor; for none but he shall make thee a sound man: and so," added I, touching the tip of my chin, my forehead, and then placing my hand upon my heart, "I wish you a good evening." "Fear me not, I am your slave. I worship you. May your years be many. Go in peace, and a good sunrise to you."

Further, it is only necessary to say, that Barba Nako kept his appointment, and that he is to be found to this day, in the city where king Otho holds his court, sitting in the coffee-houses, and telling how he was cured of his imposthume by a dead Frank doctor.

THE RESCUE.

" WITH crested helm and steel-cased limb,
Arrayed in glorious battle trim,
I led my gallant clump of spears,
For Victory's bays or bloody biers :
Why did my fainting spirit stay,
When I was trodden in the clay—
Torn senseless from my loyal men,
And cooped and chained in donjon-den ?

" High on the turret stood forlorn
My love, on that ill-omen'd morn ;
Now waving, in her high-born pride,
Her kerchief, like a soldier's bride,
Now hiding there her weeping woes,
As from her heart the woman rose :
Long may she there her vigils keep,
And gaze and grieve—and watch and weep !

" Where now are all my kinsmen proud ?
Where the unfailing faith they vowed ?
Had I a hound in foeman's thrall,—
While hung a banner in my hall,—
While ready to my eager hand,
Came lance, or battle-axe, or brand—
No rampart's strength, nor roaring rout,
Should keep him in, or keep me out."

The warrior hush'd his haughty wail,
For sudden on the blustering gale
Rolled the deep Nakir hoarse and high,—
The soul-exciting clarion's cry,—
The clamour of a warlike power
Beleaguering the embattled tower,—
The circling camp—the measured tramp—
The foaming barb's impatient champ.

O, could he see that thrilling show !
His own broad banner's blood-red glow,
Whose folds the wild wind flaps and flings,
Like an avenging angel's wings ;
Which forth, as to a banquet, drew
A thousand spirits tried and true,
To drain their hearts in mortal fight,
Or wrest him back to life and light !

A human mass of burning ire,
Spurred by revenge, with soul of fire :—
Fiercely their daring summons rose,
Met by defiance from their foes.
Then burst amain their war-cry loud,
Like thunder bellowing from its cloud ;
'Mid curse and clash, in maddening jar,
The cannon-crash—the roar of war.

The barriers quail—the bastions fail,
Crushed by that storm of flaming hail ;
And through the breach the siegers pour,
They batter in the castle door :—
Now shouting triumph in the air,
Chokes the death-wail of wild despair,—
The massive bars in splinters flee,
The keep is forced—the captive free !—W. G. A.

NAUSCOPIE FURTHER ILLUSTRATED.

WITH A MEMOIR OF BOTTINEAU, BY M. JOUY.

[In looking over the large collection of papers in his possession, the gentleman who contributed those on Nauscopie in our last Number has found a continuation of Bottineau's statement. The paper, however, concludes so abruptly, that we cannot but consider it as incomplete. Fragment as it is, we feel assured that our Readers will thank us for laying it before them; we therefore do so at once, hoping, at the same time, that our contributor will be fortunate enough to discover what is apparently deficient. By the agency of a friend, he has obtained some account of Bottineau's life, by M. E. Jouy of the French Academy, who was personally acquainted with him, and bears witness to the correctness of the statements made by Marat to Mr. Daly. By this Memoir, which we subjoin, it appears, however, that Marat was wrong in announcing Bottineau's death—the disappointed discoverer of this extraordinary science having been alive in 1810.]

BOTTINEAU'S FRAGMENT.

THE discovery of a nebulous satellite, the *travelling companion* of the ship, and preceding it several days, was undoubtedly of vast importance, even had it not extended further; but at the same time, I conceived that it would be of much greater advantage if I succeeded in acquiring *data* respecting the distance of vessels, their number, &c.—that this would be the means of creating a new science, of immense benefit to every nation, and that would confer everlasting honour on the country which gave me birth.

I consequently began, to occupy myself in calculating distances, and by paying great attention to the modifications of the phenomena (according to the proximity of the vessels) I was enabled to graduate distances with exactness, and compose a scale of progressions. In consequence of the success I obtained in these calculations, the governor and officers of the Isle of France witnessed with surprise with what precision I predicted the arrival of vessels.

The very moment I discovered that a vessel at sea was always accompanied by a *mass of vapours* that preceded it, it was no difficult matter for me to conceive that several vessels being together, the mass must necessarily be increased and modified in a different manner. This circumstance infallibly occurs; each vessel produces the same phenomenon; the phenomena collect, without mixing with each other. From these individual pictures (*tableaux particuliers*) a general picture is composed, exhibiting the features (*traits*) appertaining to each vessel. There is scarcely a seaman who has not frequently observed this particular state of the horizon; but it has always been attributed to the whimsical freaks of nature, the necessary effect of capricious winds, and the lightness of the clouds (*à le regarder comme un jeu bizarre, effet nécessaire des vents et la légèreté des nuages*) without ever suspecting that there could be the

slightest connection between these appearances (*révolutions*) in the atmosphere and floating substances at a distance.

The knowledge I have acquired respecting the number of vessels has not yet extended so far as to form a calculation with mathematical precision. Thus far I have been able to extend the science:—

I can distinguish with *infallibility* when there is *only one vessel*, and I never can by any means announce the approach of several vessels when there is only one at sea. I am too well acquainted with the meteor to apprehend making any mistake on that head.

When there are several vessels at a short distance from each other, I can form a conjecture, from the bulk and *shape* of the meteor, of what number they consist. I cannot absolutely state the number, because their characteristic features (*traits*), although separate, nevertheless, in consequence of their being multiplied, cause a confusion which has hitherto baffled my calculations. But if I am mistaken as to the precise number, I cannot be mistaken as to the *mass*; and whenever I announce *several* vessels, it is absolutely certain that there are *several*.

The announcements I made to the governor of the Isle of France, in the month of August, 1782, exhibit a striking proof of this distinction:—

On the 21st I announced *some* vessels; on the 22d at noon, I declared *several* vessels; on the 23d I announced *many*, that is to say, a fleet.

Whence arose this variation? Because at first, only nine or ten vessels had come within the sphere of my observation (*étoient entrés dans ma circonférence*); but on the 22d and 23d, other vessels had appeared in the same situation (*dans les mêmes eaux*); then this assemblage that shewed itself successively announced to me the presence of a fleet; and such was in reality the fact.

That absolute precision, however, which I do not pretend to have yet attained, is far from being impossible; it even appears the natural consequence of the principle which I have pointed out. As there is no vessel that does not carry its satellite along with it, and as each vessel supplies its *contingent* to the general mass, all that is required is to examine with extreme attention the *features* appertaining to each vessel, in order to calculate the number with precision.

The same reason which manifests to the *land* the approach of a vessel, exhibits also to vessels the approach of other vessels, at distances more or less remote, according to the state of the weather. Before my voyage from the Isle of France to Brest, I had formed no certain opinions respecting this conformity, in consequence of not knowing whether the proximity of a vessel produced upon another vessel the same effect as the proximity of the land, but experience has convinced me that the effects are similar. During my voyage I obtained incontestable proofs of the fact, which were registered in the log-book.

Whenever the indication was manifested, it never led me into error. Twenty-seven appearances of the meteor announced to me the approach of twenty-seven vessels; and during the voyage we

fell in with twenty-seven, and each time the *meteor* indicated precisely the period of approach, the distance and comparative number. The captain and crew of the vessel can bear testimony as to this fact.

These predictions, which excited the admiration of my fellow-travellers, and raised their curiosity to the highest pitch, were perfectly natural and simple. Had a million of vessels presented themselves in succession, the meteor *must* have been renewed a million of times. There is nothing more surprising in this fact, than that lightning should precede thunder, that smoke should announce fire, or that clouds of dust should rise before an army in its march. Whenever a cause exists, an effect must naturally ensue. It is a consequence of these incontestable truths, that another very important fact belongs to my discovery, namely, the discovery of land when at a great distance from it.

If it be true, that a person on the sea-coast may be informed of the approach of a vessel at a considerable distance, in consequence of a change in the atmosphere, it is not less certain, that persons on board a vessel are informed in a similar manner of the approach to land, by witnessing a similar appearance. The same meteor (*flambeau*) which exhibits to the land the approach of a vessel, shews also to the vessel the approach to land.

I conjectured that this reciprocal effect must exist before I undertook my last voyage; and experience, by confirming the hypothesis, caused me no surprise. But I could not withhold expressing to my companions the feelings of admiration I experienced, on reflecting upon this magnificent operation of nature, and on the wonderful revolution it must occasion in the art of navigation.

It is a well known fact that the most experienced seamen having but imperfect data upon which they can calculate, the precise distance from a given shore is not unfrequently estimated by conjecture. Hence it happens that the captain is frequently at a loss, in what direction to steer, and the consequences of his ignorance cannot, of course, be calculated. If the phenomena of which I am speaking be attended to, if persons intended for the sea service would make a study of the art of Nauscopie, every danger of the kind would be obviated. Even when the most violent winds prevail, during the darkest night, these precious signs which nature has placed in the heavens for the protection of the traveller remain visible.

In the midst of the frightful solitude of the deep, a protecting hand holds out the *safety lights* to the wanderer, and gives him the power of affording or receiving assistance. The friendly shore from which the bold denizen has strayed is pointed out to him by the meteor which seems to invite him back to his native land.

M. JOUY'S MEMOIR OF BOTTINEAU.

Etienne Bottineau was born at Chatouceaux, in Lower Anjou, situated on the banks of the Loire. At a very early age he went to Nantes, and being delighted with the appearance of the port and shipping, he came to the resolution of entering into the sea service. At fifteen he went on board a trading vessel in an inferior capacity, and afterwards entered the navy at Brest; subsequently he was in the

service of the East India Company. In 1764 he held a situation in the Isle of France in the engineer department. It was about this period that he found out a certain method of discovering land, on the approach of vessels at a distance of 250 leagues, in combining the effects produced by the latter upon the atmosphere, or on the sea. Mr. Bottineau states that the discovery, of which he gave an account in 1770, caused him to undergo every kind of persecution, and through the malice of his enemies he was treated as a slave and sent to Madagascar during the war of 1778. On his return to the Isle of France he continued his experiments, and with such success, that, upon several occasions, the government, in consequence of his announcing the arrival of convoys, frequently sent out vessels to meet them. In 1785 he proceeded to Paris, in order to communicate his discovery to the Minister of Marine, and solicit a remuneration. The certificates of the governor, and of the officers in the island, fully prove the advantage to be derived from this important discovery, and assert in strong terms, that every confidence may be placed in his statements; that, indeed, his predictions have invariably been correct. Notwithstanding the honourable testimonials and recommendatory letters which Mr. Bottineau presented to the minister, he met with a very cool reception from Marshal de Castries, and this indifference shown to a man possessed of so wonderful a secret can only be ascribed to the fact of Mr. Bottineau having written a *memoir*, in which he vituperated the conduct of the authorities of the Isle of France. The inhabitants of this island, whom I have had frequent opportunities of consulting respecting Mr. Bottineau, state, that he is still living (1810); that he continues to complain of the injustice of mankind, and bitterly regrets the loss sustained to the world by the neglect he has experienced. He has already communicated enough, he says, to enable some more fortunate individual to derive that benefit from his discovery which he ought to have received. The inhabitants of the Isle of France, with whom I conversed upon the subject, do not entertain the slightest doubt about the discovery. This poor man is truly to be pitied. During my residence at Colombo, in Ceylon, Mr. Bottineau predicted the arrival of a vessel, and the vessel appeared in sight at the time he had mentioned. I was a witness to this fact.

THE LIVE AND DEAD OFFICE.

THE portals of the military *Morgue*, were not yet opened—they waited for the usual signal from the clock of the Horse Guards. Two important looking functionaries stood at the window, one gravely engaged in picking his teeth, the other in paring his nails. Both were choice specimens of the government office *martinet*.

A small but interesting group had gathered about the door: the principal figures were three females. The first of these, an old woman, though bending beneath the weight of years, still eclipsed in stature those who stood about her; many a storm had left its mark on her

broad bold brow, the surface was torn and tossed up into wild irregular ridges—it looked like a rugged bit of rock. She was blind.

Close by her side stood a short, fair, blue eyed woman, about thirty years of age, full of excitement and activity, but nervous, emaciated, and bearing on her cheek the hectic banner of death.

Her pale, slender hands, gave palpable evidence, that she had long ceased to take a part in any of those manual labours in which women of her humble situation are usually occupied. Judging from her wedding-ring she had been plump, for it was so much too large, that she had taken the precaution of tying it to her slim finger by a bit of silk.

The third was a tall, well-formed girl, ten or twelve years of age : no two individuals could resemble each other less than the old blind woman, and the other female—they were evidently not of the same family ; but this girl by her lineaments had affinities with both. In her countenance, the most striking peculiarities of feature, displayed by her companions, were agreeably united. The conviction flashed on me at a glance, that she was the daughter of the poor nervous, consumptive creature, and that the old woman was her grandmother—genealogically speaking, on the male side : nor, as I soon found, did I err.

The grandmother was placid and resigned but garrulous. Her present humility contrasted strongly with the records of former turbulence graven on her brow ; age, poverty, and blindness had toned down her temper perhaps. Without the least touch of querulousness, she told an asthmatic old man, with whom she was conversing—that up to the age of fifty, she had neither been poor nor blind ; at a little before that period of her life, she had been left a widow, with one son. Reuben, against her will, had married little Peggy Lorimer ; violent dissension ensued, and her son had recklessly enlisted. A few months after his embarkation for a pestilential colony, Peggy became a mother ; the little farm, the paternal inheritance of which Reuben was the prop, soon went to ruin ; and when blind, and almost a pauper, the old woman, to use her own phrase, had gone and laid her head in Peggy's lap. Peggy, she scarcely knew how, had contrived to support her, for many years past. The poor thing, never having received but one short hurried letter from Reuben since his rash action of enlisting, was pining to know what had become of him. All inquiries had proved fruitless, and the three generations, mother, wife and daughter—comprising all who claimed kith or kin with the soldier, had travelled on foot from Dorsetshire, to ascertain personally, at the Live and Dead Office, what had become of him.

Raw puffs of wind tossed about the old woman's white locks, a drizzling rain moistened her cheeks, and every individual composing the unsheltered group at the office door—except Reuben's feverish wife, were shivering with cold. From within, the flashes of a glowing fire blazed through the window. One clerk was still picking his teeth, and the other paring his nails ; the Horse Guards had not yet struck, and the doors were consequently still closed.

At length the clock began to tell us it was ten. Reuben's wife looked as though she thought the bell dreadfully tardy : when nine blows of the hammer were heard she turned pale, and exclaimed in

a tone of perfect agony, "Good God! it's only nine!" The bell however, with provoking leisure, boomed forth the finale of its announcement, and a fat flunky opened the doors.

Being, at the period of my anecdote, quite young and inexperienced, I felt anxious to witness the kind consideration with which an inquiry as to the fate of "a gallant British soldier," from his mother, wife, and child, would be received, on the part of those who were employed to represent "a grateful king and country." The family groupe tottered forward to the two functionaries at the window: on stating their business, they were referred to "the fifth gentleman on the left." I followed them, and heard the application repeated in tones tremulous with terror by the hectic wife.

"Of what regiment?" inquired the fifth gentleman.

"The forty-eighth."

The fifth gentleman was mending a pen, and after having completed the operation, he slowly and carelessly took down a heavy book from the shelf above him. He opened it, and as he ran his fore-finger down one of the pages, the wife, grasping the hand of her daughter on one side, and that of her mother-in-law on the other, gazed at him without breathing. The old woman looked passive and resigned—the child stared at her mother.

A second page was turned, and the fifth gentlemen took snuff: then fixing his digit on a line, he uttered in, a breath, without pause or point, the usual calm ferocious answer, "DEAD A SHILLING NO CRYING HERE."

"God's will be done!" said the old woman, "Let us go home and die too, children."

The miserable wife tottered out without a sob.

My business detained me at the Live and Dead Office about three minutes; in that brief period, I heard, from different parts of the room, the same heartless and habitual reply thrice repeated. So much for glory! The younger son of a bishop or a peer, if he die in battle, is eulogized in the despatches, and hypothetically entombed in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey—his friends can go and see his monument, and the record of his achievements is exposed to the gaze of a grateful nation: but the rural recruit—the *military operative*, if "killed off," is turned into a hole, his name is deemed unworthy of notice in the gazette, and his anxious relatives, on applying for information as to his fate, are thus kindly and considerately answered:—"DEAD A SHILLING NO CRYING HERE."

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE House progresses slowly in the great work of reform. Little has been done and very little more may be expected this session. A timid and cautious policy characterizes the measures of the present ministry. The boldness which marked the commencement of their career gave the nation promise of better things, but subsequent measures have not justified such anticipations, and a loss of popularity has been the consequence. In the arrogance of their intellect, they affect to despise the expression of popular feeling; they estimate their own strength like puny whipsters, and when flourishing the string of their peg-top, fancy it a cat-o-nine-tail power. The expressed opinion of an intelligent public is not to be despised. There is more intelligence among the great body of the people than can possibly be found in the heads of departments, and if the intelligence of the people were more consulted than it is, we should not have occasion to correct the monstrous anomalies which frequently disgrace the measures introduced by men having no practical knowledge, and who are too proud to learn from the only proper sources. But popular opinion will make itself heard; it is advancing slowly and surely; and those who watch the progress of events cannot be in doubt as to the result. We cannot but regret to see men, who started so nobly, now laggards in the race. They appear fearful of the strong creation of their own hands, and wish to play Dalilah to their Sampson. They have set a huge stone rolling, and fancy by their puny efforts to stay its progress. As soon might they stay the out-breaking of Vesuvius as quell the expectations of men who have for years looked to reform as the great measure of relief. The authors of that great measure can scarcely have possessed that great and comprehensive view of their subject which it was natural to suppose would distinguish such bold and uncompromising legislators, or they must have known that reform was only the means by which great and important retrenchment might be effected—in fact, a gigantic besom to cleanse from filth a worse than Augean stable, created by our late reckless and desperate rulers. As well may Mr. Stanley attempt, like Canute, to control the waves of the ocean, as to stem the tide of public opinion. The Reform Bill is but a step towards political regeneration. If ministers cannot see what is required of them, and what must one day be performed, they are short-sighted mistaken men.

THE BUDGET has most cruelly disappointed the nation. Great hopes had been entertained that the Chancellor, in accordance with the spirit of the times, would have introduced some spirited measures of finance, which might have stimulated the waning energies of a distressed people, instead of which we find a very small amount of taxation reduced, and that so ingeniously spread over so large a surface, that the great mass of the public will in no instance derive the slightest benefit. As it is, the reduction bears more the character of

a subterfuge than a relief—a measure by which the necessity of doing *something* is acknowledged, but the meagre nature of the gift would argue the parsimony of the granters. At the head of this pompous list stands the article of Tiles, a material so long superseded by Slates, that the voluntary relinquishment of a duty dwindled almost to nothing, may be considered as any thing but a boon. The half duties relinquished on Advertisements and Soap are too small to be of any advantage. The thrifty housekeeper may perhaps save a halfpenny per week in her washing; but we question whether the advertizer will benefit in the least by advertizing in papers of good circulation, when they have at present a greater number of advertizers than they can find room open for. Besides, by retaining a part, all the offensive, inquisitorial, and expensive machinery of taxation is kept up. The exciseman still pays his domiciliary visits at the soap manufactory, and the clerks at Somerset House still play their Jack-in-office anticks, and draw their salaries, let the proceeds of taxation be ever so much reduced. We are sorry to say it, but Lord Althorpe's financial measure seems to us like a poor evasion of the just and reasonable demands of the people.

GALLANTRY AND GOLD MEDALS.—The Royal Humane Society, in distributing rewards to those who have performed the greatest deeds of gallantry and encountered the most formidable risks in saving their fellow creatures from drowning, have placed foremost on the list the Hon. Miss Eden, Maid of Honour to the Queen, and awarded her the gold medal. We have no reason to doubt the gallantry and courage of Miss Eden, who has thus dived and “plucked up honour,” in the shape of a well-ducked urchin, from a brook; but we cordially detest the base satire, the scurrilous imputation cast upon the whole body of the aristocracy by this award. Had Miss Eden stood by and witnessed the dying agonies of the child with aristocratic indifference, the coroner would have returned “accidental death,” as a matter of course: for who could expect a lady of any pretensions to rank to soil her sandal to save a poor man's child, when Miss Martineau has so repeatedly assured us that such children have no right to exist? But the maid of honour happened to be possessed of the common feelings of human nature: at the imminent peril of wet feet she assisted in saving the child, and although some such thing is done every day as pulling children out of ponds and ditches by people in the humbler walks of life, who would little dream of reward for such an act—yet no sooner is a like feat performed by an honorable lady, than all the sensitive world are melting with sympathy! Such an exhibition of common feeling in one of the higher orders, must call forth a general burst of admiration from a truly humane and lady-loving society. All common fellows who in a gale of wind have dashed among the billows to save a shipmate, with slender chance of ever returning, must be set aside that the triumph may be awarded to this fair dabbler in Datchet brook! Apiece of plate is voted her by a grateful neighbourhood, the bells are rung, congratulatory verses are written by Tory poets, the Royal Humane Society awards its gold medal, and humble and grateful regards are showered

upon the honorable philanthropist, by a paltry, servile crew of lick-spittle ruffians who are for ever tracking the heels of the aristocracy—magnifying common acts of feeling into instances of exalted heroism, and defending their gross and selfish conduct as venial and excusable errors. We repeat that this medal business is a malignant satire upon the aristocracy, and if Miss Eden is a person of any sense, she must be as much disgusted with the paltry and unjust award as with the time-serving crew who are the authors of it. By the way, if this Royal Society is so much at a loss for subjects to employ its funds, why not erect an hospital for decayed Newfoundland dogs, that have done mankind some service; there are plenty to be found who have saved more lives than all the Maids of Honour and Post Captains in the state. We would recommend an annuity of cat's-meat for life to all truly deserving objects: besides, it would act as a salutary stimulus to all really noble puppies.

CAT'S-MEAT RETRENCHMENT.—Woolwich has been thrown into a state of indescribable confusion by the receipt of a Treasury order, which, if acted upon, will sap the foundation of our social institutions, and will stamp the age by a stroke of the most cruel and barbarous policy that ever emanated from a Whig or any other government. It is pretty generally known that a number of public servants have existed for years past, having charge of the warehouses and storehouses in and about the dockyards and arsenals at Woolwich. Their salaries have been small, and they can boast, what few other public servants can, that they have deserved their pittance. Yet will it be believed that these meritorious individuals have been rudely turned adrift without any retired allowance, because their appointment has never been sanctioned by Parliament. The fact is, that, in addition to the heads of departments, a certain number of feline watchmen have for many years been provided by government with a salary of three-pence per week for cat's-meat, for which they were expected to extirpate all quadrupedal depredators. Now the Whig government, in their zeal for retrenchment, have pounced upon this article of cat's-meat; they have declared it an item of wicked extravagance, worthy of a Tory ministry, and at once abolished it, thereby effecting an actual saving to the county of 49*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* per annum! The harmony existing between housewife and cat is thus rudely broken. The female portion of the garrison are *au desespoir*; every serjeant's wife is bewailing her favourite black and white tom, or her tabby. Experienced cat-skinners are already upon the march to Woolwich, and another slaughter of the innocents is expected shortly to ensue. Prime cat's-meat is on the decline; nothing but coarse cheap goods are marketable. Rats are arriving in great numbers; several members of the House of Commons are daily expected.

MR. GUTHRIE ON THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—Mr. Guthrie, in his clinical lecture at the Westminster Hospital, says,

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M. M.—No. 89.

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MR. GUTHRIE ON THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—Mr. Guthrie, in his clinical lecture at the Westminster Hospital, says, "I do not know whether it is advisable to recommend, with Sir Lucius

O'Trigger, in the *Rivals*, that gentlemen should stand fair to the front, in duelling, and *be shot clean through one side of the body*, instead of making as small as possible an edge, by standing sideways, and running the risk of being certainly killed by the ball penetrating both sides ; but this I do know, that there is neither *charity* nor *humanity* in the manner of choosing the pistols at present adopted. The balls are so small, that the hole they make is always a source of *inconvenience in the cure*: and the quantity of powder is also so small, that it will not send the ball clean through a *moderately thick gentleman*; it therefore sticks in some place where it should not, to the extreme disadvantage of the patient, and the great *annoyance of the surgeon*. These things really should be altered, with the present diffusion of knowledge."

This is really very kind in Mr. Guthrie. While other gentlemen are devoting their time and abilities in the furtherance of science in its various modifications, he is determined not to be in the rear in the great march of improvement; and has therefore brought the whole force of his immense intellect to bear upon the most scientific and approved fashion of shooting a *moderately thick gentleman clean through the body!* Here we have an example worthy of all admiration—a surgeon—an army surgeon too—one who has been accustomed so long to the carving of bodies, that he could be hardly supposed to possess as much heart as a resurrection-man—yet here we find him enlisted in the great cause of humanity. With his prejudices as a soldier and a gentleman, he cannot advise the abolition of duelling; (for what is a soldier without his duels? The vulgar must be kept in awe;)—but we find our philanthropist ready to abolish all the horrors of this barbarous pastime, and to render it a really genteel amusement. By following Mr. Guthrie's ingenious instructions, you shall send your ball *clean through* the body of your friend, provided, of course, that he be only *moderately thick*: if he be *extra thick*, we would recommend the artist immediately to repair to Westminster Hospital for further directions. But alas! amidst all this blaze of apparently genuine feeling, we fancy we can detect a spice of the selfishness of human nature. The philanthropist recommends the tyro to stand in a particular position, as it reduces the chances of his being shot dead, from 10 to 1 to $9\frac{3}{8}$ to 1—a very important gain. He then inveighs against the small size of the ball, and the diminutive charge of powder, as productive of *great inconvenience in the cure!* There is neither *charity* nor *humanity*, observes the amiable anatomist, in using small balls; because the small holes they make cause *great annoyance to the surgeon!* Here, then, the truth appears: for know, gentle reader, that the triumph of a surgeon is not so much to save the life of a patient, as to extract the ball.

We would recommend that the members of the United Service Club should present this humane friend with a pair of bell-mouthed blunderbusses, so that in case he should turn out with a friend, he may in the most humane manner blow his head off, and save the surgeon any *annoyance* whatever.

IMPUDENCE PERSONIFIED.—We find the following advertisement in the "*Times*" of the 24th of last month:

"Wanted, by a respectable house of business, two PERSEVERING SCOTCHMEN, to vend goods in and about the metropolis."

We have often been puzzled to know what description of men could be found to tramp about from house to house, with pack on back, and yard measure in hand, and knock at every door in every street they pass through, regardless of the fierce looks of footmen, and the shrill remonstrances of house-maids. We were not aware that these peripatetic traders were all *persevering Scotchmen*; but such is the fact. We could suggest another epithet for these northern ambulators; but *persevering* is the prettier word—therefore it can stand. What pride ought that nation to feel, which can boast such an army of philosophers—we had almost said martyrs, from what they have to endure. The angry tirade of the disturbed housewife—the bitter curse of the two pair of stairs tradesman—the jeers of the passer-by, as the door is slammed in his face—the triumphant yell of urchins, as a handful of potatoe-peelings greets his smug, well-trimmed visage. All this would be enough to daunt the most impudent Englishman, or even Irishman, that ever robbed a church;—but it is a mere nothing to a *persevering Scotchman*. In vain do folks launch their gibes and jeers, their kicks and cuffs—a rude rebuff from one door only stimulates him to try the next. It is impossible to say whither this splendid quality of endurance might lead its possessor, did he not sometimes cozen a purblind wight with a roll of glazed calico for Irish linen, or occasionally find a stray silver spoon in his pack-bag. We shrewdly suspect that these stray spoons have formed a nucleus to the fortunes of many a civic dignitary. To such heights do *persevering Scotchmen* arrive!

MR. JUSTICE BAYLEY ON GAME.—This eminent legal character has given a new proof of his humane and patriotic disposition, in his recent charge to the grand jury of the county of Flint, from which we gladly give the following extract:—

"Gentlemen of property and influence would consider whether they were making the best use of the blessings and favours which Providence had entrusted to their care, by accumulating game in such quantities upon their land as to afford an almost irresistible temptation to the lower orders for the commission of crime. Whether the existence of game in large quantities was not injurious to the morals and habits of the people in the neighbourhood of their estates. I really think the amazing profusion of game, which is known to exist, a great inducement to successful poaching among ignorant and thoughtless youths, who too often terminate a career, thus commenced, by the commission of a much graver offence."

Now this is going very far, considering that the speaker is a judge: but we will venture to go a step farther, and confidently declare, that by the encouragement and protection of game for disgraceful *battues*—atrocities that would turn the stomach of a pig-butcher, our aristocrats clearly bring to the gallows two-thirds of the unfortunate wretches who are hung in assize towns. "*Usque ad*" and "*pro tanto*," the privileged miscreants are remotely guilty of so many murders. Crime in the country would diminish full fifty per cent., if hares, partridges and pheasants were utterly exterminated. If

useful as articles of food, let them be domesticated like pigs and poultry. It will be quite as chivalrous to shoot them in a farm-yard as in a preserve. Animal murder, which appears to be the chief object, will be achieved as well in one case as in the other. Besides, the brutal propensities of our oligarchy can always be gratified, while congenial calves are to be slaughtered at Clare Market.

PARLIAMENTARY ETIQUETTE.—We extract the following from a weekly paper :—

“A quarrel of rather a personal nature took place between Capt. Berkeley and Mr. Hume, which was thought worthy of the interference of the house. The member for Middlesex had indulged in some coarse and dishonouring remarks on the character of the naval and military members of the house ; and Captain Berkeley said that Mr. Hume must have made them from a conviction that he would himself act dishonourably in similar circumstances. Mr. Hume flung the accusation back with contempt. He afterwards explained that he meant *nothing*, and so the matter dropped.”

These military and naval members are decided bores in the House of Commons—what with their notions of honour and punctilio, and such like antiquities, they become a complete check to any thing like free discussion. No honourable member can venture to call another a blackguard, or even a scoundrel, without some Pistol looking fiercely and insisting on an explanation, which usually ends as Mr. Hume's did, and equally satisfactory to both parties. An honourable member launches an accusation against another, which is flung back with contempt, and thus continues the pleasant parliamentary pastime of push-pin, to the great delight of such juveniles as Master Berkeley, particularly as *nothing is meant*, and the matter is always *dropped*. A man may bully cheaply in the House of Commons ; it is astonishing the reputation he may gain at a small risk. This is the reason why so many naval and military heroes are so anxious to tack M. P. to their names. There is no field like St. Stephen's, where a man may gain laurels without risk of life or limb. Honourable gentlemen, whose swords are guiltless of any other stain than rust, and whose services have been limited to the experimental squadron or the regimental parade, are thus enabled to exhibit their martial ardour on such subjects as Mr. Hume or Mr. Cobbett, who will sometimes indulge in sly sarcasms on the legislative abilities of this class of senators—of course the whole 46 members of the United Services start up at such provocation, and insist on satisfaction. The culprit trembles.—It is but just, however, to say, that the gentlemen of the services are easily pacified—they do not appear inclined to press matters ; the culprit has only to hint that he *meant nothing*, and tranquillity is restored—the heroes ground their arms !

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Sharpe's *Peerage of the British Empire*, exhibiting its present State, and deducing the existing Descents from the Ancient Nobility of England, Scotland, and Ireland, will be published with the *Magazines* for June.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, *Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven*, a piece by Maria del Occidente, dedicated to Robert Southey, Esq., L.L.D., who has expressed the highest opinion of the genius displayed in the poem.

Evidences of Christianity, by Charles P. McIlvaine, D.D., Bishop of Ohio: forming Vol. IX. of the *Select Library*; and recommended to the Publishers of that Series by Olinthus Gregory, L.L.D.

Views of the Lakes, Waterfalls, &c. of Westmorland and Cumberland, &c. Part V. containing eight Engravings, from Original Drawings, by T. Allom. Price only 2s.

Volume IV. of the *National Portrait Gallery*, containing Thirty-seven Portraits and their respective Memoirs.

The *National Portrait Gallery*: the First Part of a New Volume; containing Portraits and Memoirs of Adam Clarke, L.L.D.; the Marquis of Lansdowne; and Samuel Lysons, V.P.R.S. F.S.A.; Imperial 8vo. Plain Proofs, 2s. 6d. India Proofs, 4s.

Dr. Adam Clarke's *Folio Family Bible*. Part I., containing Six Sheets, Price 1s., of a New and Cheap Edition of the Holy Bible; with Notes and Observations by Adam Clarke, L.L.D.; to be continued fortnightly, or oftener.

On the 1st of June, Part I. of an entirely New Edition of the *National Portrait Gallery*: price, in Imperial 8vo., Plain Proofs, 2s. 6d. only.

Just published, No. 1. of the *Magazine, Botany and Gardening, British and Foreign*. Edited by J. Rennie, Professor of Zoology, King's College, London. Price 1s., with eight beautiful Coloured Plates of Plants and Fruit.

In May will be published, *A Memoir of Felix Neff*. By Thomas Scales Ellenby, in One Volume.

A Work from the pen of Mr. Urquhart, entitled "*Turkey and its Resources*," is just ready for publication.

Lucien Greville, a Novel, written by an Officer in the East India Company's Service, will appear immediately.

Lieut. Coke is preparing a Work on the United States and British Provinces of North America, with numerous illustrations of the Scenery, &c.

New Editions of Mr. Jameson's "*Characteristics of Women*," and Mr. Slade's interesting "*Travels in Turkey*," are on the eve of publication.

School and Family Manual: a Series of Conversations between a Father and his Children, explaining the most important Subjects of Early Instruction in a familiar style, adapted for Preparatory Schools, Ladies' Schools, and Domestic Teaching. Vol. I. *Geometry*; Vol. II. *Arithmetic* (in Two Parts) Part I. To be continued occasionally.

Principles of Astronomy. By William Brett, M.A., Fellow of Corpus-Christi College, Cambridge. Part II. containing *Physical Astronomy*.

EXHIBITION OF THE ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, NEW BOND-STREET.

The greatly increased number of Water Colour Painters has produced a new Society, whose second annual Exhibition has now opened. The members are chiefly young artists; but their works, generally speaking, are of a superior character. A drawing of *St. Michael's Mount*, by C. BENTLEY, is remarkable for its dimensions as well as its excellence, being the largest of its class we ever saw in water colours: this, however, is the least of its merits, the colouring and execution displaying powers of the highest order. *Isle of Wight*, by the same, is more lively in colour, and brighter in effect. *Wounded Heron*, J. BURBANK, is drawn with great feeling and correctness, and finished with extraordinary care; the respect shewn for nature in this work entitles the artist to the highest praise: these remarks will also apply to 39, *Shells*, and 34, *Cat watching a Butterfly*, by the same hand. HEAPHY, who is a veteran in this branch of art, exhibits here several highly finished drawings, amongst which the most conspicuous are two female *Portraits* and *Recognition*. One of the finest specimens of colour is by Miss F. CORBAUX, who is advancing in her art very rapidly: the subject is a *Lady playing with a Squirrel*. The richness of surface in this drawing far surpasses the works of many older practitioners.

70. *Chapel at Houghton*.—240. *Joseph Andrews resenting the insult offered to Fanny by Beau Didapper*.—251. *Amy Robsart, Janet, and the Pedlar in the Garden of Cumnor Place*.—256. *Wolsey and Queen Catherine*. J. NASH. These several drawings evince a great degree of taste, both in the grouping of figures and in picturesque architecture; we can also discern a liveliness of fancy throughout: more attention to drawing and detail would, however, raise them in our estimation as works of art. *The Last Man*, J. MARTIN, is highly wrought and poetically conceived, though the subject does not hit our fancy. Several tastefully executed landscapes, by G. S. SHEPHERD, are deserving of notice, especially 109, *Study of an Old House*.—32. *Stone Mason's Yard*, and 169, *The Farm at Kentish Town*. There are also some clever drawings by LAPORTE, DOWNING, LINES and MOORE. *The Disconsolate*, C. HANCOCK, representing a dog howling after his lost master—*Shakespeare's Cliff*. J. TENNANT—*City of Hereford*. T. POWELL—*Please to remember the Grotto*. W. H. KEARNEY—various works by C. R. STANLEY—*Canal Scene, Morning*.—178. *Windsor Castle*, G. H. PHILLIPS, are all creditable to the present advanced state of water colour painting.

EXETER HALL.—EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

THIS Exhibition contains many curious specimens of the Flemish, Dutch and Italian Schools. *A Philosopher in his Study*—A. DE GELDER, is worthy the attention of the artist, as an example of sunny light and rich surface: it is of the school of REMBRANDT. *Amor*, attributed to DOMENICHINO, is beautifully designed, though rather too much like a painted statue. The wings are loaded with pigment, and their hue is of lead, but the eye reposes with satisfaction on the head: its expression is particularly sweet.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

ADDRESS ON SLAVERY, SABBATH PROTECTION, AND CHURCH REFORM.
BY JAMES DOUGLAS ESQ., OF CAVERS. EDINBURGH: ADAM BLACK.

THIS is a pamphlet in three parts, containing the substance of speeches upon the subjects enumerated in the title. Upon the subject of Colonial Slavery, Mr. Douglas supposes that the cessation of slavery, and the just remuneration of the labour of the Negro, will cheapen the production of sugar, diminish the number and expenses of the military establishments, abolish the monopoly of the home market, and thus mutually produce extensive political advantages, to the West Indies and the country at home. In his views upon the subject of Sabbath Protection, we do not concur with him. Indeed, we are sorry to perceive a singular decline in the force of his reasoning, and liberality of sentiment upon this question, as compared to his views upon the subject of Colonial Slavery. Upon the subject of Church Reform, in the third chapter, Mr. Douglas has several striking and valuable remarks. He advocates the right of the state to appropriate the property of the church, and suggests some important alterations in the system of the Church of Scotland.

THE CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. BY
THE REV. HENRY STEBBING, A.M. LONDON. LONGMAN, REES, AND
Co.

NOTHING can be more opportune than the appearance of this volume at the present moment, when the attention of all parties is directed towards the Church Establishment, with such scrutinizing keenness and intensity. Not only has the spirit of analysis and inquiry been employed upon Ecclesiastical Institutions, as they exist at present; but it has conducted to the sources of those institutions, and set men upon examining the principles from which they have derived their birth, and their subsequent progress and history. It is, therefore, with no slight degree of satisfaction, that we notice this first volume of the History of the Church, proceeding from the pen of a man of accredited industry and capacity, and one who has proved himself so well qualified for the task he has undertaken. He has traced the rise and progress of the infant church, with a philosophic candour and a luminous perspicuity, equally removed from the sophistry of the controversialist and the blind zeal of the bigot. To wade through the vast labyrinth of the early writers of Christianity, to seek out and separate facts from the figures of declamation and the colourings of enthusiasm and fanaticism, and to arrange these facts in a manner suitable to the minds of the present generation, was a work of no inconsiderable difficulty.

The narrative of the persecutions of the infant church, he has divested of much of the supernatural and miraculous, so copiously appended to it by other writers. However, we cannot altogether conceal the fact, that the constant recurrence of the phrases, "If any credit is to be given to early authors," "If tradition may be safely relied on," with a number of saving clauses of the same kind, sometimes throws an air of coldness and indifference over the narrative. In his attempt to weed Church History of its supernatural excrescences, and to subject all occurrences to the test of reason, he has gone nigh hazarding the authenticity of the whole, and rendered his account jejune and bare.

The following account of the situation of the Church after the conversion of Constantine seems to us so applicable to the establishment of our times, that we shall extract it as a specimen.

"The zeal and earnestness which it well became the early Christians to feel in the propagation of their faith, were now about to be mixed with the leaven of magisterial pride. The authority which had been rightly awarded to superior sanctity, was on the eve of being transferred to those who were best qualified to make their way in courts, and who would consequently have to support their authority by new and extraordinary means. Another Canaan, in fact, besides the promised land of God, had been opened by the favour of the Emperor, and scarcely had it spread its inviting scenes before the preachers of the faith, when crowds of them rushed to claim an inheritance in its borders. The Church of Christ shook to its foundation at that time, but the shock was unfelt or unheeded. A revolution had taken place in the Christian Commonwealth as great as ever overturned a dynasty. New principles of action were thenceforth to govern its leaders; the bad had sufficient motives to appear holy; and the good were tempted to take up weapons, which they ought never to have wielded. To defend an opinion was to support an interest, the integrity of a system was to be preserved because it was the foundation of profitable establishments: and the keen subtle reasoner, the skilful courtier, the bold rhetorician, and the confident zealot, possessed equal chances with the holiest of acquiring power and distinction in the Christian Church. The humbler professors of the new faith could at first be little affected by the ambitious views of their teachers; but all those who held the same rank, or had a right to the same distinctions, were exposed to a severe trial by the proceedings of their worldly-minded brethren. Many of them remembered too readily the warning that they were to be wise as serpents, and in doing so, lost the harmlessness and simplicity of the dove."—p. 143.

PORTRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

PART 5. LONDON. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

SOME of these heads are so happily executed that we could easily fancy the fair heroines to have actually sat for their portraits: such is the *Brenda*, from *LESLIE*, which wins upon the eye by its appropriate character, sweet expression, and tasteful costume; it is also a good example of the mixed line and stippled engraving. *Margaret Ramsay*, after *BOXALL*, is successful in the expression, but the drawing is indifferent, and the figure disproportioned to the head. *MISS SHARP'S Phæbe Mayflower*, illustrates the text by a simplicity of character, in which is blended a touch of good sense. *Minna* is rather a coarse representation of the heroine of the *Pirate*: a little more delicacy in the form and features would not be inconsistent with the same strength of character.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO PRINSEP'S JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM CALCUTTA TO VAN DIEMAN'S LAND. LONDON. SMITH, ELDER & CO.

THESE lithographic sketches are designed with taste, and executed with the freedom of a practised hand. The number before us contains six views, four of which characterize the scenery of Van Dieman's land, and are remarkably *English* in appearance. The *Black Snake Inn* would find a parallel in many a picturesque bit of home landscape; and the view of *Hobar Town from Beaulieu Lodge*, might easily be mistaken for a glimpse of the Severn. *New Norfolk* is like a section of paradise, seemingly designed expressly for the snug retreat of a young couple during the period of the honey-moon. We commend these views not only as clever drawings, but as pleasing examples of picturesque landscape in that part of the world, the natural beauties of which they profess to exhibit.

PAULINE; A FRAGMENT OF A CONFESSION. LONDON. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

THIS little poem seems to have been suggested by the perusal of the wild and singularly fascinating work of the *Peau de Chagrin* of Balzac which we noticed in the last number of this publication. Those who are acquainted with the original, will alone be capable of estimating how far the poet falls short of the novelist in the wild sallies of exaggerated sentiment; to those who have not read that work, we fear the poet will seldom be intelligible. Such is the vehemence of his aspirations, that it is often difficult to understand him; and while we are endeavouring to discover the meaning of his enigmatical words, we cease to sympathize with his feelings, or to interest ourselves in the woes which he recounts. However, we admit the doctrine, that poets should be judged by their peers and so we leave the author to his chance of finding "fit audience, though few," among enthusiasts like himself, who may possibly understand and relish the beauty and harmony of passages like the following:—

My selfishness is satiated not.
It wears me like a flame. My hunger for
All pleasure, howsoe'er minute, is pain.
I envy, how I envy him whose mind
Turns with its energies to some one end!
To elevate a sect or a pursuit
However mean; so my still baffled hopes
Seek out abstractions;

* * * * *

I grow mad
Well nigh to know, not one abode but holds
Some pleasure—for my soul could grasp them all,
But must remain with this vile form. I look
With hope to age at last, which quenching much,
May let me concentrate the sparks it spares.
This restlessness of passion meets in me
A craving after knowledge. The sole proof
Of a commanding will is in that power
Repressed—p. 42-3.

FAUST: A DRAMATIC POEM BY GOETHE. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE. LONDON. MOXON.

The fame of this extraordinary production, "whereof all Europe rings from side to side," has led to several attempts in this country, to supply the English reader with some idea of the original. Hitherto, however, no one has been found capable of doing justice to the German; and with the exception of the exquisite translation of "The Mayday Night," by Shelley, and a few happy accidents in Lord Francis Gower's mutilated version, the task remains in all its original difficulty for some future and more fortunate translator.

In the meantime, the gentleman with whose laborious undertaking we have now to deal, has, we are bound to say, executed the task he proposed to himself most ably and satisfactorily. He bargained to supply us with a prose translation of *Faust*, and no man living could, perhaps, have done it better. We thank him; but we would rather have it "t'other way."

The truth is, our translator has been misled by "a remark made by Mr Charles Lamb," and by certain observations of Goëthe himself. Mr. Lamb it appears, has derived more pleasure from the meagre Latin versions of the Greek tragedians, than from any other versions he was acquainted with. It may be so—but what does this prove, after all? It only confirms us more strongly in what we knew before; that Mr. Lamb is a very original thinker.

Goëthe says, "I honour both rhythm and rhyme, by which poetry first becomes poetry: but the properly deep and radically operative—the truly developing and quickening, is that which remains of the poet, when he is translated into prose. The inward substance then remains in its purity and fullness; which, when it is absent, a dazzling exterior often deludes us with the semblance of, and, when it is present, conceals." Now, it is pretty clear to us, that this is not so much a vindication of prose translations of poetry, as an attack on poetry itself; and if it be not so, it is merely begging the question. For, although true enough it is, that "a dazzling exterior often deludes us with the semblance of a substance which is *not*;" and again, that it often "conceals (as in Shelley's poetry, for instance) a substance which *is*;" yet, that is just as strong a reason why the native poet should have composed in prose, as it is sound argument to prove that the foreign translator should not render his original in verse. The *difficulty* of rendering poetry into poetry is another question.

We maintain that the idea of giving us a literal prose translation of a foreign poem, with any other design than that of aiding us in our study of the language, or with the view of presenting us with a perfect picture of the original, is manifestly absurd. In the first place, an approximation to the form is not attempted; in the second, the words that constitute poetry are not, for the most part, employed literally. It is not even an imitation. To be literal is not to be just;—to be prosaic is not *the thing*. Poetry is not read in the letter, but in the spirit. For instance, what would a literal prose translation of the Apollo Belvedere be like?—It would not be a cast, for in that case the form is preserved. It must be, at best, a certain quantity of English marble of exactly the same weight as that of the statue "which enchants the world." In like manner, conceive a literal prose translation of a bottle of Champagne. Not a gooseberry is put into requisition. We are not to have the sparkling brilliancy, the colour, nay, not even the form in which that liquid paradise is conjured before us. We are to enjoy what Goëthe calls "the properly deep and radically operative." Accept, then, a quart of beer;—Whitbread's entire, or Barclay's double stout. How a man like the translator (no common man we are willing and proud to acknowledge) could have supposed that he was doing a service to literature by his translation, we are at a loss to conceive. His work is invaluable to the German student, we freely grant, but it is nothing more. This mistake on the part of our translator is the more remarkable, that he appears perfectly sensible of the vast merit of Mr. Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," and is conscious that no small portion of its merit is attributable to the exquisite felicity of its versification and the harmony of its numbers. He must know better, perhaps, than we can inform him, that all great poets, to be properly understood and appreciated, demand the exercise of a corresponding power in these particulars, from the translator. It is true, that a great majority, even of the readers of poetry, are utterly insensible to these graces; and that for the gratification of their ears, the Night Thoughts are equally effective with the Paradise Lost; but this fact by no means lessens the obligation of the translator to fulfil the essential part of his duty towards those who really *feel*, as well as apprehend, poetry. We beseech him to imagine for a moment a literal prose translation into German, of Comus, Lycidas, or the Midsummer Night's Dream.

The present translator, in his preface, has called Lord Gower pretty strictly to account for the many errors, both of commission and omission, to be found in his translation, and it appears evident enough, that the noble lord was not, at the time he undertook his arduous task, sufficiently well acquainted with the German. It is also equally clear that the former is a perfect master of that language; and that a consciousness of superiority in this respect sometimes lends a tone to his strictures which we should have been well pleased not to have discovered. Upon the whole, however, it is

but fair to admit, that there is no predominating insolence of triumph in his remarks. On one point, however, if not disposed to justify Lord Gower, we are inclined to palliate his offence; we mean, for the omission of "The Prologue in Heaven." His lordship was, perhaps, rather too fastidious; but it is a fastidious age—we are a very fastidious people—more nice than wise; and Lord Gower thought that the introduction of the Almighty upon the stage in familiar chat with Memphistophiles, was rather too much of a bad thing. We think so too. We think that Goëthe should never have written *The Prologue in Heaven*.

The Quarterly Review conceives that the omission injures the integrity of the design. It may do so; but we contend that Goëthe might have conceived a perfect design without it. The reviewer further adds, that the effect of its introduction *must* have been abundantly considered by so learned an artist as Goëthe; but that is no reason why we *must* believe it to be proper. The arguments brought forward by the reviewer to prove that so strange a medley of elements as are huddled together in *Faust* (of which *The Prologue* is one) is calculated to heighten the effect of the work, we consider to be in the worst style of modern fudge.

A word or two before we conclude, concerning this boasted chef-d'œuvre of German genius. We are perfectly aware of, and sincerely rejoice in, the daily increasing attention that is paid to German literature, and we gratefully admit, that there is much—very much—that will bear out and justify the most enthusiastic admiration of the great men whom modern Germany has produced. But we know also that a tribe of young philosophers have marched up to Highgate for the purpose of communing with that "old man eloquent" resident there; and have trotted down again as precious a gang of self-satisfied mystics as ever provoked laughter or excited disgust. When a sect is formed, narrow-minded bigotry is in instant process of manufacture. A German sect is formed—the manufacture is extensive. To the shrine of this one man, Goëthe, many of the brightest ornaments of our literature have, by these persons, been constrained to bend the knee; and it has been even deemed expedient to depreciate many of his contemporary countrymen in order to appease the envy or to gratify the insatiate vanity of "The Master." Mr. Thomas Carlyle could tell us, if he pleased, wherefore Goëthe should have presumed to speak with contempt of such a man as Grillparzer; he may, at the same time, inform us why *he* has chosen to do so.

The play of "*Faust*," although, doubtless, a very extraordinary performance, is not remarkable, in our opinion, by reason of such merits as are popularly ascribed to it. We do not consider it a great work of art; on the contrary, we think, that in that very point it is especially defective. A series of detached scenes—some of great force and beauty, we admit—are put together, the intermediate circumstances that connect which, are very carefully, skilfully, and prudently avoided. For instance; after the desertion of Margaret by Faust, we hear nothing more of her, till we find her in prison, when we learn that she has murdered her child. Would the great Greek tragedians, the meagre Latin translations of whom, Mr. Lamb so much delights in,—would they have shrunk from the task of exhibiting Margaret under the influence of such feelings as may naturally be supposed to have impelled her to the commission of that act? We think not. Again, we think a great artist would have chosen to show us Faust from first to last, which Goëthe has not done. Marlowe did this, and so powerfully, that we do not wonder that Goëthe was fearful of provoking comparisons.

Goëthe also, is, in our opinion, much more indebted to Marlowe, than his translator is willing to acknowledge. The Evil Spirit that attends Margaret during the service in the Cathedral would never have been thought of by Goëthe, had he not remembered the bad angels in Marlowe's play.

AN OUTLINE OF A PLAN FOR A NEW CIRCULATING MEDIUM. LONDON.
RIDGWAY.

THIS is a pamphlet in the shape of three letters, addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by an ingenious foreigner, who proposes a very novel and extensive change in the monetary system of the world. Premising that diamonds possess in a much higher degree than gold and silver the qualities of rarity, beauty, and indestructibility, he proposes that the various classes of these precious stones should be mounted in frames, and stamped according to their value, as assayed by a board of jewellers. Thus, it is maintained, that an immense increase of money may be obtained from the stock of diamonds, which now form a dormant portion of the capital of the nation; and for the higher transactions of commerce, the introduction of a medium containing large value in a small compass, would probably supersede the use of bullion and gold coin, the transmission of which is attended with a great expense. Our principal objection to the scheme we take from the account of a well informed writer in a recent number of this magazine, who informs us that an opinion prevails amongst the geologists of Brazil, that diamonds exist in the mountains of that country in such profusion, and will be discovered in such quantities, as to render them valueless at a future day. It is apparent, therefore, that should natural causes tend to the depreciation of the value of diamonds, this insecurity would be a strong bar to their extensive introduction.

Assuredly there is no sound reason why so slavish an adherence to gold and silver coin should be practised by mankind. The measure of value may equally consist of any other portable and durable substance whatsoever, and in the rapid decline of the produce of the gold mines of South America in recent years, and the consequent deficiency of money and general stagnation of trade, we think it probable that the introduction of a new material may have most beneficial consequences upon the commerce of the world. At the Russian mint considerable quantities of coin have recently been formed from *platina*, the new metal, which has hitherto preserved an exact medium between the value of gold and silver; and from the great quantities of the substance which are supposed to exist in the Ural Mountains, the government of Russia is said to anticipate most beneficial consequences to the commerce of the empire. Diamond money, in like manner we should suppose, would be most advantageously introduced by the governments of Brazil or Portugal, countries which abound in diamonds, and of which the bulk of the national wealth is usually supposed to exist.

The pamphlet contains much curious information upon the varieties and comparative value of precious stones; and to all who are observers of the modern revolutions in the science of political economy, we recommend a consideration of this very original, and at a future day perhaps most valuable project.

EXCURSION TO ANTWERP DURING THE SIEGE. BY CAPTAIN THE
HONOURABLE C. S. W. LONDON. MURRAY.

IN this little work the gallant and honourable Captain sets out by narrating how "circumstances of private concern alone" delayed his departure till the 10th of December. At two o'clock of the 11th, he "finds himself" in the harbour of Calais, and strange to say, on approaching the town of Enghien, the wind blowing fresh from Antwerp, his ears are first saluted by the sound of cannon; and then occurs to him the "exciting thought that he is soon to be on the spot from whence the thunders come." We are next told, that "the effect of cannon at a distance is truly magnificent." We have ourselves smelt powder, and can practically affirm that cannon only produce magnifi-

cent effects when near. On one occasion, his postillion, to the astonishment no doubt of the gallant captain, was "equally excited with himself, when he desired him to stop the carriage and to listen." We recollect having seen a young gentleman who belonged to the 51st, pinch the arm of an Arab to ascertain if he could feel.

The author proceeds through Brussels to Antwerp, and is "kindly admitted" one of a party of "BRITISH AMATEURS," who were located in the Hotel du Grand Laboureur, where they "dined together every day, had a sitting-room appropriated to their own use, separate bed rooms under the same roof, and were not *much* exposed to the usual hardships and privations occasioned by a state of siege."

A narrative of the events of the siege that preceded the arrival of the author is here introduced, and there is considerable improvement both in the matter and manner, owing to its coming from another source, it having been supplied by an officer of engineers who had been present from the commencement. The gallant captain takes up the subject where his amusing and intelligent friend leaves it. During a visit to the trenches, he tells us he gained the privilege of considering himself *baptised*, some dust having been blown into his face by the explosion of a shell which had the audacity to fall within twenty or thirty yards of him. Baron Chassé ought to have been tried by court martial, and broke for daring to permit a bomb to go and explode within twenty or thirty yards of a British Amateur. He meets with a sutler. "As it was necessary to go through the form of tasting a glass of gin from a *vivandière*, I immediately demanded the usual portion, and drank it off, wishing her health and safety; she smiled, and was grateful when I presented her with a couple of franks for that, which from a *common soldier* would probably have brought her about as many sous." Thrice happy *vivandière*, to sell your gin, and gratitude, and smiles, at such a rate!

Again:—"The soldiers pressed us much to take off our caps, as we were looking through the holes, fearing that if the enemy saw us, they would immediately commence a fire in that direction. We gave them some money, and they seemed highly delighted, calling us, '*des braves gens*.'" The honourable Captain has omitted to tell us how much he paid for his share of this tickling appellative.

"December 24th.—This promised to be a most extraordinary day, and I remained in bed no later than eight o'clock. On entering the room, our party were all at breakfast, and eagerly waiting for intelligence of what was to happen. Nobody could give us any decided information, but conjectures of all sorts were spread abroad." How very grievous!—to get up in the middle of the night, and then hear nothing but "conjectures of all sorts."

The volume is again redeemed by some very sensible and dispassionate remarks on the merits of the defence. It is embellished by three small lithographic sketches, of the most interesting points, accompanied by a plan of the citadel and operations of the siege. On the whole, we cannot do better than recommend the work to the perusal of all who are curious on the subject, leaving them to separate, which they will easily do, the grain from the chaff.

SKETCHES IN GREECE AND TURKEY. LONDON. RIDGEWAY.

WE really feel indebted to the author of these sketches—not more for the entertainment his work has afforded us, than for his having carefully excluded from it, such technical details of temples and amphitheatres, as form the bulk of the books of modern travellers who have visited Greece, and render them unfit for any place, save a shelf in an architectural library. He has gone about not to measure the shaft of a column, but to get an insight into the character of a singular, and hitherto much misrepresented people;

and, although we cannot venture to assert that his conclusions are invariably just, yet we have no doubt they are such as the data with which he was furnished must necessarily lead to. For instance, we cannot agree with him when he speaks with high praise of the courage of Prince Mavrocordato, whom we happen to have seen under circumstances that were well adapted for the display of that quality. Neither are we disposed to enrol the name of Demetrius Ipsilanti with those of Themistocles, Miltiades, and Thrasybulus, although willing to accord him all the credit which is due to a brave but very weak-minded man. When our author tells us, that John Capo d'istrias was an illustrious, but mistaken man, ardently devoted to his country, we are almost disposed to set to, and prove him to have been a designing unscrupulous villain, and a tool in the hands of the Russian autocrat; but as we are satisfied, that the author writes from conviction, we are inclined to believe that a longer and more intimate acquaintance with the men and their acts, would have led him to opinions, wide as the poles from those he now expresses. His relation of the execution of poor George Mavromichaelis, with whom we were well acquainted, and whom accumulated injuries had driven to the deed for which he suffered, is touching in the extreme. We conclude by cordially recommending the work to all those who do not object to pay nine shillings and sixpence for two hours' reading.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. NO. XL. LONDON. VALPY.

THE fortieth volume of Valpy's Classical Library, contains a biographical sketch of Ovid, with a good portrait, and nine books of his *Metamorphoses*, translated by Dryden, Addison, and others. In the forthcoming number, the works of Publius Ovidius Naso will be completed.

POOR LAWS FOR IRELAND. BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY MARTIN. LONDON. PARBURY, ALLEN, AND CO.

THE cheapest and most permanent remedy for the unhappy condition of society in the Sister Kingdom, would be a compulsory provision for the poor. Not humanity and justice alone, but policy and economy now require a system of taxation, which, abstracting from the wealth of absentee proprietors, shall render the cottage of the peasant secure from the murderous visitation of his fellow-peasant. It is no longer to be borne, that while the landowners revel in princely revenues, the starving population of their estates are thrown for support, in periods of distress, upon the manufacturers and farmers of England. These views are very ably supported by the author of the pamphlet before us. The facts, opinions, and calculations which he adduces, are well worthy of the serious attention of all those who are now occupied with this important subject.

A SERIES OF VIEWS IN INDIA. PART II. BY CAPT. J. LUARD. LONDON. J. DICKINSON.

THIS work does great credit to the taste and skill of Capt. Luard. It is seldom that drawings on stone are produced with so much sweetness of half-tint as these display. *The Indian Armour* is particularly beautiful. In the absence of more forcible effect, we fully appreciate the pains bestowed upon all the subjects. In the view of the fort, *Selim Gurh*, an appearance of great extent and height of building is produced; though, as a composition, the deficiency of varied lines renders it naked and uninteresting. The gateway at *Lucknow* might have been much more effective to the eye, and pleasing to the fancy, were the details less obtrusively marked, and a more picturesque disposition of the *chiaro-scuro* substituted for the present meagre relief.

LITURGIA BRITANNICA TUTAMEN: AN ESSAY TOWARD A REVISION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, HUMBLY PRESENTED TO THE UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND. LONDON. HATCHARD AND SON.

WE doubt whether this is altogether an efficient substitute for the Book of Common Prayer, though it is, in some respects, an improvement upon it. The introduction of appropriate anthems on particular days; the choice of certain psalms, instead of leaving them to be determined by the day of the month; and the alterations in the Gospels and Epistles, and the lessons of the Sabbath, we think all highly judicious. The addition to the preliminary sentences at Morning and Evening Prayers, seems to us unnecessary, and we equally disapprove of the compression of the litany, and the incorporation of the communion into the early part of the service. There is a sublimity about the litany, which is ruined by abbreviation, and the ten commandments would lose much of their impressiveness if no longer separately responded to, nor delivered from the altar-table. The book, however, deserves the attention of authority, for the order of prayer is capable of much improvement. What an era in Christianity, and politics too, if Protestant, Dissenter, Methodist, and Presbyterian could meet, and under the direction of "The defender of the Faith," concoct such a form of worship as all might unite in!

THE BRITISH JEW TO HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.

AT this period, the genius of universal emancipation would appear to have descended to the earth; the Hindoo and the Negro are casting off their chains, and the Children of Israel are about to enter into the ark of the covenant. The rapid improvement in public sentiment, and the flight of prejudice from these islands, has, indeed, in recent years formed a most gratifying spectacle to the friends of liberty, justice, and Christian benevolence. The pamphlet before us contains the usual arguments in favour of Jewish emancipation, which, it is to be hoped, will speedily be accomplished.

PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE. VOL. VI. EDITED BY A. J. VALPY, M.A. LONDON. VALPY.

THIS work, of which a sixth volume is under our notice, seems to go on swimmingly; it gratifies us to hear that Mr. Valpy's speculation will be eminently successful. The present volume, which is heralded by the Peans of the London and Country Press, contains Macbeth, King John, and Richard the Second, with the usual profusion of outline engravings.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE. VOL. IV. THE STOLEN CHILD. BY JOHN GALT. LONDON. SMITH AND ELDER.

THE enterprising publishers and talented Editor of this "Library" seem to be resolved on deserving, as well as achieving success. Four volumes only have been published, and three of these are impressed with the honoured names of Banim, Ritchie, and Galt—men universally ranked among the *élite* of modern novelists. The volume before us is in many respects highly creditable to its author. Dr. Wycombe, Pearl, and Mrs. Servit—Audley, Lord Byborough, and the two ladies, are characters conceived and made out in his best style. There are some masterly touches in Jasper and his putative father: but Villiers we vote a bore; Troven excites no personal interest; and Mrs. Halden is an impertinence. Some objections may be raised against the conduct of the story, towards the close; but a large portion—particularly all the early part—is managed with consummate skill. Many of the scenes are timid, and leave the reader just where he was; but more of them are vigorous, highly-wrought, and bear the plot onward

"buoyantly, triumphantly." In one point the author cruelly disappoints us: in a moment of reckless profusion—conscious of his mental affluence,—he gratuitously throws in a character (Mr. Ezra Pearl), which, after having been *treated* for a short period by his powerful hand, gleams forth a perfect gem: but just as we begin to be conscious of its value, with the waywardness of genius, he withdraws it from our further contemplation. Let him in charity write another novel for Smith and Elder, and let its title and subject be "Ezra Pearl, the Attorney!" The "passages" of his life, given in the present volume, convince us that his "Rise and Fall," by John Galt, would be one of the most fascinating works of modern times.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE USURER'S DAUGHTER."
3 VOLS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY. LONDON. 1833.

IN the present dearth of good sterling novels, we hail with pleasure the appearance of "The Puritan's Grave." Here is no pandering to the vicious tastes of fashion, no six-page descriptions of a coxcomb's accomplishments, or a coquette's attractions; man is dealt with as the offspring of his Creator, not as the creature of a drawing-room. The mind of youth will not be vitiated by the perusal of this book; on the contrary, it will be refined, exalted, and enlightened. The story is simple, and may be briefly told. A Puritan, deprived of his pastorate, in consequence of his non-conformity, on the restoration of Charles II., suffers various hardships and temptations, which are at length happily terminated. He has two daughters, Mary and Anne Faithful; the latter of whom falls in love with Henry St. John, a cavalier, whom she ultimately marries, after being assured that he is neither a libertine nor an assassin, which circumstances had induced her father for a while to suppose him. Before the union takes place, however, she has, in the supposition that her lover has become the husband of another, and out of an imperious sense of duty and gratitude, consented to accept the hand of her father's benefactor, a merchant of a certain age; but who, discovering the object of her former affection, not only gives her to St. John, but makes the latter his heir. There is a blustering drunken cavalier, Sir Thomas Merri- vale, and his daughter Adelaide, together with a sort of half-fool half-knave nondescript called Peter Longstaff, who make up the rest of the *personæ*: all are very characteristically described. Those who peruse the whole, will find themselves amply rewarded. The style, allowing for a few intentional peculiarities, is as simple and graceful as the end of the author is noble and sublime; he attributes all good to its Omnipotent giver, but whilst he admonishes, he neither sneers at, nor despises man, for his pursuit of evil.

A LETTER TO THE KING, ON A SOUND AND CONSTITUTIONAL CHURCH RE-
FORM. BY SAMUEL PERRY, MASTER OF SHENFIELD ACADEMY. LONDON.
HATCHARD AND SON.

THIS is one of the thousand-and-one inane and pompous pamphlets on the question of the Church, which, at the present time, are issuing from the press, for the benefit of the trunkmaker. We give, in the following extract, the substance of the farthing reform, proposed by the schoolmaster of Shenfield. "By abolishing pluralities and non-residence altogether—to make it imperative, by law, on all beneficed clergymen, to take their divinity degree, and to give a divinity statute to Oxford and Dublin, similar to that at Cambridge University, appear to me all the enactments really necessary to secure a sound academical and church reformation."

This schoolmaster has not been abroad very recently, we fear; and little understands the tendency of public sentiment upon the mighty subject which he has presumed to handle. He may be typified by a goose grasping Jove's thunderbolt.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. VOL. XLVII. CADELL, EDINBURGH: AND
WHITTAKER AND CO., LONDON.

In this volume, we have the conclusion of Count Robert of Paris, and the commencement of Castle Dangerous. It is illustrated with a frontispiece, by C. Stanfield and Sangster, and a vignette by Frazer and Fox. This cheap and splendid work is now on the eve of completion; it will, doubtless, be ranged in our libraries only one shelf below the productions of Shakspeare Milton and Bacon.

HISTORICAL TALES OF ILLUSTRIOUS BRITISH CHILDREN. BY AGNES
STRICKLAND. LONDON. N. HAILES.

This is such "a good little volume," that, having given the presentation copy to our son, we have been induced to purchase another for our daughter. After this confession, all praise would be supererogatory. No compliment can be paid to a work, equal to the sterling compliment of cash. Miss Strickland, in addition to the interest and pure morality of her sketches, "conveys, in a pleasing form, useful and entertaining information, illustrative of the manners, customs and costume of the era connected with the events of every story;" and judiciously adds an historical summary to each, which elucidates the narrative, and corrects any transgressions as to matters of fact which may have been committed with a view to increase the interest or preserve the tone of the tale. The work contains seven stories, elucidating a large portion of English history; to all of which, considering the purpose for which they have been written, we give our unqualified approbation.

The frontispiece, by Parris, is one of the most audacious offences against taste, composition, drawing, and the female figure, we have ever beheld. The designer has found a very congenial engraver, E. Chavane:—*Arcades ambo!*

WORKS OF LORD BYRON. VOL. XVI. LONDON. MURRAY.

This volume, which in beauty of getting up is upon a par with its predecessors, contains the fourth and fifth cantos of Don Juan, written at Ravenna, in 1821; and the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, written at Pisa, in 1822 and 1823, with many highly interesting *variorum* readings from the original M.S. and a singular confutation of several of Lord Bacon's Historical Apothegms, by the "Moody Childe." The subject of the frontispiece is Cologne, drawn by Turner, and engraved by E. Findler; and that of the Vignette, is a view of St. Sophia, Constantinople, by the same artists.

FAMILY LIBRARY. NO. XXXVII. LIVES OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES.
VOL. III. LONDON. MURRAY.

The thirty-seventh number of the Family Library contains, besides an interesting memoir and portrait of the celebrated James the First of Scotland: satisfactory sketches of the lives of Henrysoun, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas and Sir David Lindsay, with copious, but by no means impertinent quotations from their works, and a very pleasant chapter of antiquarian illustrations.

This is one of the "Libraries," now publishing, to which we purpose allotting a place, most easy of reference, on the shelves of our *sanctum*.

M. M. No. 89.

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THREE MONTHS IN JAMAICA, IN 1832: COMPRISING A RESIDENCE OF SEVEN WEEKS ON A SUGAR PLANTATION. BY HENRY WHITELEY. LONDON. HATCHARD AND SON.

We have read this pamphlet with deep but painful interest. It is remarkably well written; and the author has prudently left the facts detailed to work their own effect without the aid of comment. It appears that he arrived in Jamaica in September, 1832; having been sent out by a respectable West India house, in which one of his relatives was a partner, with a recommendation for employment to the resident attorney of the firm, either as clerk in a store, or as book-keeper upon a plantation. He had previously been a member of the central committee at Leeds on the Factory System, and he landed in Jamaica with the full impression that "the condition of the Negro slave was much preferable to that of the factory child."

On the day of his arrival, he dined with several colonists, among whom was Mr. Hamilton Brown, representative of the parish of St. Ann, in the Colonial Assembly. "Some reference," says Mr. Whiteley, "having been made to the new order in council, I was rather startled when that gentleman swore by his Maker that that order should never be adopted in Jamaica, nor would the planters, he said, permit the interference of the Home government with their slaves in any shape." This, be it observed, occurred in September last.

The next day he proceeded to the estate of the firm which had sent him out. He was received with great hospitality by the overseer, who, after he had enlarged a little on the comfortable condition of the slaves, ordered a conch shell to be blown, the sound of which brought up four drivers with six working negroes. Five of the latter were successively stripped, laid down, and flogged with the cart-whip. When they had received thirty-nine lashes each, bleeding and lacerated, they were ordered off to their usual occupation. The offence of one, was having suffered a mule to go astray, and that of the others, "some deficiency in the task prescribed to them." Two of the sufferers were girls of eighteen or nineteen. At the conclusion of this scene, the overseer, who had been a looker-on, "with as much seeming indifference as though he had been paying them their wages," asked his visitor to walk in and take some rum and water!

During the seven weeks he resided on the estate, besides constant punishments in the field, which, on the whole are more dreadful than regular "breaking down" for the whip, Mr. Whiteley witnessed no less than twenty floggings: of some of these the following are memoranda. A slave employed in the boiling house, received thirty-nine lashes, "to spite a book-keeper under whose charge this slave was at the time, and with whom the overseer had a difference, and as he could not flog the book-keeper he flogged the slave." Two young females, pimento pickers, were "uncovered in the most brutal and indecent manner," and flogged to the full extent allowed by law (thirty-nine lashes each) because "the baskets of the two poor girls were pronounced deficient." Of the first, Mr. W. says, "every stroke upon her flesh gave a loud crack, and the wretched creature at the same time called out in agony, 'Lord! Lord! Lord!' 'That,' said the overseer, turning to me, with a chuckling laugh, 'that is the best cracking, by G—d!'"

Two other girls had the full complement of lashes, by order of the overseer, on being "accused of having been idle that morning." They were from ten to thirteen years old. A married woman, the mother of several children, having been charged with stealing a fowl, (a few feathers, said to have been found in her hut were exhibited as evidence of her guilt,) was subjected to the punishment of the whip, (which, says Mr. W., "is about ten feet long, with a short stout handle, and is an instrument of terrible power; it is whirled by the operator round his head, and then brought down with a rapid motion of the arm upon the recumbent victim, causing the blood to spring at every stroke.")—"The punishment inflicted on this poor creature was

inhumanly severe. She was a woman somewhat plump in her person, and the whip being wielded with great vigour, every stroke cut deep into the flesh. She writhed and twisted her body violently under the infliction—moaning loudly, but uttering no exclamation in words, except * * * * appearing to suffer, from matronly modesty, even more acutely on account of her indecent exposure than the cruel laceration of her body. But the overseer only noticed her appeal by a brutal reply (too gross to be repeated), and the flogging continued. Disgusted as I was, I witnessed the whole to a close. I numbered the lashes, stroke by stroke, and counted *fifty*,—thus exceeding by eleven the number allowed by the Colonial law to be inflicted at the arbitrary will of the master or manager. This was the only occasion on which I saw the legal number of thirty-nine lashes exceeded, but I never knew the overseer or head book-keeper give less than thirty-nine. This poor victim was shockingly lacerated. When permitted to rise, she again shrieked violently. The overseer swore roughly, and threatened, if she was not quiet, to put her down again. He then ordered her to be taken to the hot-house or hospital, and put in the stocks. She was to be confined in the stocks for several nights, while she worked in the yard during the day at light work. She was too severely mangled to be able to go to the field for some days."

The author inquired of Mr. Burrows, the head book-keeper, if he could point out a working negro, among the 277 on the estate, male or female, who had not been flogged with the cart-whip. After a little reflection he replied in the negative.

With a gentleman named Drake, superintendent of a workhouse gang of convict slaves, he had the honour of dining at the overseer's house. "After dinner," says Mr. W., "while he and I were standing at the door, he proceeded to abuse the friends of negro emancipation in England in very violent terms, and added, 'that if ever I uttered a word unfriendly to them (the slave holders), he would have great pleasure in cutting my head off.' Then, extending his arm, and pointing to his miserable gang, who were at work, full in view, at no great distance, he uttered a tremendous oath, and said—'Oh! if I had but Buxton and Lushington chained by the necks in yonder gang, I would *cure* them—that would I, by G—! We would be all right,' he added, 'if these devils would but let us alone.'"

The open and avowed licentiousness of the plantation whites disgusted him almost as much as the cruelty of the system. At New Ground the overseer, book-keepers, and head carpenter, all lived in the habitual practice of gross and unblushing profligacy. One of the book-keepers voluntarily told him that he had twelve 'negro wives' within six months. He saw another of the whites on this estate give his 'housekeeper' (concubine), a cruel beating with a supplejack while she was in a state of pregnancy, and for a very trifling fault. For refusing to degrade himself by complying with "the custom of the country," as it was lightly termed, in this point, he was looked upon, as he soon perceived, with mingled contempt and suspicion by the plantation whites generally; and no sooner was the fact of his having occasionally officiated as a Wesleyan local preacher in England discovered, than a deputation, consisting of a Mr. Dicken and a Mr. Brown, from the Colonial Church Union of St. Ann's, waited upon him, with the gratifying information that they had a barrel of tar ready to tar and feather him, "as he well deserved, and that they would do so, by G—d."

Shortly after—the author having been seen conversing with Mr. Watkis, a Wesleyan—orders arrived from the attorney of the estate to enforce his immediate departure. He accordingly sailed from Jamaica on the 8th of December fully convinced, from what he had seen during a residence of seven weeks on a sugar plantation, that the case of the colonial slave is even worse, infinitely worse, than that of the factory child.

To this temperate and well-timed pamphlet, from which, on account of its

affording the most recent view of slavery and society in the West Indies, our extracts have been unusually copious, are appended some certificates of the author's character, for the purpose of giving weight to his statements. One of these certificates, in which he is declared to be "a highly respectable young man, of unimpeachable integrity," is signed by several inhabitants of his native place, Heckmondwicke; all of whom are described in the testimonials appended, from the Incumbent and Curate of the adjacent church, as being highly worthy of credit.

OBSERVATIONS ON IMPEDIMENTS IN SPEECH. BY RICHARD CULL.
LONDON. RENSHAW AND RUSH.

This publication, pompously addressed to T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. F. R. S. F. S. A. F. L. S., &c. &c., is for the most part an impudent and barefaced compilation from the "Observations on Impediments in Speech," recently published by Mr. Poett, and "The Art of improving the Voice and Ear." From among the pilfered passages which we detect in every page, the following are hasty selections.

"At the root of the tongue lies a small bone, which, from its resemblance to the Greek υ (u-pylon), is called the hyoid or u-like bone: to this bone is attached a long cartilaginous tube, which extends to the lungs, forming a channel for the conveyance of the air to and from the lungs, constituting breathing."—Cull, p. 5.

"Various have been the remedies suggested for its cure. Some have proposed speaking in a singing tone; others with the teeth closed."—Cull, p. 25.

"The interior of the larynx is lined by a very sensible vascular and mucous membrane, which is a continuation of the membrane of the mouth."—Cull, p. 6.

"A predisposing cause of stammering may exist in a general nervous debility, to which may be added, perhaps its most fertile source, the unchecked manifestation of the imitative faculty."—Cull, p. 18.

We had marked several other parallel passages, but, doubtless, those above given will be sufficient to enable the reader to form a proper estimation of the merits of Mr. Cull!

"At the root of the tongue lies a small crescent-shaped bone, or rather somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, which, from its resemblance to the Greek letter υ , is called the hy-oid or u-like bone. From this bone the tube of the windpipe takes its rise, and proceeds downwards to the lungs.—Art of Improving, &c. p. 9.

"Some of the proposals I have alluded to, were to speak with the teeth closed; others in a whisper; others in a half-singing tone."—Poett, p. 38.

"The larynx is lined internally with a very sensible vascular and mucous membrane, which is a continuation of the membrane of the mouth."—Art of Improving, &c. p. 12.

"A predisposing cause of the disease exists in numerous individuals; namely, a debility of their nervous energy:—but imitation, in eighty cases out of a hundred, is positively the exciting cause."—Poett, p. 29.

ANTI-SLAVERY REPORTER FOR FEBRUARY, 1833.

The February number of this periodical contains a most interesting digest of the evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Lords, in the recent Session of Parliament. This committee would appear to have consisted of a very decided majority of Peers interested in colonial property; and the final report is, accordingly, vague, undecided, and unmeaning. The first witness examined, was the Duke of Manchester, who professed himself favourable to a continuation of the present system; though, after having held, for a period of eighteen years, the valuable office of Governor of Jamaica, he now admits to the committee his ignorance of the most marked

events of his own administration, and without any reason for the faith which is in him, assures their lordships that the treatment of the slaves is excellent, their clothing and food abundant, and their dwellings a perfect paradise. Another witness in favour of slavery, is the Rev. J. Curtin, a Protestant clergyman of the island of Antigua, now the owner of nineteen slaves:—this worthy minister of the gospel sees nothing whatever but perfection in the present system; the negroes being a contented race of people, and the planters the finest gentlemen in existence—profuse of turtle and champagne! Upon the opposite side of the question appears the Hon. Admiral Fleming, who having witnessed and examined the operation of the system in Jamaica, Cuba, Mexico, and other parts of the world, condemns the continuance of slavery, as contrary to the true interests of the planters themselves, and destructive to all hopes of prosperity in our colonial dominions. The Hon. Admiral treats with ridicule the absurd idea, that emancipation would place life and property in peril: from his own observations in Mexico, he is convinced that free labour would extend and improve the cultivation of the soil. The Reverend J. Knibb, an intelligent missionary of the Methodist persuasion, gave evidence of the most harrowing description, of the treatment of the slaves, and of the general brutalization of the manners and morals of both blacks and whites under this most dreadful system. A Mr. Edmund Sharp thinks, that “switches *which draw blood but do not leave marks*,” might be substituted for the whip. The Reverend John Barry is of opinion, that the slave population decreases from causes connected with slavery: one of these, he believes to be excessive punishment, which is sometimes so severe as to occasion death. He detailed several cases of oppression, arising out of the power possessed by masters and overseers to oblige female slaves to submit to their desires. Once, when travelling, he was arrested by the shrieks of a woman, who was undergoing punishment with the cat. She was raised from the ground, on which she had been extended, on his coming up, and sent to her work, but she was unable to stand upright, so severely had she been punished. An old lady in Spanish Town, on being requested to allow one of her slaves to meet in religious society, replied, “I certainly cannot allow her to pray; she is young, and I must keep her to breed.” William Taylor, Esq. states, that he has known eighteen lashes (inflicted on a young girl) cause a degree of suffering that was dreadful, and called for notice; but the law having allowed thirty-nine, the parties who sought redress were completely baffled. The overseer set them all at defiance, by simply pointing to the statute; the spirit of which, by-the-bye, is evaded by a subsequent switching, as it will appear from the following statement of the Reverend Peter Duncan.

“A Negro was laid down to be flogged almost under my window, when I resided at Morant Bay—at least at no great distance. His master went to the workhouse; he came back with the supervisor, and four workhouse Negroes came along with the master and supervisor; two of them had whips. The Negro man was laid down; two of the Negroes held him down, one at the feet, and the other by the hands; and the Negroes who had the whips went one to each side of the man thus laid down and stripped. I counted either thirty-nine or forty lashes; that was with a cart whip—I mean what is called a cart whip.” This was in 1821. “The Negro man received thirty-nine or forty lashes with the whip. I observed that they still kept him down, while the two men, the Negroes who had been flogging him, went some little distance, and came back with tamarind switches—they are hard and flexible almost as wire—and then they began upon him again, to flog him with those tamarind switches. I did not count the strokes they gave with the switches; but to the best of my knowledge they were as many as had been given before. I observed, when the former lashes were inflicted, the slave never uttered any thing more than a deep groan; but, when he came to be flogged with the tamarind switches, he shrieked most dismally.

His flesh was first lacerated with the whip, and then those small switches gave him great pain. I would observe this is a very common course in Jamaica; after they have received thirty-nine or forty lashes with the whip, then to use the tamarind switches: the common expression is, '*beating out the bruised blood.*' "

On being asked if he had ever known an instance of a hole being dug to enable the driver to place a Negro woman that was pregnant in the hole to flog her?—Mr. Taylor replied, "Yes; I was told that by the head driver of Papine: in one instance he had himself inflicted the punishment. The woman was pregnant, and he told his story very clearly. There was an excavation made, and she was placed in it, and he flogged her with a whip, and afterwards, Mr. Taylor thought, with the ebony switch. After giving them the thirty-nine, they switch them."

The Reverend Peter Duncan says, "In the year 1823 I knew of a slave driver having to flog his mother. In the year 1827 or 1828 I knew of a married Negress having been flogged in the presence of her fellow slaves, and I believe her husband too. I asked her what had kept her from the chapel. She said, she had been severely flogged; she looked very ill; she was scarcely able to walk. I said, 'What have you done?' She said she had done nothing, but her overseer had wished her to come and sleep with him. She said, 'No, Massa; I am a married woman, and I was married in the Church of England on the Parade at Kingston, and I cannot do any thing of the kind.' Other Negroes told me that they were present at a part of this conversation, and saw Ann flogged, avowedly for that reason, and among the rest her husband; she was very severely flogged; I was told she got about fifty lashes, and was then put into the stocks. *After she had remained in the stocks two or three days*, the overseer asked her whether she would come and sleep with him yet. She said, 'No; she was ready to do her master's duty, but could not do any thing of that sort.' He brought three or four others, and pointed her out by way of scorn, and said, 'This is a holy woman—this is a married woman; she cannot come and sleep with me because she is a Methodist, and has been married in the Church of England.' There were a considerable number of Negroes with her at the time I saw her, who were witnesses to the whole or part of these facts. Though I do not at present recollect any other such flagrant instance of cruelty as that, it was no uncommon thing to me to hear that the young female slaves had been flogged because they would not comply with those wishes of their overseers."

These are a few of the blessings of that system under which the black population of the West Indies is said to live cheerfully and contented!—We attach no importance whatever to the statements of dukes and lords on the subject: they appear to us quite as impertinent as the declarations of some of the same gang respecting distress in the provinces. A fellow may well assert that he has seen no squalid poverty in a district, which he has passed through, lolling back in his luxurious travelling chariot, at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Such worthies will never believe that want exists until their wheels are impeded by human beings dying of hunger *en masse* on the highway.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather seems, at length, to exhibit some symptoms favourable to change into a more mild and vernal temperature. Every circumstance relative to the health of men and animals, and the safety and well-doing of the earth's products, renders this most desirable. A continuance of the late atmospheric course into a more advanced season, would assuredly be attended with most disastrous effects on all hands. Though our recollections on the subject extend as far back as those of most men, we find ourselves unable to adduce any period, in which insalubrious East and North winds prevailed to

at length and extent to which we have been subjected to them of late years. The consequence has been *influenza*, or epidemic catarrh. In the mean time, a speculation has been current, that the disease has been derived by the mode of infection from distant Eastern parts of the Continent, or the Lord knows whither, as though we had not the seeds thoroughly and universally sown in our own air and soil; and that a like state of the atmosphere, never does, nor ever can fail to produce, periodically, similar effects. The metropolis seems to have suffered particularly; and such has been the hospital and private demand for mutton broth, that scrags have advanced forty per cent., and the supply being inadequate to the demand, some of the venders began to wish for a breed of sheep *all scrag*!—as we remember that eminent improver, BAKEWELL, once gave us hopes, at a dinner, of his ultimately being able to construct and manufacture a breed, containing nothing but fat and bones. We, however, always preferred the savoury, rich, and juicy “Old Lincoln” mutton of Bakewell’s competitor, to his greasy and flavourless New Leicester.

The extreme mildness of the weather in January, subsequent rains, and absence of frost, seemed to indicate but too clearly the cold and ungenial spring which has succeeded, under which we are doing our utmost to get the various seeds into the ground with all possible expedition, in order to make the best of a late and bad season; comforting ourselves with the reflection, that all productions, fruits especially, being backward, they will receive comparatively no injury to that which must have befallen them in a state of seasonable forwardness and luxuriance; and should a genial and enduring season succeed, their advance will be equally remarkable with their former backwardness. It is not possible, however, to flatter ourselves on the state of the tilth for those heavy and backward soils into which the seed was obliged to be hurried, however imperfect their state of tilth. On many soils of this description, the routine of pulse, beans, and peas, has been entirely omitted, and oats substituted; as well on account of the time required for drilling pulse, which could not be spared at such a crisis, as the miserable hand which must inevitably have been made of the drill on lands in so rough a state. Beyond this even, we have actually witnessed, of late, both beans and peas sown broad-cast, upon lands and in a part of the country where we little expected the revival of that old-fashioned and disadvantageous practice. Some drilling of white corn also will be abandoned this year, for the above reason, unfortunately, were it only for the name of the thing, since, to declare the truth, though in opposition to imperial and imperious custom, our fashionable drilling intervals are so niggardly narrow, that it is impossible, through such, to be able to preserve the land clear from weeds, that pest and foul disgrace of British husbandry. Our late or spring-winter has been so far impartial, that even on the driest and earliest tilled lands, we observe no very precocious or luxuriant growths of any kind; these last must nevertheless take the lead at blooming time and harvest.

It is natural for us to flatter ourselves in this variable climate of ours, that changes for the better must have their turn; yet the constant partiality of the wind for the N. Eastern quarter of the compass, is perpetually putting an end to our hopes. A showery April is not precisely the kind of weather of which the greater part of our lands stood in need, after the deluges which winter and early spring had produced. The wheats universally are in want of dry weather; although upon the soundest and best soils they are said to look healthy, if not forward or luxuriant. On heavy, cold, and ill-toiled soils, and on bleak uplands, they appear thin, discoloured and yellow, affording very uncertain promise of either abundance or fine quality. Six or seven weeks hence, we shall have somewhat of a clearer and more certain prospect. Of the Lent corn, as a young growth, there is literally nothing to be said, since the small portion which was got in early, has been without the advantage of a genial season to bring it forward. The winter tares and clovers are said to look full as well as was expected in the case of a cold and backward spring;

but we do not yet boast of those thick fleeces of grass which our cattle enjoyed abroad on the commencement of the year; and dependent on the season to come, the great stocks of fodder may yet be shortly in request. The turnip soils cleared early, worked remarkably well; but where those roots were left to sprout and run, the case in those parts where no sheep could be got to eat them, the roots were a great nuisance upon the land.

Wheat has long been the great article of production in this country, engrossing the attention of our farmers to the exclusion of a number of articles, formerly cultivated, but now scarcely heard of. It begins to be pretty generally said, that oats and beans are no longer worth growing; and remarked, that however scarce fine barley fit for malting may be, it is scarcely moveable at market, and becoming progressively cheaper. As a clincher for this, the story is, that since the repeal of the beer tax, less malt and more adulterations have been the order of the day with the brewers. No doubt these important public functionaries rightly judge, that their patrons the public cannot have too much of a good thing; and more especially of their great favourite, the very hobby-horse of their relish, adulterated, drugged, sweetened, acidulated, and spiced beer. Such has been the fastidious taste of the discerning people of England, during upwards of a century past, as may be seen through undeniable proof, in the pages of a celebrated treatise on poultry and brewing. We have nothing yet for repetition on the subject of the young crop of hops, nor does that market possess the interest of former times. No gentleman of the present day can be so unfashionable as to ruin himself by a speculation in hops.

In Scotland, the spring season is said to be from eight days to a fortnight later than usual, with the difficulties already described, in effecting the seed process. Their markets, both for corn and cattle, have been brisk, and certainly as high as could be expected, the extent of our last crops and our immense imports considered. Their wages for able hands are 9s. per week, and they have not hitherto been burdened with numerous unemployed labourers, so long the misfortune of our South country. In Wales a considerable number of cows have *slunk*, or lost their calves, no doubt from exposure to weather unfriendly to their situation. The weather also has been unfavourable in the dairy, as to the quantity of milk. The prices of live stock throughout the country, both fat and store, have been upon the advance, with occasional *backwardations* (to use an old Stock Exchange phrase) at the dead markets. Thus we have heard from some parts of the country—"Mutton cheaper at the butcher's," with an accompanying account from the fairs and markets of the same neighbourhood—"Sheep more and more scarce, and prices advancing." The rot, in one quarter or other, has been thinning and deteriorating the quality of our flocks during five years. There is little alteration in Wool. The import has long governed that market. Pigs are somewhat cheaper, our Irish friends keeping us well supplied. Good Horses, when discovered, are still said to command high prices; but modern discoveries have so contracted the use of animal labour, that we must perhaps look for an annual reduction of the value of this highly-priced animal. It is painful, again to have to conclude with the fact, that incendiarism is proved to be yet lurking in the minds of many of our rural labourers.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 8d.—Mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 3s. 0d. to 5s. 4d.—Pork, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 10d.—Lamb, 5s. 6d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 42s. to 62s.—Barley, 21s. to 33s.—Oats, 12s. to 24s.—London Loaf, 4lb., 9d.—Hay, 50s. to 75s.—Clover ditto, 60s. to 95s.—Straw, 22s. to 33s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 15s. 0d. to 26s. per ton.—Delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9s. to 12s. per ton.

Middlesex, April 22.